

POEMS

ON

Several Occasions:

BY

MATTHEW PRIOR. *Esq;*

To which are added,

MEMOIRS of his LIFE, his LAST-
WILL-AND-TESTAMENT, with a
SUPPLEMENT of several POEMS ne-
ver before Collected, and Others taken
from his Original MANUSCRIPTS in
the Custody of his Friends:

A L S O,

THRENU S: OF STANZAS on his DEATH.
By a FELLOW-COLLEGIAN.

V O L. II.

Great Monuments may guild precarious Fame.

PRIOR bears a Statue in his Name.

BUCKINGHAM.

D U B L I N:

Printed by and for GEORGE GRIERSON,
at the Two Bibles in Essex-Street. M, DCC, XXIII.



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P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

A LOVER'S ANGER.



S *Cloe* came into the Room t'other Day,
I peevish began; where so long cou'd
you stay?

In your Life-time you never regarded
your Hour:

You promis'd at Two; and (pray look Child) 'tis
Four.

A Lady's Watch needs neither Figures nor Wheels:

'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with Baubles and Seals.

A Temper so heedless no Mortal can bear —

Thus far I went on with a resolute Air.

Lord bless me! said she; let a Body but speak:

Here's an ugly hard Rose-Bud fall'n into my Neck:

It has hurt me, and vex'd me to such a Degree —

See here; for you never believe me; pray see,

On the left Side of my Breast what a Mark it has made,
 So saying, her Bosom she carelessly display'd.
 That Seat of Delight I with Wonder survey'd;
 And forgot ev'ry Word I design'd to have said.

MERCURY and CUPID.

IN sullen Humour one Day *Jove*
 Sent *Hermes* down to *Ida's* Grove,
 Commanding *Cupid* to deliver
 His Store of Darts, his total Quiver;
 That *Hermes* shou'd the Weapons break,
 Or throw 'em into *Lethe's* Lake.

Hermes, you know, must do his Errand:
 He found his Man, produc'd his Warrant:
Cupid, your Darts——this very Hour——
 There's no contending against Power.

How sullen *Jupiter*, just now
 I think I said: And you'll allow,
 That *Cupid* was as bad as he:
 Hear but the Youngster's Repartee.

Come Kinsman (said the little God)
 Put off your Wings; lay by your Rod;
 Retire with me to yonder Bower;
 And rest your self for half an Hour:
 'Tis far indeed from hence to Heav'n:
 And you fly fast: and 'tis but Seven.
 We'll take one cooling Cup of Nectar;
 And drink to this Celestial Hector——

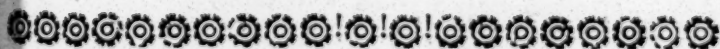
He break my Darts, or hurt my Pow'r!
 He, *Leda's* Swan, and *Danae's* Show'r!
 Go, bid him his Wife's Tongue restrain;
 And mind his Thunder, and his Rain.——
 My Darts! O certainly I'll give 'em:
 From *Cloe's* Eyes he shall receive 'em.
 There's One, the best in all my Quiver,
 Twang! through his very Heart and Liver.

POEMS on several Occasions.

5

He then shall pine, and sigh, and rave:
 Good Lord! what bustle shall we have!
Neptune must straight be sent to Sea;
 And *Flora* summon'd twice a-day:
 One must find Shells, and t'other Flow'rs,
 For cooling Grotts, and fragrant Bow'rs,
 That *Cloe* may be serv'd in State:
 The *Hours* must at her Toiler wait:
 Whilst all the reasoning Fools below,
 Wonder their Watches go too slow.
Lybs must fly South, and *Eurus* East,
 For Jewels for her Hair and Breast:
 No matter tho' their cruel haste
 Sink Cities, and lay Forests waste.
 No matter tho' this Fleet be lost;
 Or that lie wind-bound on the Coast.
 What whisp'ring in my Mother's Ear!
 What Care, that *Juno* shou'd not hear!
 What Work among you Scholar Gods!
Phoebus must write him am'rous Odes:
 And thou, poor Cousin, must compose
 His Letters in submissive Prose:
 Whilst haughty *Cloe*, to sustain
 The Honour of my mystic Reign,
 Shall all his Gifts and Vows disdain;
 And laugh at your old Bully's Pain.
 Dear Couz, said *Hermes* in a Fright,
 For Heav'n sake keep your Darts: Good Night,

}
}



On BEAUTY. A RIDDLE.

RESOLVE me, *Cloe*, what is *this*,
 Or forfeit me one precious Kiss.
 'Tis the first Off-spring of the Graces;
 Bears diff'rent Forms in diff'rent Places;
 Acknowledg'd fine, where-e'er beheld;
 Yet fancy'd finer, when conceal'd,

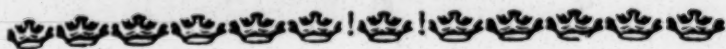
A 3

'Twas

6 POEMS on several Occasions.

'Twas *Flora's* Wealth, and *Circe's* Charm;
Pandora's Box of Good and Harm:
'Twas *Mars's* Wish, *Endymion's* Dream;
Apelles's Draught, and *Ovid's* Theme.
This guided *Theseus* thro' the Maze;
And sent him home with Life and Praise.
But *this* undid the *Phrygian* Boy;
And blew the Flames that ruin'd *Troy*.
This shew'd great Kindness to old *Greece*,
And help'd rich *Jason* to the Fleece.
This thro' the East just Vengeance hurl'd,
And lost poor *Anthony* the World.
Injur'd, tho' *Lucrece* found her Doom;
This banish'd Tyranny from *Rome*.
Appeas'd, tho' *Lais* gain'd her Hire;
This set *Persepolis* on Fire.
For *this* *Alcides* learn'd to spin;
His Club laid down, and *Lion's* Skin.
For *This* *Apollo* deign'd to keep,
With servile Care, a Mortal's Sheep.
For *this* the Father of the Gods,
Content to leave his high Abodes,
In borrow'd Figures loosely ran,
Europa's Bull, and *Leda's* Swan.
For *this* he reassumes the Nod;
(While *Semele* commands the God)
Launces the Bolt, and shakes the Poles;
Tho' *Momus* laughs, and *Juno* scolds.
Here list'ning *Cloe* smil'd, and said;
Your Riddle is not hard to read:
I guess it——Fair one, if you do;
Need I, alas! the Theme pursue?
For *this*, thou see'st, for *this* I leave,
Whate'er the World thinks wise or grave,
Ambition, Business, Friendship, News,
My useful Books, and serious Muse.
For *this* I willingly decline
The Mirth of Feasts, and Joys of Wine;
And chuse to sit and talk with thee,
(As thy great Orders may decree)

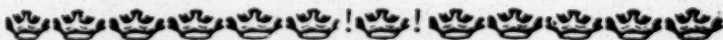
Of Cocks and Bulls, of Flutes and Fiddles,
Of idle Tales, and foolish Riddles.



The QUESTION, to *LISSETTA*.

WHAT Nymph shou'd I admire, or trust,
But *Cloe* beauteous, *Cloe* just?
What Nymph shou'd I desire to see,
But her who leaves the Plain for me?
To whom shou'd I compose the Lay,
But her who listens, when I play?
To whom in Song repeat my Cares,
But her who in my Sorrow shares?
For whom shou'd I the Garland make,
But her who joys the Gift to take,
And boast she wears it for my Sake?
In Love am I not fully blest?
Lissetta, pr'ythee tell the rest.

}

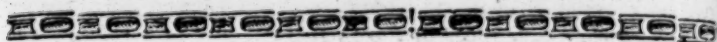


LISSETTA's REPLY.

SURE *Cloe* just, and *Cloe* fair
Deserves to be your only Care:
But when you and she to Day
Far into the Wood did stray,
And I happen'd to pass by;
Which Way did you cast your Eye?
But when your Cares to her you sing,
Yet dare not tell her whence they spring;
Does it not more afflict your Heart,
That in those Cares she bears a Part?
When you the Flow'rs for *Cloe* twine,
Why do you to her Garland join
The meanest Bud that falls from mine?
Simplest of Swains! the World may see,
Whom *Cloe* loves, and who loves me.

}

The



The G A R L A N D.

I.

THE Pride of ev'ry Grove I chose,
The Violent sweet, and Lilly fair,
The dappl'd Pink, and blushing Rose,
To deck my charming *Cloe's* Hair.

II.

At Morn the Nymph vouchsaf't to place
Upon her Brow the various Wreath;
The Flow'rs less blooming than her Face,
The Scent less fragrant than her Breath.

III.

The Flow'rs she wore along the Day:
And ev'ry Nymph and Shepherd said,
That in her Hair they lookt more gay,
Than glowing in their native Bed.

IV.

Undrest at Evening, when she found
Their Odours lost, their Colours past;
She chang'd her Look, and on the Ground
Her Garland and her Eye she cast.

V.

That Eye dropt Sense distinct and clear,
As any *Muse's* Tongue cou'd speak;
When from it's Lid a pearly Tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous Cheek.

VI.

Dissembling, what I knew too well,
My Love, my Life, said I, explain
This Change of Humour: Pr'ythee tell:
That falling Tear ——— What does it mean?

VII.

She sigh'd; she smil'd: And to the Flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely Moralist said:
See! Friend, in some few fleeting Hours,
See yonder, what a Change is made.

VIII. Ah

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming pride of *May*,
And that of Beauty are but one:
At Morn both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at Evening, pale, and gone.

IX.

At Dawn poor *Stella* danc'd and sung;
The am'rous Youth around her bow'd:
At Night her fatal Knell was rung;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her Shroud.

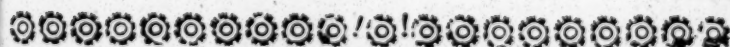
X.

Such as she is, who dy'd to Day;
Such I, alas! may be to Morrow:
Go, *Damon*, bid thy Muse display
The Justice of thy *Cloe's* Sorrow.



The L A D Y who offers her *Looking-Glass*
to V E N U S.

V E N U S, take my Votive Glass:
Since I am not what I was;
What from this Day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.



C L O E J E A L O U S.

F Orbear to ask me, why I weep;
Vext *Cloe* to her Shepherd said:
'Tis for my two poor stragling Sheep
Perhaps, or for my Squirrel dead.

II.

For mind I what you late have writ?
Your subtle Questions, and Replies;
Emblems, to teach a Female Wit
The Ways, where changing *Cupid* flies.

III. Your

III.

Your Riddle, purpos'd to rehearse
 The general Pow'r that Beauty has :
 But why did no peculiar Verse
 Describe one Charm of *Cloe's* Face?

IV.

The Glass, which was at *Venus's* Shrine,
 With such mysterious Sorrow laid :
 The Garland (and you call it mine)
 Which shou'd how Youth and Beauty fade.

V.

Ten thousand Trifles light as these
 Nor can my Rage, nor Anger move :
 She shou'd be humble, who wou'd please :
 And she must suffer, who can love.

VI.

When in my Glass I chanc'd to look ;
 Of *Venus* what did I implore ?
 That ev'ry Grace which thence I took,
 Shou'd know to charm my *Damon* more.

VII.

Reading thy Verse ; who heeds, said I,
 If here or there his Glances flew ?
 O free for ever be his Eye,
 Whose Heart to me is always true.

VIII.

My Bloom indeed, my little Flow'r
 Of Beauty quickly lost it's Pride :
 For sever'd from it's native Bow'r,
 It on thy glowing Bosom dy'd.

IX.

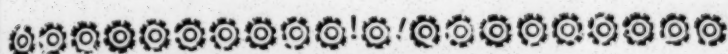
Yet car'd I not, what might presage
 Or withering Wreath, or fleeting Youth :
 Love I esteem'd more strong than Age,
 And time less permanent than Truth.

X.

Why then I weep, forbear to know ;
 Fall uncontroll'd my Tears, and free :
 O *Damon*, 'tis the only Woe,
 I ever yet conceal'd from thee.

XI.

The secret Wound with which I bleed
 Shall lie wrapt up, ev'n in my Herse:
 But on my Tomb-stone thou shalt read
 My Answer to thy dubious Verse.



ANSWER to CLOE JEALOUS,
 in the same STILE.

The AUTHQR sick.

I.

YES, fairest Proof of Beauty's Pow'r,
 Dear Idol of my panting Heart,
 Nature points this my fatal Hour:
 And I have liv'd; and we must part.

II.

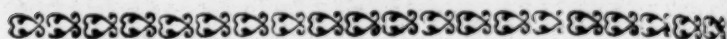
While now I take my last Adieu,
 Heave thou no Sigh, nor shed a Tear;
 Lest yet my half-clos'd Eye may view
 On Earth an Object worth it's Care.

III.

From Jealousy's tormenting Strife
 For ever be thy Bosom free'd:
 That nothing may disturb thy Life,
 Content I hasten to the Dead.

IV.

Yet when some better-fated Youth
 Shall with his am'rous Parly move thee;
 Reflect one Moment on his Truth,
 Why dying thus, persists to love thee.



A better A N S W E R.

I.

DEAR *Cloe*, how blubber'd is that pretty Face?
 Thy Check all on fire, and thy Hair all uncurl'd:
 Pr'ythee quit this Caprice; and (as old *Falstaff* says)
 Let us e'en talk a little like Folks of this World.

II.

How can'st thou presume, thou hast leave to destroy
 The Beauties, which *Venus* but lent to thy keeping?
 Those Looks were design'd to inspire Love and Joy:
 More ord'nary Eyes may serve People for weeping.

III.

To be vext at a Trifle or two that I writ,
 Your Judgment at once, and my Passion you wrong:
 You take that for Fact, which will scarce be found Wit:
 Ad's Life! must one swear to the Truth of a Song?

IV.

What I speak, my fair *Clog*, and what I write shews
 The Diff'rence there is betwixt Nature and Art:
 I court others in Verse, but I love thee in Prose:
 And they have my Whimsies; but thou hast my Heart.

V.

The God of us Verse-men (you know Child) the *Sun*,
 How after his Journeys he sets up his Rest:
 If at Morning o'er Earth 'tis his Fancy to run;
 At Night he reclines on his *Thetis's* Breast.

VI.

So when I am weary'd with wand'ring all Day;
 To thee my Delight in the Evening I come:
 No matter what Beauties I saw in my Way:
 They were but my Visits; but thou art my Home.

VII.

Then finish, dear *Cloe*, this Pastoral War;
 And let us like *Horace* and *Lydia* agree;
 For thou art a Girl as much brighter than her,
 As he was a Poet sublimer than me.

Writ-

Written at *PARIS*, 1700. In the
Beginning of *ROBE*'s *GEOGRAPHY*.

OF all that *William* rules, or *Robe*
Describes, great *Rhea*, of thy Globe;
When or on Post-Horse, or in Chaise,
With much Expence, and little Ease,
My destin'd Miles I shall have gone,
By *Thames* or *Maese*, by *Po* or *Rhone*,
And found no Foot of Earth my own;
Great *Mother*, let me once be able,
To have a Garden, House, and Stable;
That I may read, and ride, and plant,
Superior to Desire, or Want;
And as Health fails, and Years increase,
Sit down, and think, and die in Peace.
Oblige thy Fav'rite Undertakers
To throw me in but twenty Acres:
This Number sure, they may allow;
For Pasture ten, and ten for Plow:
'Tis all that I wou'd wish, or hope,
For *me*, and *John*, and *Nell*, and *Crop*.

Then, as thou wil't, dispose the rest
(And let not *Fortune* spoil the Jest)
To those, who at the Market-Rate
Can barter Honour for Estate.

Now if thou grant'st me my Request,
To make thy vor'ry truly blest,
Let curst Revenge, and sawcy Pride
To some bleak Rock far off be ty'd;
Nor e'er approach my Rural Seat,
To tempt me to be base, and great.

And, *Goddeſs*, this kind office done,
Charge *Venus* to command her Son,

(Where-

14 *POEMS on several Occasions.*

(Where-ever else she lets him rove)
To shun my House, and Field, and Grove:
Peace cannot dwell with Hate or Love.

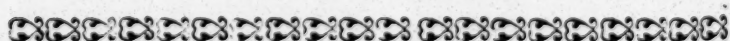
Hear, gracious *Rhea*, what I say:
And thy Petitioner shall pray.



A PASSAGE in the MORIÆ EN-
COMIUM of ERASMUS IMI-
TATED.

IN awful Pomp, and melancholy State,
I See settl'd *Reason* on the Judgment Seat:
Around her croud *Distrust*, and *Doubt*, and *fear*,
And thoughtful *Foresight*, and tormenting *Care*:
Far from the Throne the trembling *Pleasures* stand,
Chain'd up, or exil'd by her stern Command.
Wretched her Subjects, gloomy sits the Queen;
Till happy *Chance* reverts the cruel Scene:
And apish *Folly* with her wild Resort
Of Wit and Jest disturbs the solemn Court.

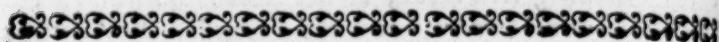
See the fantastick Minstrelsy advance,
To breathe the Song, and animate the Dance.
Blest the Usurper! happy the Surprise!
Her mimic Postures catch our eager Eyes:
Her jingling Bells affect our captive Ear:
And in the Sights we see, and Sounds we hear,
Against our Judgment she our Sense employs:
The Laws of troubl'd *Reason* she destroys:
And in their Place rejoices to indite
Wild Schemes of Mirth, and Plans of loose Delight.



MERRY ANDREW.

SLY *Merry-Andrew*, the last *Southwark* Fair
(At *Barthol'mew* he did not much appear;
So peevish was the Edict of the May'r.)

At Southwark, therefore, as his Tricks he shew'd,
 To please our Masters, and his Friends, the Croud;
 A huge Neats-Tongue he in his Right Hand held:
 His Left was with a good Black-Pudding fill'd.
 With a grave Look, in this odd Equipage,
 The clownish mimic traverses the Stage:
 Why how now, *Andrew*! cries his Brother Droll,
 To Day's Conceit, methinks, is something dull:
 Come on, Sir, to our worthy Friends explain,
 What does your Emblematic Worship mean?
 Quoth *Andrew*; honest English let us speak:
 Your Emble—(what d'ye call't?) is heathen Greek.
 To Tongue or Pudding, thou hast no Pretence,
 Learning thy Talent is; but mine is Sense.
 That busie Fool I was, which thou art now;
 Desirous to correct, not knowing how;
 With very good Design, but little Wit,
 Blaming or praising Things, as I thought fit.
 I for this Conduct had what I deserv'd;
 And dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.
 But thanks to my indulgent Stars, I eat;
 Since I have found the Secret to be great.
 O dearest *Andrew*, says the humble Droll,
 Henceforth may I obey, and thou controll;
 Provided thou impart thy useful Skill.
 Bow then, says *Andrew*, and, for once, I will.
 Be of your Patron's Mind, whate'er he says;
 Sleep very much; think little; and talk less:
 Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong;
 But eat your Pudding, Slave; and hold your Tongue.
 A Rev'rend Prelate stopt his Coach and Six,
 To laugh a little at our *Andrew's* Tricks.
 But when he heard him give this golden Rule;
 Drive on; (he cry'd,) this Fellow is no Fool.

The *F L I E S*.

SAY, Sire of Insects, mighty *Sol*,
 (A Fly upon the Chariot-Pole
 Cries out:) what Blew-Bottle alive
 Did ever with such Fury drive?
 Tell, *Belzebub*, great Father, tell,
 (Says t'other, perch'd upon the Wheel:)
 Did ever any Mortal Fly
 Raise such a Cloud of Dust, as I?
 My Judgment turn'd the whole Debate:
 My Valour sav'd the sinking State.
 So talk two idle buzzing Things;
 Toss up their Heads, and stretch their Wings.
 But let the Truth to Light be brought:
 This neither spoke, nor t'other fought:
 No Merit in their own Behav'or:
 Both rais'd, but by their Party's Favour.

From the *G R E E K*.

GREAT *Bacchus*, born in Thunder and in Fire,
 By native Heat asserts his dreadful Sire.
 Nourish'd near shady Rills and cooling Streams,
 He to the Nymphs avows his Am'rous Flames.
 To all the Breth'ren at the *Bell* and *Vine*,
 The Moral says; mix Water with your Wine.



E P I G R A M.

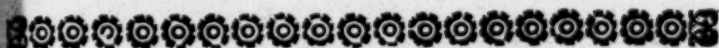
FRANK carves very ill, and will palm all the Meats:
 He eats more than Six; and drinks more than he
 cats.

Four Pipes after Dinner he constantly smokes ;
 And seasons his Whifs with impertinent Jokes.
 Yet sighing, he says, we must certainly break ;
 And my cruel Unkindness compells him to speak ;
 For of late I invite him—but four Times a Week. }



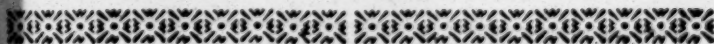
A N O T H E R.

TO *John*, I ow'd great Obligation ;
 But *John*, unhappily, thought fit
 To publish it to all the Nation :
 Sure *John* and I are more than quit.



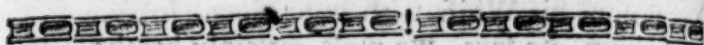
A N O T H E R.

YES, every Poet is a Fool :
 By Demonstration *Ned* can show it :
 Happy, cou'd *Ned*'s inverted Rule
 Prove every Fool to be a Poet.



A N O T H E R.

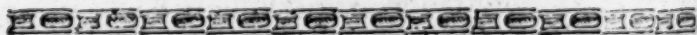
THY Naggs (the leanest Things alive)
 So very hard thou lov'st to drive ;
 I heard thy anxious Coach-man say,
 It costs thee more in Whips, than Hay.



To a Person who wrote ill, and spoke
worfe, against me.

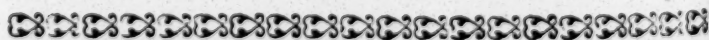
LYE, *Philo*, untouch'd on my peaceable Shelf,
Nor take it amiss, that so little I heed thee;
I've no Envy to thee, and some Love to my self:
Then why shou'd I answer; since first I must read
Thee?

Drunk with *Helicon's* Waters and double-brew'd Bub,
Be a Linguist, a Poet, a Critick, a Wag;
To the solid Delight of thy well-judging Club,
To the Damage alone of thy Bookseller Brag.
Pursue me with Satyr: what Harm is there in't?
But from all *viva voce* Reflection forbear:
There can be no Danger from what thou shalt Print:
There may be a little from what thou may'st swear.



On the same Person.

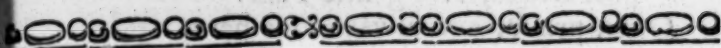
WHILE faster than his costive Brain indites,
Philo's quick Hand in flowing Letters writes;
His Case appears to me like honest *Teague's*,
When he was run away with, by his Legs,
Phoebus, give *Philo* o'er himself command;
Quicken his Senses, or restrain his Hand.
Let him be kept from Paper, Pen, and Ink:
So may he cease to write, and learn to think.



Quid sit futurum Cras fuge quærere.

FOR what to-morrow shall disclose,
May spoil what you to-night propose:

England may change; or *Cloe* stray:
Love and Life are for to-day.



CANTATA. Set by MONSIEUR
GALLIARD.

R E C I T.

BENEATH a verdant Lawrel's ample Shade,
His Lyre to mournful Numbers strung,
Horace, immortal Bard, supinely laid,
To *Venus* thus address'd the Song:
Ten thousand little *Loves* around
List'ning, dwelt on ev'ry Sound.

A R I E T.

Potent *Venus*, bid thy Son
Sound no more his dire Alarms.
Youth on silent Wings is flown:
Graver Years come rolling on.
Spare my Age, unfit for Arms:
Safe and humble let me rest,
From all am'rous Care releas'd.
Potent *Venus*, bid thy Son
Sound no more his dire Alarms.

R E C I T.

Yet, *Venus*, why do I each morn prepare
The fragrant Wreath for *Cloe's* Hair?
Why, why do I all day lament, and sigh,
Unless the beauteous Maid be nigh?
And why all Night pursue her in my Dreams,
Thro' Flow'ry Meads, and Crystal Streams?

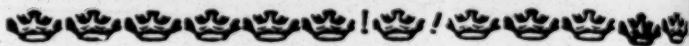
R E C I T.

Thus sung the Bard; and thus the Goddess spoke:
Submissive bow to *Love's* imperious Yoke.

Ev'ry State, and ev'ry Age
Shall own my Rule, and fear my Rage:
Compell'd by me thy Muse shall prove,
That all the World was born to love.

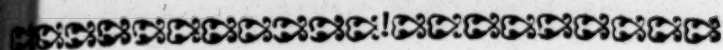
A R I E T.

Bid thy destin'd Lyre discover
 Soft Desire, and gentle Pain;
 Often praise, and always love her:
 Thro' her Ear her Heart obtain.
 Verse shall please, and Sighs shall move her:
Cupid does with *Phoebus* reign.



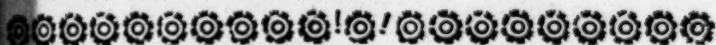
Her right NAME.

AS Nancy at her Toylet sat,
 Admiring this, and blaming that;
 Tell me, she said; but tell me true;
 The Nymph who cou'd your Heart subdue,
 What sort of Charms does she possess?
 Absolve me fair one: I'll confess;
 With Pleasure I reply'd. Her Hair,
 In Ringlets rather dark than fair,
 Does down her Iv'ry Bosom roll,
 And hiding half, adorn the whole.
 In her high Forehead's fair half-round
 *Love sits in open Triumph crown'd:
 He in the dimple of her Chin,
 In private State by Friends is seen.
 Her Eyes are neither black, nor grey;
 Nor fierce, nor feeble is their Ray:
 Their dubious Lustre seems to show
 Something that speaks nor yes, nor no.
 Her Lips no living Bard, I weet,
 May say, how red, how round, how sweet:
 Old *Homer* only cou'd indite
 Their vagrant Grace, and soft Delight:
 They stand recorded in his Book,
 When *Helen* smil'd, and *Hebe* spoke ———
 The Gipsy turning to her Glass,
 Too plainly show'd she knew the Face:
 And which am I most like, she said,
 Your *Cloe*, or your *Nut-brown-Maid*?



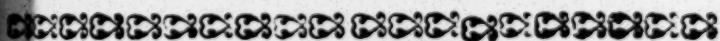
Written in an OVID.

OVID is the surest Guide,
 You can name, to show the Way
 To any Woman, Maid, or Bride,
 Who resolves to go astray.



A TRUE MAID.

NO, no; for my Virginity,
 When I lose that, says *Rose*, I'll dye:
 Behind the Elmes, last Night, cry'd *Dick*,
Rose, were you not extremely sick?



A N O T H E R.

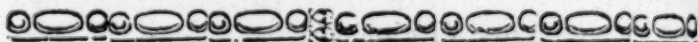
TEN Months after *Florimel* happen'd to wed,
 And was brought in a laudable Manner to Bed;
 She warbl'd her Groans with so charming a Voice,
 That one half of the Parish was stun'd with the Noise.
 But when *Florimel* deign'd to lie privately in,
 Ten Months before she and her Spouse were a-kin;
 She chose with such Prudence her Pangs to conceal,
 That her Nurse, nay her Midwife, scarce heard her
 once squeal.
 Learn, Husbands, from hence, for the Peace of your
 Lives,
 That Maids make not half such a Tumult, as Wives.

A Rea.



A Reasonable AFFLICTION.

ON his Death-Bed poor *Lubin* lies:
 His Spouse is in Despair:
 With frequent Sobs, and mutual Cries,
 They both express their Care.
 A diff'rent Cause, says Parson *Sly*,
 The same Effect may give:
 Poor *Lubin* fears, that he shall die;
 His Wife, that he may Live.



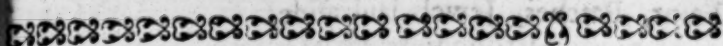
Another Reasonable AFFLICTION.

FROM her own Native *France* as old *Alison* past,
 She reproach'd *English Nell* with Neglect or with
 Malice,
 That the Slattern had left, in the Hurry and Hast,
 Her Lady's Complexion, and Eye-brows at *Calais*.



A N O T H E R.

HER Eye-brow Box one Morning lost,
 (The best of Folks are oft'nest crost)
 Sad *Helen* thus to *Jenny* said,
 Her careless but afflicted Maid;
 Put me to Bed then, wretched *Jane*:
 Alas! when shall I rise again?
 I can behold no Mortal now:
 For what's an Eye without a Brow?



On the same SUBJECT.

IN a dark Corner of the House,
 Poor *Helen* sits, and sobs and cries:
 She will not see her loving Spouse,
 Nor her more dear *Picquet*-Allies:
 Unless she finds her Eye-brows,
 She'll e'en weep out her Eyes.



On the same.

H *Elen* was just slipt into bed:
 Her Eye-brows on the Toilet lay:
 Away the Kitten with them fled,
 As Fees belonging to her Prey.
 For this Misfortune careless *Jane*,
 Assure your self, was loudly rated:
 And Madam getting up again,
 With her own Hand the Mouse-Trap baited.
 On little Things, as Sages write,
 Depends our human Joy, or Sorrow:
 If we don't catch a Mouse to-night,
 Alas! no Eye-brows for to-morrow.



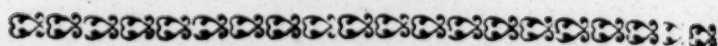
PHYLLIS's AGE.

HOW old may *Phyllis* be, you ask,
 Whose Beauty thus all Hearts engages?
 To answer is no easie Task;
 For she has really two Ages.
 Stiff in Brocard, and pinch'd in Stays,
 Her Patches, Paint, and Jewels on;
 All Day let Envy view her Face;
 And *Phyllis* is but twenty-one.

Paint,

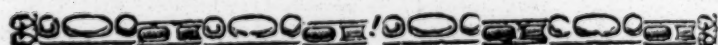
24 POEMS on several Occasions.

Paint, Patches, Jewels laid aside,
At night Astronomers agree,
The Evening has the Day bely'd;
And *Phyllis* is some forty-three.



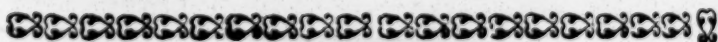
Forma Bonum Fragile.

WHAT a frail Thing is Beauty, says Baron *Le Cras*,
Perceiving his Mistress had one Eye of Glass:
And scarcely had he spoke it;
When she more confus'd, as more angry she grew,
By a negligent Rage prov'd the Maxim too true:
She dropt the Eye, and broke it.



A Critical M O M E N T.

HOW capricious were Nature and Art to poor *Nell*?
She was painting her Cheeks at the time her Nose
fell.



A N

E P I G R A M.

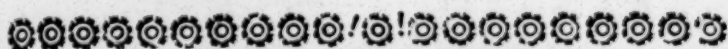
Written to the Duke de NOAILLES.

VAIN the Concern which you express,
That uncall'd *Allard* will possess
Your House and Coach, both Day and Night;
And that *Macbeth* was haunted less
By *Banquo's* restless Spright.

With Fifteen Thousand Pound a Year,
Do you complain, you cannot bear
An ill, you may so soon retrieve?
Good *Allard*, faith, is modefter
By much, than you believe.

Lend

Lend him but fifty *Louis d'or* ;
 And you shall never see him more :
 Take the Advice ; *Probatum est.*
 Why do the Gods indulge our Store,
 But to secure our rest ?



EPILOGUE

TO

LUCIUS.

Spoken by Mrs. HORTON.

THE Female Author who recites to Day,
 Trusts to her Sex the Merit of her Play.
 Like Father *Bayes* securely she sits down:
 Pitt, Box and Gallery, Gad! all's our own.
 In ancient *Greece*, she says, when *Sappho* writ,
 By their Applause the Critics shew'd their Wit.
 They tun'd their Voices to her *Lyric* String;
 Tho' they cou'd all do something more, than Sing.
 But one Exception to this Fact we find;
 That booby *Phaon* only was unkind,
 An ill-bred Boat-man, rough as waves and Wind.
 From *Sappho* down thro' all succeeding Ages,
 And now on *French*, or on *Italian* Stages,
 Rough Satyrs, sly Remarks, ill-natur'd Speeches,
 Are always aim'd at Poets, that wear Breeches.
 Arm'd with *Longinus*, or with *Rapin*, no Man
 Drew a sharp Pen upon a naked Woman.
 The blust'ring Bully in our Neighb'ring Streets,
 Scorns to attack the Female that he meets:
 Fearless the Petticoat contemns his Frowns:
 The Hoop secures, whatever it surrounds.
 The many-colour'd Gentry there above,
 By Turns are rul'd by Tumult, and by Love:

And

And while their Sweet-hearts their Attention fix,
Suspend the Din of their damn'd clatt'ring Sticks.
Now Sirs —————

To you our Author makes her soft Request,
Who speak the kindest, and who write the best.
Your *Sympathetic* Hearts she hopes to move,
From tender Friendship, and endearing Love.
If *Petrarch's* Muse did *Laura's* Wit rehearse,
And *Cowley* flatter'd dear *Orinda's* Verse;
She hopes from you——Pox take her Hopes and Fears;
I plead her Sexes Claim: What matters hers?
By our full Pow'r of Beauty we think fit,
To damn this *Salique* Law impos'd on Wit:
We'll try the Empire you so long have boasted;
And if we are not prais'd, we'll not be toasted.
Approve what one of us presents to Night;
Or ev'ry mortal Woman here shall write:
Rural, Pathetic, Narrative, Sublime,
We'll write to you, and make you write in Rhime: }
Female Remarks shall take up all your Time.
Your Time, poor Souls! we'll take your very Money;
Female third Days shall come so thick upon ye.
As long as we have Eyes, or Hands, or Breath,
We'll look, or write, or talk you all to Death.
Unless ye yield for better and for worse: }
Then the *She-Pegasus* shall gain the Course;
And the grey Mare will prove the better Horse. }

The THIEF
AND THE
CORDELIER.
A BALLAD;

To the Tune of King JOHN, and the Abbot of
CANTERBURY.

WHO has e'er been at *Paris*, must needs know
the *Greve*,
The fatal Retreat of the unfortunate Brave;
Where Honour and Justice most oddly contribute,
To ease Hero's Pains by a Halter and Gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There Death breaks the Shackles, which Force had
put on;
And the Hangman compleats, what the Judge but
began:
There the 'Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of the Post,
Find their Pains no more balk'd, and their Hopes no
more crost.
Derry down, &c.

Great Claims are there made, and great Secrets are
known;
And the King, and the Law, and the Thief has his own:
But my Hearers cry out; What a duce dost thou ayl?
Cut off thy Reflections; and give us thy Tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there, then, in civil Respect to harsh Laws,
And for want of false Witness to back a bad Cause,
A Nor-

28 *POEMS on several Occasions.*

A Norman, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear:
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier?
Derry down, &c.

The 'Squire, whose good Grace was to open the
Scene,
Seem'd not in great haste, that the show shou'd begin:
Now fitted the Halter, now travers'd the Cart;
And often took leave; but was loth to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good Son? says the
Priest:
You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess.
O Father! my Sorrow will scarce save my Bacon:
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.
Derry down, &c.

Pough! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy Head with such
Fancies:
Rely on the Aid you shall have from Saint Francis:
If the Money you promis'd be brought to the Chest;
You have only to dye: let the Church do the rest.
Derry down, &c.

And what will Folks say, if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me; as I knew not my Trade:
Courage, Friend; to day is your Period of Sorrow;
And Things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow? our Hero reply'd in a Fright:
He that's hang'd before Noon, ought to think of to-night.
Tell your Beads, quoth the Priest, and be fairly truss'd up:
For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'Squire, howe'er sumptuous the Treat,
Parblew, I shall have little Stomach to Eat:
I should

I should therefore esteem it great Favour, and Grace;
Wou'd you be so kind, as to go in my Place.

Derry down, &c.

That I wou'd, quoth the Father, and thank you to
boot;

But our Actions, you know, with our Duty must suit.
The Feast, I propos'd to you, I cannot taste:
For this Night, by our Order, is mark'd for a Fast.

Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the Hangman, he said;
Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome Blade:
For thy Cord, and my Cord both equally tie;
And we live by the Gold, for which other Men dye.



An E P I T A P H.

*Stet quicunque volet potens
Aula culmine lubrico, &c.*

Seneca.

I N T E R R'd beneath this Marble Stone,
Lies saunt'ring *Jack*, and idle *Joan*.
While rolling threescore Years and One
Did round this Globe their Courses run;
If Human Things went ill or well;
If changing Empires rose or fell;
The Morning past, the Evening came,
And found this Couple still the same.
They walk'd and eat, good Folks: What then?
Why then they walk'd and eat again:
They soundly slept the Night away:
They did just nothing all the Day:
And having bury'd Children four,
Wou'd not take Pains to try for more.
Nor Sister either had, nor Brother:
They seem'd just tally'd for each other.

Their

Their Moral and Oeconomy
 Most perfectly they made agree:
 Each Virtue kept its proper Bound;
 Nor trespass'd on the other's Ground.
 Nor Fame, nor Censure they regarded:
 They neither punish'd, nor rewarded.
 He car'd not what the Foot-men did:
 Her Maids she neither prais'd, nor chid:
 So ev'ry Servant took his Course;
 And bad at first, they all grew worse.
 Slothful Disorder fill'd his Stable;
 And sluttish plenty deck'd her Table.
 Their Beer was strong; their Wine was *Port*;
 Their Meal was large; their Grace was short.
 They gave the Poor the Remnant-mear,
 Just when it grew not fit to eat.

They pay'd the Church and Parish-Rate;
 And took, but read not the Receipt:
 For which they claim'd their *Sunday's* Due,
 Of slumb'ring in an upper Pew.

No Man's Defects sought they to know;
 So never made themselves a Foe.
 No Man's good Deeds did they commend;
 So never rais'd themselves a Friend.
 Nor cherish'd they Relations poor:
 That might decrease their present Store.
 Nor Barn nor House did they repair:
 That might oblige their future Heir.

They neither added, nor confounded:
 They neither wanted, nor abounded.
 Each *Christmas* they Accompts did clear;
 And wound their Bottom round the Year.
 Nor Tear, nor Smile did they employ
 At News of Publick Grief, or Joy.
 When Bells were rung, and Bonfires made;
 If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their Aid:
 Their Jugg was to the Ringers carry'd;
 Who ever either dy'd or marry'd.
 Their Billet at the Fire was found;
 Who ever was depos'd, or crown'd.

Nor Good, nor Bad, nor Fools, nor Wise;
 They wou'd nor learn, nor cou'd advise:
 Without Love, Hatred, Joy, or Fear,
 They led ——— a kind of ——— as it were:
 Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd:
 And so they liv'd; and so they dy'd.

~~~~~  
 HORACE Lib. I. Epist. IX.

*Septimius, Claudii, nimirum intelligit unus,  
 Quanti me facias: &c.*

IMITATED.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

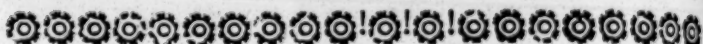
Mr. HARLEY.

DEAR Dick, howe'er it comes into his Head,  
 Believes, as firmly as he does his Creed,  
 That you and I, Sir, are extremely great;  
 Tho' I plain Mat, you Minister of State.  
 One Word from me, without all doubt, he says,  
 Wou'd fix his Fortune in some little Place.  
 Thus better than my self, it seems, he knows,  
 How far my Interest with my Patron goes;  
 And answering all Objections I can make,  
 Still plunges deeper in his dear Mistake.

From this wild Fancy, Sir, there may proceed  
 One wilder yet, which I foresee, and dread;  
 That I, in fact, a real Interest have,  
 Which to my own Advantage I wou'd save,  
 And, with the usual Courtier's Trick intend  
 To serve my self, forgetful of my Friend.

To shun this Censure, I all shame lay by;  
 And make my Reason with his Will comply;

Hop-



## Wounded by

GUISCARD, 1711.

————— ab ipso  
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

Hor.

I.

**I**N one great *Now*, superior to an Age,  
The full Extremes of Nature's Force we find:  
How Heav'nly Virtue can exalt; or Rage  
Infernal, how degrade the human Mind.

## II.

While the fierce Monk does at his Tryal stand;  
He chews Revenge, abjuring his Offence:  
Guile in his Tongue, and Murther in his Hand,  
He stabs his Judge, to prove his Innocence.

### III.

The guilty Stroke and Torture of the Steel  
 Infir'd, our dauntless *Briton* scarce perceives:  
 The Wounds his Country from his Death must feel,  
 The *Patriot* views; for those alone he grieves.

#### IV.

The barb'rous Rage that durst attempt thy Life,  
*Harley*, great Counsellor, extends thy Fame:

And

*POEMS on several Occasions.* 25

And the sharp Point of cruel *Guiscard's* Knife,  
In Brass and Marble carves thy deathless Name.

V.

Faithful Assertor of thy Country's Cause,  
*Britain* with Tears shall bathe thy glorious Wound:  
She for thy Safety shall enlarge her Laws;  
And in her Statutes shall thy Worth be found.

VI.

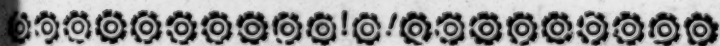
Yet 'midst her Sighs she triumphs, on the Hand  
Reflecting, that diffus'd the Publick Woe;  
A Stranger to her Altars, and her Land:  
No Son of her's could meditate this Blow.

VII.

Mean time thy Pain is gracious *Anna's* Care:  
Our Queen, our Saint, with sacrificing Breath  
Softens thy Anguish: In her p-w'rful Pray'r  
She pleads thy Service, and forbids thy Death.

VIII.

Great as thou art, thou can'st demand no more,  
O Breast bewail'd by Earth, preserv'd by Heav'n!  
No higher can aspiring Virtue soar:  
Enough to thee of Grief, and Fame is giv'n.



AN EXTEMPORE INVITATION  
to the EARL of OXFORD, Lord  
High Treasurer. 1712.

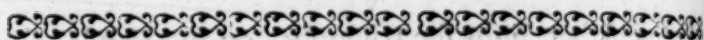
My LORD,

OUR weekly Friends to-morrow meet  
At *Matthew's* Palace, in *Duke-Street*;  
To try for once, if they can dine  
On Bacon-Ham, and Mutton-Chine:  
If weary'd with the great Affairs,  
Which *Britain* trusts to *Harley's* Cares,  
Thou, humble Statesman, may'st descend,  
Thy Mind one Moment to unbend;

C

To

To see thy Servant from his Soul  
 Crown with thy Health the sprightly Bowl:  
 Among the Guests, which e'er my House  
 Receiv'd, it never can produce  
 Of Honour a more glorious Proof —————  
 Tho' *Dorset* us'd to bless the Roof.



## ERLE ROBERT's MICE.

## IN CHAUCER's STILE.

TWAY Mice, full blythe and amicable,  
 Batten beside Erle *Robert's* Table.  
 Lies there ne Trap their Necks to catch,  
 Ne old black Cat their Steps to watch.  
 Their Fill they eat of Fowl and Fish;  
 Feast-lyche as Heart of Mouse mote wish.

As Guests sat jovial at the Board,  
 Forth leap'd our Mice: Eftsoons the Lord  
 Of *Boling*, whilome *John* the Saint,  
 Who maketh oft Propos full quaint,  
 Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cry'd,  
 To *Matthew* seated on t'oth' side;  
 To thee, lean Bard, it doth pertain  
 To understand these Creatures twaine.  
 Come frame us now some clean Device,  
 Or playfant Rhime on yonder Mice:  
 They seem, God shield me, *Mat.* and *Charles*.

Bad as Sir *Topaz*, or 'Squire *Quarles*  
 (*Matthew* did for the nonce reply)  
 At Emblem, or Device am I:  
 But could I chaunt, or rhime, pardie,  
 Clear as *Dan Chaucer*, or as thee;  
 Ne Verse from me (so God me thrive)  
 On Mouse, or other Beast alive.



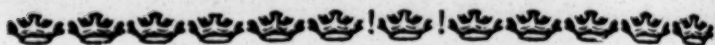
Certes, I have these many Days  
Sent myne Poetic Herd to graze.  
Ne armed Knight ydrad in War  
With Lyon fierce will I compare:  
Ne Judge unjust with furred Fox,  
Harming in Secret Guise the Flocks,  
Ne Priest unworth of Goddess Coat,  
To Swine ydrunk, or filthy Stoat.  
Elk Similè farwell for aye,  
From Elephant, I trow, to Flea.

Reply'd the friendlike Peer, I weene,  
*Matthew* is angered on the Spleen.  
Ne so, quoth *Mat.* ne shall be e'er,  
With Wit that falleth all so fair:  
Eftsoons, well weet ye, mine Intent  
Boweth to your Commaundement.  
If by these Creatures ye have seen,  
Pourtrayed *Charles* and *Matthew* been;  
Behoveth neet to wreck my Brain,  
The rest in Order to explain.

That Cup-board, where the Mice disport,  
I liken to \**St. Stephen's Court*: \**Exchequer.*  
Therein is Space enough, I trow,  
For elke Comrade to come and goe:  
And therein eke may both be fed  
With Shiver of the Wheaten Bread.  
And when, as these mine Eyen survey,  
They cease to skip, and squeak, and play;  
Return they may to different Cells,  
*Auditing* one, whilst t'other tells.

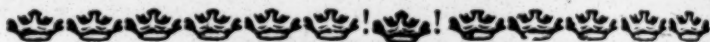
Dear *Robert*, quoth the *Saint*, whose Mind  
In bounteous Deed no Mean can bind;  
Now as I hope to grow devout,  
I deem this Matter well made out.  
Laugh I, whilst thus I serious pray?  
Let that be wrought which *Mat.* doth say:  
Yea, quoth the *Erle*; but not to Day.

3



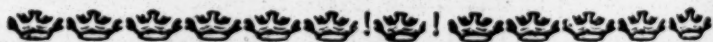
## In the same STYLE.

FULL oft doth *Mat.* with *Topaz* dine,  
 Eateth bak'd Meats, drinketh *Greek* Wine:  
 But *Topaz* his own *Werke* rehearseth;  
 And *Mat.* mote praise what *Topaz* verseth.  
 Now sure as Priest did e'er thrive Sinner;  
 Full hardly earneth *Mat.* his Dinner.



## In the same STYLE.

F AIR *Susan* did her Wif-hede well mainteine,  
 Algates assaulted sore by Letchours twine:  
 Now, and I read aright that Auncient Song,  
 Olde were the Paramours, the Dame full yong.  
 Had thilke same Tale in other Guise been tolde;  
 Had they been yong (pardie) and she been Olde;  
 That, by *St. Kit*, had wrought much forer Tryal;  
 Full marveillous, I wote, were swilk Denyal.



## A F L O W E R.

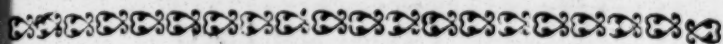
Painted by

SIMON VARELST.

W HEN fam'd *Varelst* this little Wonder drew;  
*Flora* vouchsaf'd the growing Work to view:  
 Finding the Painters Science at a Stand,  
 The Goddess snatch'd the Pencil from his Hand;

And

And finishing the Piece, she smiling said;  
Behold one Work of mine, that ne'er shall fade,



To the LADY

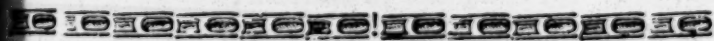
ELIZABETH HARLEY,

Since MARCHIONESS of

CARMARTHEN,

On a COLUMN of Her DRAWING.

WHEN future Ages shall with wonder view,  
These glorious Lines which *Harley's* Daughter  
drew;  
They shall confess, that *Britain* could not raise  
A fairer Column to the Father's Praise,



Protogenes and Apelles.

WHEN Poets wrote, and Painters drew,  
As Nature pointed out the View:  
Ere *Gothick* Forms were known in *Greece*,  
To spoil the well-proportion'd Piece:  
And in our Verse e're *Monkish Rhimes*  
Had jangl'd their fantastick Chimes:  
Ere on the flow'ry Lands of *Rhodes*  
Those Knights had fix'd their dull Abodes,  
Who knew not much to paint or write,  
Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight:

*Prose.*

*Protogenes*, Historians note,  
 Liv'd there, a Burgess Scot and Lot;  
 And, as old *Pliny's* Writings show,  
*Apelles* did the same at Co.  
 Agreed these Points of Time, and Place,  
 Proceed we in the present Case.

Picqu'd by *Protogenes's* Fame,  
 From Co to *Rhodes*, *Apelles* came;  
 To see a Rival and a Friend,  
 Prepar'd to censure, or commend,  
 Here to absolve, and there object,  
 As Art with Candor might direct.  
 He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings:  
 His Servants follow with the Things:  
 Appears the Governante of th' House:  
 (For such in *Greece* were much in use.)  
 If young or handsom, yea or no,  
 Concerns not me, or thee to know.

Does 'Squire *Protogenes* live here?  
 Yes, Sir, says she with gracious Air,  
 And Curt'sy low; but just call'd out  
 By Lords peculiarly devout;  
 Who came on purpose, Sir, to borrow  
 Our *Venus*, for the Feast to-morrow,  
 To grace the Church: 'Tis *Venus' Day*:  
 I hope, Sir, you intend to stay  
 To see our *Venus*: 'Tis the Piece  
 The most renown'd throughout all *Greece*,  
 So like th' Original, they say:  
 But I have no great Skill that way:  
 But, Sir, at Six ('tis now past Three)  
*Dromo* must make my Master's Tea:  
 At Six, Sir, if you please to come,  
 You'll find my Master, Sir, at home.

Tea, says a Critic big with Laughter,  
 Was found some twenty Ages after:  
 Authors, before they write, shou'd read:  
 'Tis very true; but we'll proceed.

And, Sir, at present wou'd you please  
 To leave your Name——Fair Maiden, yes:

Reach,

Reach me that Board. No sooner spoke  
 But done, with one judicious Stroke,  
 On the plain Ground *Apelles* drew  
 A Circle regularly true:  
 And will you please, Sweet-heart, said he,  
 To shew your Master this from me?  
 By it he presently will know,  
 How Painters write their Names at Co.

He gave the Pannel to the Maid.  
 Smiling and curt'sing, Sir, she said,  
 I shall not fail to tell my Master:  
 And, Sir, for fear of all Disaster,  
 I'll keep it my own self: Safe bind,  
 Says the old Proverb, and safe find.  
 So, Sir, as sure as Key or Lock ———  
 Your Servant Sir ——— at Six a Clock.

Again at Six *Apelles* came;  
 Found the same prating civil Dame.  
 Sir, that my Master has been here,  
 Will by the Board it self appear.  
 If from the perfect Line he found,  
 He has presum'd to swell the Round,  
 Or Colours on the Draught to lay;  
 'Tis thus (he order'd me to say)  
 Thus write the Painters of this Isle:  
 Let those of Co remark the Style.

She said; and to his Hand restor'd  
 The Rival Pledge, the Missive Board.  
 Upon the happy Line were laid  
 Such obvious Light, and easie Shade;  
 That *Paris'* Apple stood confest,  
 Or *Leda's* Egg, or *Cloe's* Breast.

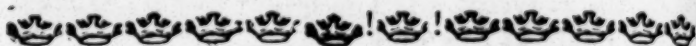
*Apelles* view'd the finish'd Piece;  
 And live, said he, the Arts of Greece!  
 Howe'er *Protogenes* and I  
 May in our Rival Talents vie;  
 Howe'er our Works may have express'd,  
 Who truest drew, or colour'd best;  
 When he beheld my flowing Line;  
 He found at least I cou'd design:

And



And from his artful Round, I grant,  
That he with perfect Skill can paint.

The dullest *Genius* cannot fail  
To find the Moral of my Tale:  
That the distinguish'd Part of Men,  
With Compass, Pencil, Sword, or Pen,  
Shou'd in Life's Visit leave their Name,  
In Characters, which may proclaim  
That they with Ardor strove to raise  
At once their Arts, and Country's Praise:  
And in their Working took great Care,  
That all was full, and round, and fair.



## DEMOCRITUS

AND

## HERACLITUS.

**D**EMOCRITUS, dear Droll, revisit Earth,  
And with our Follies glut thy heighten'd Mirth:  
Sad *Heraclitus*, serious Wretch, return,  
In louder Grief our greater Crimes to mourn.  
Between you both I unconcern'd stand by:  
Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?



For my own TOMB-STONE.

**T**O me 'twas given to die: To thee 'tis giv'n  
To live: Alas! one Moment sets us ev'n.  
Mark! how impartial is the Will of Heav'n?

Gualtero

Gualterus Danistonus ad Amicos.

**D**UM Studeo fungi fallentis munere vitæ,  
 Adfectoque viam sedibus Elysiis,  
*Arctoa* florens *Sophiâ*, *Samiisque* superbus  
 Discipulis, Animas morte carere cano.  
 Has ego corporibus profugas ad sidera mitto ;  
 Sideraque ingressis otia blanda dico ;  
 Qualia conveniunt Divis, queis fata volebant  
 Vitæ faciles mollitèr ire vias :  
 Vinaque Cœlicolis media inter gaudia libo :  
 Et me quid majus suspicor esse viro.  
 Sed fuerint nulli forsan, quos spondeo, cœli ;  
 Nullaque sint *Ditis* Numina, nulla *Jovis* :  
 Fabula sit terris agitur quæ vita relictis ;  
 Quique superstes, Homo ; qui nihil, esto Deus.  
 Attamen esse hilares, et inanes mittere curas  
 Proderit, ac vitæ commoditate frui,  
 Et festos agitasse dies, ævique fugacis,  
 Tempora perpetuis detinuisse jocis.  
 His me parentem præceptis occupet Orcus,  
 Et Mors ; seu Divum, seu nihil esse velit :  
 Nam *Sophia* *Ars* illa est, quæ fallere suavitèr horas  
 Admonet, atque *Orci* non timuisse minas.

IMITATED.

**S**TUDIOUS the busie Moments to deceive,  
 That fleet between the Cradle and the Grave,  
 I credit what the *Grecian* Dictates say,  
 And *Samian* Sounds o'er *Scotia's* Hills convey.  
 When mortal Man resigns his transient Breath ;  
 The Body only I give o'er to Death.

The

The Parts dissolv'd, and broken Frame I mourn:  
 What came from Earth, I see to Earth return.  
 The Immaterial Part, th' Ætherial Soul,  
 Nor can Change vanquish, nor can Death controul.  
 Glad I release it from it's Partner's Cares;  
 And bid good Angels waft it to the Stars.  
 Then in the flowing Bowl I drown those Sighs,  
 Which, spight of Wisdom, from our Weakness rise.  
 The Draught to the Dead's Mem'ry I commend,  
 And offer to the now immortal Friend.  
 But if oppos'd to what my Thoughts approve,  
 Nor *Pluto's* Rage there be, nor Pow'r of *Jove*;  
 On it's dark Side if thou the Prospect take;  
 Grant all forgot beyond black *Lethæ's* Lake:  
 In total Death suppose the Mortal lye,  
 No new Hereafter, nor a future Sky:  
 Yet bear thy Lot content; yet cease to grieve:  
 Why, e're Death comes, dost thou forbear to live?  
 The little Time thou hast, 'twixt Instant *Now*  
 And Fate's Approach, is all the Gods allow:  
 And of this little hast thou ought to spare  
 To sad Reflection, and corroding Care?  
 The Moments past, if thou art wise, retrieve  
 With pleasant Mem'ry of the Bliss they gave.  
 The present Hours in present Mirth employ;  
 And bribe the future with the Hopes of Joy.]  
 The future (few or more, howe'er they be)  
 Were destin'd e'rst; nor can by Fate's Decree  
 Be now cut off, betwixt the Grave and thee.

## THE SECOND

## H Y M N

O F

*Callimachus. To Apollo.*

**H**AH! how the Laurel, great *Apollo's* Tree,  
 And all the Cavern shakes! far off, far off,  
 The Man that is unhallow'd: For the God,  
 The God approaches. Hark! he knocks: the Gates  
 Feel the glad Impulse: And the sever'd Bars  
 Submissive clink against their brazen Portals.  
 Why do the *Delian* Palms incline their Boughs,  
 Self-mov'd: And hov'ring Swans, their Throats releas'd  
 From native Silence, carol Sounds harmonious?

Begin, young Men, the Hymn: Let all your Harps  
 Break their inglorious Silence; and the Dance,  
 In mystic Numbers trod, explain the Music.  
 But first by ardent Pray'r, and clear Lustration  
 Purge the contagious Spots of Human Weakness:  
 Impure no Mortal can behold *Apollo*.  
 So may ye flourish, favour'd by the God,  
 In Youth with happy Nuptials, and in Age  
 With silver Hairs, and fair Descent of Children;  
 So lay Foundations for aspiring Cities,  
 And bless your spreading Colonies Encrease.

Pay sacred Rev'rence to *Apollo's* Song;  
 Lest wrathful the far-shooting God emitt  
 His fatal Arrows. Silent Nature stands;  
 And Seas subside, obedient to the Sound  
 Of *Io, Io Pean!* nor dares *Theris*  
 Longer bewail her lov'd *Achilles'* Death:

For

For *Phæbus* was his Foe. Nor must sad *Niobe*  
 In fruitless Sorrow persevere, or weep  
 Ev'n thro' the *Phrygian* Marble. Hapless Mother!  
 Whose Fondness cou'd compare her mortal Off-spring  
 To those which fair *Latona* bore to *Jove*.

*Io!* again repeat ye, *Io Pean!*

Against the Deity 'tis hard to strive.  
 He that resists the Power of *Ptolemy*,  
 Resists the Pow'r of Heav'n: For Pow'r from Heav'n  
 Derives; and Monarchs rule by Gods appointed.

Recite *Apollo's* Praise, 'till Night draws on,  
 The Ditty still unfinish'd; and the Day  
 Unequal to the Godhead's Attributes  
 Various, and Matter copious of your Songs.

Sublime at *Jove's* right Hand *Apollo* sits,  
 And thence distributes Honour, gracious King,  
 And Theme of Verse perpetual. From his Robe  
 Flows Light ineffable: His Harp, his Quiver,  
 And *Licetian* Bow are Gold: With Golden Sandals  
 His Feet are shod; how rich! how beautiful!  
 Beneath his Steps the yellow Min'ral rises;  
 And Earth reveals her Treasures. Youth and Beauty  
 Eternal deck his Cheek: From his fair Head  
 Perfumes distill their Sweets; and chearful *Health*,  
 His dutious Handmaid, thro' the Air improv'd,  
 With lavish Hand diffuses Scents Ambrosial.

The Spear-man's Arm by thee, great God, directed,  
 Sends forth a certain Wound. The Laurel'd Bard,  
 Inspir'd by thee, composes Verse Immortal.  
 Taught by thy Art Divine, the sage Physician  
 Eludes the Urn; and chains, or exiles Death.

Thee *Nomian* we adore; for that from Heav'n  
 Descending, thou on fair *Amphrysus'* Banks  
 Did'st guard *Admetus'* Herds, 'Sithence the Cow  
 Produc'd an ampler Store of Milk; the She-Goat  
 Not without Pain dragg'd her distended Udder;  
 And Ewes, that erst brought forth but single Lambs,  
 Now drop'd their two-fold Burdens. Blest the Cattle,  
 On which *Apollo* cast his fav'ring Eye!

But, *Phæbus*, thou to Man beneficent,



Delight'ft in building Cities. Bright *Diana*,  
 Kind Sister to thy infant-deity  
 New-wean'd, and juft arising from the Cradle,  
 Brought hunted wild-Goats Heads, and branching Ant-  
 Of Stags, the Fruit and Honour of her Toil. (lers  
 These with discerning Hand thou knew'ft to range,  
 (Young as thou wast) and in the well-fram'd Models,  
 With Emblematic Skill, and mystic Order,  
 Thou shew'dst, where Towers, or Battlements should  
 rise;

Where Gates should open; or where Walls should  
 compass:

While from thy Childish Pastime Man receiv'd  
 The future Strength, and Ornament of Nations.

*Battus*, our great Progenitor, now touch'd  
 The *Lybian* Strand; when the fore-boding Crow  
 Flew on the Right before the People, marking  
 The Country destin'd the auspicious Seat  
 Of future Kings, and favour of the God,  
 Whose Oath is sure, and Promise stands eternal.

Or *Bædromian* hear'ft thou pleas'd, or *Clarian*,  
*Phæbus*, great King? for diff'rent are thy Names,  
 As thy kind Hand has founded many Cities,  
 Or dealt benign thy various Gifts to Man.  
*Carnean* let me call thee; for my Country  
 Calls thee *Carnean*: The fair Colony  
 Thrice by thy gracious Guidance was transported,  
 E're settl'd in *Cyrene*; there w'appointed  
 Thy annual Feasts, kind God, and blest thy Altars  
 Smoaking with Hecatombs of slaughter'd Bulls;  
 As *Carnus*, thy High-Priest, and favour'd Friend,  
 Had er'ft ordain'd; and with mysterious Rites,  
 Our great Forefathers taught their Sons to worship.  
*Io Carnean Phæbus! Io Pean!*

The yellow *Crocus* there, and fair *Narcissus*  
 Reserve the Honours of their Winter-Store,  
 To deck thy Temple; 'till returning Spring  
 Diffuses Nature's various Pride; and Flow'rs  
 Innumerable, by the soft South-west  
 Open'd, and gather'd by Religious Hands,

Re-

Rebound their Sweets from th'odoriferous Pavement,  
 Perpetual Fires shine hallow'd on thy Altars.  
 When Annual the *Carnean* Feast is held,  
 The warlike *Lybians* clad in Armour, lead  
 The Dance, with clanging Swords and Shields they  
 bear

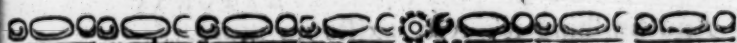
The dreadful Measure: In the Chorus join  
 Their Women, brown but beautiful: Such Rites  
 To thee well-pleasing. Nor had yet thy Votaries,  
 From *Greece* transplanted, touch'd *Cyrene's* Banks,  
 And Lands determin'd for their last Abodes;  
 But wander'd thro' *Azilis'* horrid Forest  
 Dispers'd: when from *Myrtusa's* craggy Brow,  
 Fond of the Maid, auspicious to the City,  
 Which must hereafter bear her favour'd Name,  
 Thou gracious deign'st to let the fair one view  
 Her *Typic* People; thou with Pleasure taught'st her  
 To draw the Bow, to slay the shaggy Lyon,  
 And stop the spreading Ruin of the Plains.  
 Happy the Nymph, who honour'd by thy Passion,  
 Was aided by thy Pow'r! The monst'rous *Python*  
 Durst tempt thy Wrath in vain: for dead he fell,  
 To thy great Strength, and golden Arms unequal.

*Io!* while thy unerring Hand elanc'd  
 Another, and another Dart; the People  
 Joyful repeated, *Io! Io Pean!*  
 Elance the Dart, *Apollo*: for the Safety,  
 And Health of Man, gracious thy Mother bore thee.

*Envy* thy latest Foe suggested thus:  
 Like thee I am a Pow'r immortal; therefore  
 To thee dare speak. How can'st thou favour partial  
 Those Poets who write little? Vast and great  
 Is what I love: The far extended Ocean  
 To a small Riv'let I prefer. *Apollo*  
 Spurn'd *Envy* with his Foot; and thus the God:  
*Damon*, the head-long Current of *Euphrates*,  
*Assyrian* River, copious runs, but muddy;  
 And carries forward with his stupid Force  
 Polluting Dirt; his Torrent still augmenting,  
 His Wave still more defil'd: Mean while the Nymphs

*Melissan*, sacred and recluse to *Ceres*,  
 Studious to have their Off'rings well receiv'd,  
 And fit for Heav'nly Use, from little Urns  
 Pour Streams select, and purity of Waters.

Io! *Apollo*, mighty King, let *Envy*  
 Ill-judging and Verbose, from *Lethe's* Lake  
 Draw Tons unmeasurable; while thy Favour  
 Administers to my ambitious Thirst  
 The wholesome Draught from *Aganippe's* Spring  
 Genuine, and with soft Murmurs gently rilling  
 Adown the Mountains, where thy Daughters haunt.



## C H A R I T Y.

A P A R A P H R A S E on the Thirteenth CHAPTER of the First E P I S T L E to the *CORINTHIANS*.

**D** ID sweeter Sounds adorn my flowing Tongue,  
 Than ever Man pronounc'd, or Angel sung:  
 Had I all Knowledge, Human and Divine,  
 That Thought can reach, or Science can define;  
 And had I Power to give that Knowledge Birth,  
 In all the Speeches of the babling Earth:  
 Did *Shadrach's* Zeal my glowing Breast inspire,  
 To weary Tortures, and rejoice in Fire:  
 Or had I Faith like that which *Israel* saw,  
 When *Moses* gave them Miracles, and Law:  
 Yet, gracious *Charity*, indulgent Guest,  
 Were not thy Pow'r exerted in my Breast;  
 Those Speeches would send up unheeded Pray'r:  
 That Scorn of Life would be but wild Despair:  
 A Tymbal's Sound were better than my Voice:  
 My Faith were Form: my Eloquence were Noise.

*Chari-*

*Charity*, decent, modest, easy, kind,  
 Softens the high, and rears the abject Mind;  
 Knows with just Reigns, and gentle Hand to guide,  
 Betwixt vile Shame, and arbitrary Pride.  
 Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives;  
 And much she suffers, as she much believes.  
 Soft Peace she brings where-ever she arrives:  
 She builds our Quiet, as she forms our Lives;  
 Lays the rough Paths of peevish Nature ev'n;  
 And opens in each Heart a little *Heav'n*.

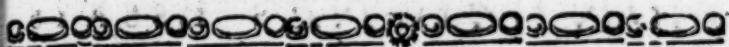
Each other Gift, which *God* on Man bestows,  
 It's proper Bounds, and due Restriction knows;  
 To one fix't Purpose dedicates it's Pow'r;  
 And finishing it's Act, exists no more.  
 Thus, in Obedience to what *Heav'n* decrees,  
 Knowledge shall fail, and Prophecy shall cease:  
 But lasting *Charity*'s more ample Sway,  
 Nor bound by Time, nor subject to Decay,  
 In happy Triumph shall for ever live,  
 And endless Good diffuse, and endless Praise receive.

As thro' the Artist's intervening Glass,  
 Our Eye observes the distant Planets pass;  
 A little we discover; but allow,  
 That more remains unseen, than Art can show:  
 So whilst our Mind it's Knowledge would improve;  
 (It's feeble Eye intent on Things above)  
 High as we may, we lift our Reason up,  
 By *Faith* directed, and confirm'd by *Hope*:  
 Yet are we able only to survey  
 Dawnings of Beams, and Promises of Day.  
*Heav'n*'s fuller effluence mocks our dazzl'd Sight;  
 Too great it's Swiftness, and too strong it's Light.

But soon the mediate Clouds shall be dispell'd:  
 The Sun shall soon be Face to Face beheld,  
 In all his Robes, with all his Glory on,  
 Seated sublime on his meridian Throne.

Then constant *Faith*, and holy *Hope* shall die,  
 One lost in certainty, and one in joy:  
 Whilst thou, more happy Pow'r, fair *Charity*,  
 Triumphant Sister, greatest of the Three,

Thy Office, and thy Nature still the same,  
 Lasting thy Lamp, and unconsum'd thy Flame,  
 Shalt still survive —————  
 Shalt stand before the Host of Heav'n confest,  
 For ever blessing, and for ever blest.



## Engraven on a COLUMN

In the CHURCH of

*HALSTEAD* in *ESSEX*,

The Spire of which, burnt down by Lightning, was  
 rebuilt at the Expence of Mr. *SAMUEL FISKE*,  
 1717.

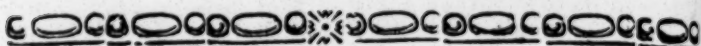
**V**IEW not this Spire by Measure giv'n  
 To Buildings rais'd by common Hands:  
 That Fabric rises high as Heav'n,  
 Whose *Basis* on Devotion stands.

While yet we draw this vital Breath,  
 We can our *Faith* and *Hope* declare:  
 But *Charity* beyond our Death,  
 Will ever in our Works appear.

Best be he call'd among good Men,  
 Who to his *God* this Column rais'd:  
 Tho' Lightning strike the Dome again;  
 The Man, who built it, shall be prais'd.

Yet Spires and Towers in dust shall lye,  
 The weak Efforts of Human Pains:  
 And *Faith*, and *Hope* themselves shall die;  
 While Deathless *Charity* remains.





WRITTEN IN

## MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS,

Given to the DUKE of SHREWSBURY in  
FRANCE, after the Peace, 1713.

DICTATE, O mighty Judge, what thou hast seen  
Of Cities, and of Courts, of Books, and Men;  
And deign to let thy Servant hold the Pen.

Thro' Ages thus I may presume to live;  
And from the Transcript of thy Prose receive,  
What my own short-liv'd Verse can never give.

Thus shall fair *Britain* with a gracious Smile  
Accept the Work; and the instructed Isle,  
For more than Treaties made, shall bless my Toil.

Nor longer hence the *Gallic* Style preferr'd,  
Wisdom in *English* Idiom shall be heard;  
While *Talbot* tells the World, where *Montaigne* err'd.



## An EPISTLE,

Desiring the

## QUEEN'S PICTURE,

Written at *PARIS*, 1714. But left unfinish'd, by  
the sudden News of Her MAJESTY'S Death.

THE Train of Equipage and Pomp of State,  
The shining Side-board, and the burnish'd Plate  
Lc.

Let other Ministers, Great *Anne*, require;  
And partial fall thy Gift to their Desire.  
To the fair Portrait of my Sov'reign Dame,  
To that alone, eternal be my Claim.

My bright Defender, and my dread Delight,  
If ever I found Favour in thy Sight;  
If all the Pains that for thy *Britain's* Sake  
My past has took, or future Life may take,  
Be grateful to my *Queen*; permit my Pray'r,  
And with this Gift reward my total Care.

Will thy indulgent Hand, fair Saint, allow  
The Boon? and will thy Ear accept the Vow?  
That in despite of Age, of impious Flame,  
And eating Time, thy Picture like thy Fame  
Entire may last; that as their Eyes survey  
The semblant Shade, Men yet unborn may say;  
Thus great, thus gracious look'd *Britannia's Queen*;  
Her Brow thus smooth, her Look was thus serene;  
When to a low, but to a Loyal Hand  
The mighty Empress gave her high Command,  
That he to Hostile Camps, and Kings shou'd haste,  
To speak her Vengeance, as their Danger past;  
To say, she wills detested Wars to cease;  
She checks her Conquest, for her Subjects Ease;  
And bids the World attend her Terms of Peace.

Thee, gracious *Anne*, thee present I adore,  
Thee, *Queen of Peace* ——— If Time and Fate have  
Pow'r

Higher to raise the Glories of thy Reign;  
In Words sublimer, and a nobler Strain,  
May future Bards the mighty Theme rehearse.  
Here, *Stator Jove*, and *Phæbus* King of Verse,  
The Votive Tablet I suspend \* \* \*

A

P

T

n

---

A L M A:  
OR, THE  
PROGRESS  
OF THE  
M I N D.  
IN  
THREE CANTO's.

---

Πάντα γίγασκε, καὶ πάντα κόγισκε, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδέν.

Πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων ἐστὶ τὰ γιγνώμενα.

Incert. ap. Stobæum.

---

A M I

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A L M A:  
OR, THE  
P R O G R E S S  
OF THE  
M I N D.

---

The F I R S T C A N T O.

---



*ATTHEW* met *Richard*; when or  
where

From Story is not mighty clear:  
Of many knotty Points they spoke;  
And *pro* and *con* by turns they took.

Rats half the Manuscript have eat:  
Dire Hunger! which we still regret:  
O! may they ne'er again digest  
The Horrors of so sad a Feast.  
Yet less our Grief, if what remains,  
Dear *Jacob*, by thy Care and Pains

Shall

Shall be to future Times convey'd,

It thus begins:

\* \* \* Here Matthew said:

\* *Alma* in Verse; in Prose, the *Mind*,  
By *Aristotle's* Pen defin'd,  
Throughout the Body squat or tall,  
Is, *bonâ fide*, all in all.  
And yet, slap dash, is all again  
In every Sinew, Nerve, and Vein.  
Runs here and there, like *Hamlet's* Ghost;  
While every where she rules the roast.

This *System*, *Richard*, we are told,  
The Men of *Oxford* firmly hold.  
The *Cambridge* Wits, you know, deny  
With *Ipse dixit* to comply,  
They say (for in good truth they speak  
With small Respect of that old *Greek*)  
That, putting all his Words together,  
'Tis three blew Beans in one blew Bladder.

*Alma*, they strenuously maintain,  
Sits Cock-horse on her Throne, the Brain;  
And from that Seat of Thought dispenses  
Her Sov'reign Pleasure to the Senses.  
Two *Optic* Nerves, they say, she tyes,  
Like Spectacles, a-cross the Eyes;  
By which the Spirits bring her Word,  
Whene'er the Balls are fix'd, or stirr'd;  
How quick at Park and Play they strike;  
The Duke they court; the Toast they like;  
And at St. *James's* turn their Grace  
From former Friends, now out of Place.

Without these Aids, to be more serious,  
Her Pow'r, they hold, had been precarious:  
The Eyes might have conspir'd her Ruin;  
And she not known, what they were doing,  
Foolish it had been, and unkind,  
That they shou'd see, and she be blind.

Wise Nature likewise, they suppose,  
Has drawn two Conduits down our Nose:

Cou'd

Cou'd *Alma* else with Judgment tell,  
When *Cabbage* stinks, or *Roses* smell?  
Or who wou'd ask for her Opinion  
Between an *Oyster* and an *Onion*?  
For from most Bodies, *Dick*, you know,  
Some little Bits ask leave to flow;  
And, as thro' these Canals they roll,  
Bring up a Sample of the whole.  
Like Footmen running before Coaches,  
To tell the Inn, what Lord approaches.

By Nerves about our Palate plac'd,  
She likewise judges of the Taste.  
Elle (dismal Thought!) our Warlike Men  
Might drink thick *Port* for fine *Champagne*,  
And our ill-judging Wives and Daughters  
Mistake Small-beer for *Citron-Waters*.

Hence too, that she might better hear,  
She sets a Drum at either Ear;  
And loud, or gentle, harsh or sweet,  
Are but th' *Alarums* which they beat.

Last, to enjoy her Sense of Feeling  
(A Thing she much delights to deal in)  
A thousand little Nerves she sends  
Quite to our Toes, and Fingers Ends;  
And these in Gratitude again  
Return their Spirits to the Brain;  
In which their Figure being printed  
(As just before, I think, I hinted)  
*Alma* inform'd can try the Case,  
As she had been upon the Place.

Thus, while the Judge gives diff'rent Journeys  
To Country Counsel, and Attornies;  
He on the Bench in quiet sits,  
Deciding, as they bring the Writs.  
The *Pope* thus prays and sleeps at *Rome*,  
And very seldom stirs from home:  
Yet sending forth his Holy Spies,  
And having heard what they advise,  
He rules the Church's blest Dominions;  
And sets Men's Faith by his Opinions.

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The Scholars of the *Stagyrite*,  
 Who for the old Opinion fight,  
 Would make their modern Friends confess,  
 The Diff'rence but from more to less.  
 The Mind, say they, while you sustain  
 To hold her Station in the Brain;  
 You grant, at least, she is extended:  
*Ergo* the whole Dispute is ended.  
 For, 'till to-morrow shou'd you plead  
 From Form and Structure of the Head;  
 The *Mind* as visibly is seen  
 Extended thro' the whole *Machine*.  
 Why shou'd all Honour then be ta'en  
 From lower Parts to load the Brain;  
 When other Limbs we plainly see,  
 Each in his way, as brisk as he?  
 For Music, grant the Head receives it;  
 It is the Artist's Hand that gives it.  
 And tho' the Scull may wear the Laurel;  
 The Soldier's Arm sustains the Quarrel.  
 Besides, the Nostrils, Ears and Eyes,  
 Are not his Parts, but his Allies.  
 Ev'n what you hear the Tongue proclaim,  
 Comes *ab Origine* from them.  
 What could the Head perform alone,  
 If all their Friendly Aids were gone?  
 A foolish Figure he must make;  
 Do nothing else, but sleep and ake.  
 Nor matters it, that you can show,  
 How to the Head the Spirits go.  
 Those Spirits started from some Goal,  
 Before they thro' the Veins cou'd roll.  
 Now we should hold them much to blame,  
 If they went back, before they came.  
 If therefore, as we must suppose,  
 They came from Fingers, and from Toes;  
 Or Toes, or Fingers, in this Case,  
 Of *Num-scull's* Self shou'd take the Place.  
 Disputing fair, you grant thus much,  
 That all Sensation is but Touch.

Dip but your Toes into cold Water;  
 Their Correspondent Teeth will chatter:  
 And strike the bottom of your Feet;  
 You set your Head into a Heat.  
 The bully Beat, and happy Lover  
 Confess, that Feeling lies all over.

Note here, *Lucretius* dares to teach  
 (As all our Youth may learn from *Creech*)  
 That Eyes were made, but cou'd not view;  
 Nor Hands embrace, nor Feet pursue:  
 But heedless Nature did produce  
 The Members first, and then the Use.  
 What each must act, was yet unknown,  
 'Till all is mov'd by Chance alone.

A Man first builds a Country Seat;  
 Then finds the Walls not good to eat.  
 Another plants, and wond'ring sees  
 Nor Books, nor Medals on his Trees.  
 Yet Poet and Philosopher  
 Was he, who durst such Whims aver.  
 Blest, for his Sake, be human Reason,  
 That came at all, tho' late, in Season.

But no Man sure e'er left his House  
 And saddl'd *Ball*, with Thoughts so wild,  
 To bring a Midwife to his Spouse,  
 Before he knew she was with Child.  
 And no Man ever reapt his Corn,  
 Or from the Oven drew his Bread,  
 E'er Hinds and Bakers yet were born,  
 That taught him both to sow, and knead.  
 Before they're ask'd, can Maids refuse?  
 Can — Pray, says *Dick*, hold in your Muse.  
 While you *Pindaric* Truths rehearse;  
 She hobbles in *Alternate* Verse.

Verse? *Mat.* reply'd: is that my Care?  
 Go on, quoth *Richard*, soft and fair.

This looks, friend *Dick*, as Nature had  
 But exercis'd the *Salesman's* Trade:  
 As if she hap'ly had sat down,  
 And cut out Cloaths for all the Town;

Then



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Then sent them out to *Monmouth-Street*,  
 To try, what Persons they wou'd fit,  
 But ev'ry free and licens'd Taylor  
 Would in this *Thesis* find a Failure.  
 Should Whims like these his Head perplex;  
 How could he work for either Sex?  
 His Cloaths, as Atomes might prevail,  
 Might fit a Pismire, or a Whale.  
 No, no: He views with studious Pleasure  
 Your Shape, before he takes your Measure.  
 For real *Kate* he made the Boddice,  
 And not for an *Ideal* Goddess.  
 No Error near his Shop-board lurk'd:  
 He knew the Folks for whom he work'd,  
 Still to their Size he aim'd his Skill:  
 Else, pr'ythee, who wou'd pay his Bill?  
 Next, *Dick*, if Chance her self shou'd vary;  
 Observe, how Matters would miscarry:  
 Across your Eyes, Friend, place your Shoes;  
 Your Spectacles upon your Toes:  
 Then you and *Memmius* shall agree,  
 How nicely Men would walk, or see,  
 But Wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd,  
 Must be oppos'd, to be sustain'd.  
 And still your knowledge will increase,  
 As you make other People's less.  
 In Arms and Science 'tis the same:  
 Our Rival's Hurts create our Fame,  
 At *Faubert's* if Disputes arise  
 Among the Champions for the Prize;  
 To prove who gave the fairer Butt,  
*John* shows the Chalk on *Robert's* Coat,  
 So, for the Honour of your Book,  
 It tells, where other Folks mistook:  
 And, as their Notions you confound,  
 Those you invent get farther Ground.  
 The Commentators on old *Aristotle* ('tis urg'd) in Judgment vary:  
 They to their own Conceits have brought  
 The Image of his general Thought.

Just as the Melancholic Eye  
 Sees Fleets and Armies in the Sky;  
 And to the poor Apprentice Ear  
 The Bells sound *Whittington* Lord May'r.  
 The Conj'rer thus explains his Scheme,  
 Thus Spirits walk, and Prophets dream:  
*North-Britons* thus have *Second Sight*;  
 And *Germans* free from Gun-shot fight.  
*Theodoret*, and *Origen*,  
 And fifty other learned Men  
 Attest, that if their Comments find  
 The Traces of their Master's Mind;  
*Alma* can ne'er decay nor dye:  
 This flatly t'other Sect deny,  
*Simplicius*, *Theophrast*, *Durand*;  
 Great Names, but hard in Verse to stand.  
 They wonder Men should have mistook  
 The Tenets of their Master's Book;  
 And hold, that *Alma* yields her Breath,  
 O'ercome by Age, and seiz'd by Death.  
 Now which were Wise? and which were Fools?  
 Poor *Alma* sits between two Stools:  
 The more she reads, the more perplex't;  
 The Comment ruining the Text:  
 Now fears, now hopes her doubtful Fate:  
 But, *Richard*, let her look to that——  
 Whilst we our own Affairs pursue.

These diff'rent *Systems*, old or new,  
 A Man with half an Eye may see,  
 Were only form'd to disagree.  
 Now to bring Things to fair Conclusion;  
 And save much Christian Ink's Effusion;  
 Let me propose an healing Scheme,  
 And sail along the middle Stream:  
 For, *Dick*, if we could reconcile  
 Old *Aristotle* with *Gassendus*;  
 How many would admire our Toil;  
 And yet how few would comprehend us;  
 Here, *Richard*, let my Scheme commence.  
 Oh! may my Words be lost in Sense;

While

62 POEMS on several Occasions.

While pleas'd *Thalia* deigns to write  
The Slips and Bounds of *Alma's* Flight.

My simple *System* shall suppose,  
That *Alma* enters at the Toes;  
That then she mounts by just Degrees  
Up to the Ancles, Legs, and Knees:  
Next as the Sap of Life does rise,  
She lends her Vigor to the Thighs:  
And, all these under-Regions past,  
She nestles somewhere near the Waste:  
Gives Pain or Pleasure, Grief or Laughter;  
As we shall shew at large hereafter.  
Mature, if not improv'd, by Time  
Up to the Heart she loves to climb:  
From thence, compell'd by Craft and Age,  
She makes the Head her latest Stage.

From the Feet upward to the Head;  
Pithy, and short, says *Dick*: proceed.

*Dick*, this is not an idle Notion:  
Observe the Progress of the Motion.  
First I demonstratively prove,  
That Feet were only made to move;  
And Legs desire to come and go:  
For they have nothing else to do.

Hence, long before the Child can crawl,  
He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl:  
To hinder which, your Midwife knows  
To bind those Parts extremely close;  
Lest *Alma* newly enter'd in,  
And stunn'd at her own Christ'ning's Din,  
Fearful of future Grief and Pain,  
Should silently sneak out again.  
Full piteous seems young *Alma's* Case:  
As in a luckless Gamester's Place,  
She would not play, yet must not pass.

Again as she grows something stronger,  
And Master's Feet are swath'd no longer,  
If in the Night too oft he kicks,  
Or shows his *Loco-motive* Tricks;

These first Assaults fat *Kate* repays him,  
When half asleep she overlays him.

Now mark, dear *Richard*, from the Age  
That Children tread this Worldly Stage,  
Broom-staff or Poaker they bestride,  
And round the Parlour love to ride;  
Till thoughtful Father's pious Care  
Provides his Brood, next *Smithfield* Fair,  
With Supplemental Hobby-Horses:  
And happy be their Infant Courses!

Hence for some Years they ne'er stand still:  
Their Legs, you see, direct their Will.  
From opening Morn till setting Sun,  
Around the Fields and Woods they run:  
They frisk, and dance, and leap, and play;  
Nor heed, what *Friend* or *Snap* can say.

To her next Stage as *Alma* flies,  
And likes, as I have said, the Thighs:  
With *Sympathetick* Pow'r she warms,  
Their good Allies and Friends, the Arms.  
While *Betty* dances on the Green;  
And *Susan* is at Stool-ball seen:  
While *John* for Nine-pins does declare;  
And *Roger* loves to pitch the Bar;  
Both Legs and Arms spontaneous move:  
Which was the Thing I meant to prove.

Another Motion now she makes:  
O need I name the Seat she takes?  
His Thought quite chang'd the Stripling finds;  
The Sport and Race no more he minds:  
Neglected *Tray* and *Pointer* lye;  
And *Covies* unmolested fly.  
Sudden the jocund Plain he leaves;  
And for the Nymph in Secret grieves.  
In dying Accents he complains  
Of cruel Fires, and raging Pains.  
The Nymph too, longs to be alone;  
Leaves all the Swains; and sighs for one.  
The Nymph is warm'd with young Desire;  
And feels, and dies to quench his Fire.

They

They meet each evening in the Grove:  
 Their Parley but augments their Love,  
 So to the Priest their Case they tell:  
 He ties the Knot; and all goes well.

But, O my *Muse*, just Distance keep:  
 Thou art a Maid, and must not peep.  
 In nine Months time the Boddice loose,  
 And Petticoats too short, diselose,  
 That at this Age the active Mind  
 About the Waste lies most confin'd;  
 And that young Life, and quick'ning Sense  
 Spring from his Influence darted thence.  
 So from the Middle of the World  
 The *Sun's* prolifick Rays are hurl'd:  
 'Tis from that Seat he darts those Beams,  
 Which quicken Earth with genial Flames.

*Dick*, who thus long had passive sat,  
 Here stroak'd his Chin, and cock'd his Hat;  
 Then slapp'd his Hand upon the Board;  
 And thus the Youth put in his Word.  
 Love's Advocates, sweet Sir, would find him.  
 A higher Place, than you assign'd him.  
 Love's Advocates, *Dick*, who are those?  
 The Poets, you may well suppose.  
 I'm sorry, Sir, you have discarded  
 The Men, with whom 'till now you herded.  
*Prose-Men* alone, for private Ends,  
 I thought forsook their antient Friends.  
*In cor. Billavit*, crys *Lucretius*;  
 If he may be allow'd to teach us.  
 The self-same Thing soft *Ovid* says  
 (A proper Judge in such a Case,)  
*Horace* his Phrase is *torret Jecur*;  
 And happy was that curious Speaker.  
 Here *Virgil* too has plac'd this Passion:  
 What signifies too long Quotation?  
 In *Ode* and *Epis* plain the Case is,  
 That Love holds one of these two Places.

*Dick*, without Passion or Reflection.  
 I'll strait demolish this Objection.



First Poets, all the World agrees,  
 Write half to profit, half to please.  
 Matter and Figure they produce;  
 For Garnish this, and that for use;  
 And, in the Structure of their Feasts,  
 They seek to feed, and please their Guests:  
 But one may balk this good Intent,  
 And take things otherwise than meant.  
 Thus, if you dine with my Lord May'r,  
 Roast-Beef, and Ven'son is your Fare;  
 Thence you proceed to Swan, and Bustard,  
 And persevere in Tart, and Custard:  
 But *Tulip-leaves*, and *Limon-peel*  
 Help only to adorn the Meal;  
 And painted Flags, superb and neat,  
 Proclaim you welcome to the Treat.  
 The Man of Sense his Meat devours;  
 But only smells the Peel, and Flow'rs:  
 And he must be an idle Dreamer,  
 Who leaves the Pie, and gnaws the Streamer.

That *Cupid* goes with Bow and Arrows,  
 And *Venus* keeps her Coach and Sparrows,  
 Is all but Emblem, to acquaint one,  
 The Son is sharp, the Mother wanton.  
 Such Images have sometimes shown  
 A *Mystic* Sense, but oft'ner none.  
 For who conceives, what Bards devise,  
 That Heav'n is plac'd in *Celia's* Eyes?  
 Or where's the Sense, direct or moral,  
 That Teeth are Pearl, or Lips are Coral?

Your *Horace* owns, he various writ,  
 As wild, or sober Maggots bit:  
 And, where too much the Poet ranted,  
 The Sage Philosopher recanted:  
 His grave *Epistles* may disprove  
 The wanton *Odes* he made to *Love*.

*Lucretius* keeps a mighty pother  
 With *Cupid*, and his fancy'd Mother:  
 Calls her great Queen of Earth and Air;  
 Declares, that Winds and Seas obey her;

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And, while her Honour he rehearses,  
Implores her to inspire his Verses.

Yet, free from this Poetic Madness;  
Next Page, he says in sober sadness,  
That she and all her fellow Gods  
Sit idling in their high Abodes,  
Regardless of this World below,  
Our Health or Hanging, Weal or Woe;  
Nor once disturb their Heav'nly Spirits  
With *Scapin's* Cheats, or *Cesar's* Merits.

Nor e'er can *Latin* Poets prove,  
Where lies the real Seat of Love.  
*Jecur* they burn, and *Cor* they pierce,  
As either best supplies their Verse:  
And, if Folks ask the Reason for't,  
Say, one was long, and t'other short.  
Thus, I presume, the *British* Muse,  
May take the Freedom Strangers use.  
In Prose our Property is greater:  
Why should it then be less in Metre?  
If *Cupid* throws a single Dart;  
We make him wound the Lover's Heart:  
But if he takes his Bow, and Quiver;  
'Tis sure, he must transfix the *Liver*:  
For Rhime with Reason may dispense;  
And Sound has Right to govern Sense.

But let your Friends in Verse suppose,  
What ne'er shall be allow'd in Prose:  
*Anatomists* can make it clear,  
The *Liver* minds his own Affair:  
Kindly supplies our publick Uses;  
And parts, and strains the Vital Juices:  
Still lays some useful Bile aside,  
To tinge the Chyle's insipid Tide:  
Else we should want both Gibe and Satyr;  
And all be burst with pure Good-nature.  
Now Gall is bitter with a Witness;  
And Love is all Delight and Sweetness.  
My *Logic* then has lost it's Aim,  
If Sweet and Bitter be the same:

And he, methinks, is no great Scholar,  
Who can mistake Desire for Choler.

The like may of the *Heart* be said:  
Courage and Terror there are bred.  
All those, whose *Hearts* are loose and low,  
Start, if they hear but the *Tattoo*:  
And mighty Physical their Fear is:  
For, soon as Noise of Combat near is,  
Their Heart, descending to their Breeches,  
Must give their Stomach cruel twitches.  
But Heroes who o'ercome or dye,  
Have their Hearts hung extremely high;  
The Strings of which, in Battle's Hear,  
Against their very *Corsets* beat:  
Keep Time with their own Trumpet's Measure;  
And yield 'em most excessive Pleasure.

Now if 'tis chiefly in the Heart,  
That Courage does it self exert;  
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove,  
That this is eke the Throne of Love.  
Would Nature make one Place the Seat  
Of fond Desire, and fell Debate?  
Must People only take Delight in  
Those Hours, when they are tir'd with Fighting?  
And has no Man, but who has kill'd  
A Father, right to get a Child?  
These Notions then I think but idle:  
And Love shall still possess the Middle.

This Truth more plainly to discover,  
Suppose your Hero were a Lover.  
Tho' he before had Gall and Rage,  
Which Death, or Conquest must assuage;  
He grows dispirited and low:  
He hates the Fight, and shuns the Foe.

In scornful Sloth *Achilles* slept;  
And for his Wench, like *Tall-Boy*, wept:  
Nor would return to War and Slaughter;  
Till they brought back the Parson's Daughter.

*Antonius* fled from *Actium's* Coast,  
*Augustus* pressing, *Asia* lost:

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His Sails by *Cupid's* Hand unfurl'd,  
To keep the Fair, he gave the World.

*Edward* our Fourth rever'd and crown'd,  
Vig'rous in Youth, in Arms renown'd;  
While *England's* Voice, and *Warwick's* Care  
Design'd him *Gallia's* beauteous Heir;  
Chang'd Peace and Pow'r for Rage and Wars,  
Only to dry one Widow's Tears.

*France's* fourth *Henry* we may see,  
A Servant to the fair *D'Estree*;  
When quitting *Contras* prosp'rous Field,  
And Fortune taught at length to yield,  
He from his Guards and Mid-night Tent,  
Disguis'd o'er Hills and Vallies went,  
To wanton with the sprightly Dame;  
And in his Pleasure lost his Fame.

Bold is the Critic, who dares prove,  
These Heroes were no Friends to Love;  
And bolder he, who dares aver,  
That they were Enemies to War.  
Yet, when their Thought should, now or never,  
Have rais'd their *Heart*, or fir'd their *Liver*;  
Fond *Alma* to those Parts was gone,  
Which *Love* more justly calls his own.

Examples I could cite you more;  
But be contented with these four:  
For when one's Proofs are aptly chosen;  
Four are as valid as four Dozen.  
One came from *Greece*, and one from *Rome*;  
The other two grew nearer home.  
For some in antient Books delight:  
Others prefer what Moderns write:  
Now I should be extremely loth,  
Not to be thought expert in both.

THE  
SECOND CANTO.

BUT shall we take the *Muse* abroad,  
To drop her idly on the Road?  
And leave our Subject in the middle;  
As *Butler* did his Bear and Fiddle?  
Yet he consummate Master, knew  
When to recede, and where pursue:  
His noble Negligences teach,  
What others Toils despair to reach.  
He, perfect Dancer, climbs the Rope:  
And balances your Fear and Hope:  
If after some distinguish'd Leap,  
He drops his Pole, and seems to slip;  
Straight gath'ring all his active Strength,  
He rises higher half his Length.  
With wonder you approve his Slight;  
And owe your Pleasure to your Fright.

But, like poor *Andrew*, I advance,  
False *Mimic* of my Master's Dance:  
A-round the Cord a while I sprawl;  
And thence, tho' low, in earnest fall.  
My Preface tells you, I digress'd:  
He's half absolv'd who has confess'd.

I like, quoth *Dick*, your *Simile*:  
And in Return, take two from me.  
As Masters in the *Clare-obscure*,  
With various Light your Eyes allure:  
A flaming Yellow here they spread?  
Draw off in Blew, or charge in Red:  
Yet from these Colours odly mix'd,  
Your Sight upon the whole is fix'd.  
Or as, again, your courtly Dames,  
(Whose Cloaths returning Birth-Day claims,)

By



By Arts improve the Stuffs they vary;  
 And Things are best, as most contrary.  
 The Gown with stiff Embroid'ry shining,  
 Looks charming with a slighter Lining:  
 The Out-, if *Indian* Figures stain;  
 The In-side must be rich and plain.  
 So you, great Authors, have thought fit,  
 To make Digression temper Wit:  
 When Arguments too fiercely glare;  
 You calm 'em with a milder Air:  
 To break their Points, your turn their Force;  
 And *Furbelow* the plain Discourse.

*Richard*, quoth *Mat*, these Words of thine,  
 Speak something sly, and something fine:  
 But I shall e'en resume my *Theme*;  
 However thou may'st praise, or blame.

As People marry now, and settle;  
 Fierce Love abates his usual Mettle:  
 Worldly Desires, and Household Cares  
 Disturb the Godhead's soft Affairs:  
 So now, as Health or Temper changes,  
 In larger Compass *Alma* ranges,  
 This Day below, the next above;  
 As light, or solid Whimsies move.  
 So Merchant has his House in Town,  
 And Country-Seat near *Bansted* Down:  
 From one he dates his foreign Letters,  
 Sends out his Goods, and duns his Debtors.  
 In t'other, at his Hours of Leisure,  
 He smokes his Pipe, and takes his Pleasure.

And now your Matrimonial *Cupid*,  
 Lash'd on by Time, grows tir'd and stupid.  
 For Story and Experience tell us,  
 That Man grows cold, and Woman jealous.  
 Both would their little Ends secure:  
 He fights for Freedom, she for Pow'r.  
 His Wishes tend abroad to roam;  
 And her's, to domineer at home.  
 Thus Passion flags by slow Degrees;  
 And ruff'd more, delighted less,

The busy Mind does seldom go  
 To those once charming Seats below:  
 But, in the Breast incamp'd, prepares  
 For well-bred Feints, and future Wars.  
 The Man suspects his Lady's crying  
 (When he last Autumn lay a-dying)  
 Was but to gain him to appoint her  
 By Codicil a larger Jointure.  
 The Woman finds it all a Trick,  
 That he could swoon, when she was sick;  
 And knows, that in that Grief he reckon'd  
 On black-ey'd *Susan* for his Second.

Thus having strove some tedious Years  
 With feign'd Desires, and real Fears;  
 And tir'd with Answers, and Replies,  
 Of *John* affirms, and *Martha* lies;  
 Leaving this endless Altercation,  
 The Mind affects a higher Station,

*Poltis*, that gen'rous King of *Thrace*,  
 I think, was in this very Case.  
 All *Asia* now was by the Ears:  
 And Gods beat up for Volunteers  
 To *Greece* and *Troy*; while *Poltis* sat  
 In quiet, governing his State.  
 And whence, said the pacific King,  
 Does all this Noise, and Discord spring?  
 Why, *Paris* took *Atrides'* Wife ———  
 With Ease I could compose the Strife:  
 The injur'd Hero should not lose,  
 Nor the young Lover want a Spouse:  
 But *Helen* chang'd her first Condition,  
 Without her Husband's just Permission.  
 What from the Dame can *Paris* hope?  
 She may as well from him elope.  
 Again, how can her old Good-man  
 With Honour take her back again?  
 From hence I logically gather,  
 The Woman cannot live with either.  
 Now I have two right honest Wives,  
 For whose Possession no Man strives:

One to *Atrides* I will send;  
 And t'other to my *Trojan* Friend.  
 Each Prince shall thus with Honour have,  
 What both so warmly seem to crave:  
 The Wrath of Gods and Man shall cease;  
 And *Poltis* live and die in Peace.

*Dick*, if this Story pleaseth thee,  
 Pray thank *Dan Pope*, who told it Me.

Howe'er wift *Alma's* Flight may vary;  
 (Take this by way of *Corollary* :)  
 Some Limbs she finds the very same,  
 In Place, and Dignity, and Name:  
 These dwell at such convenient Distance,  
 That each may give his Friend Assistance.  
 Thus he who runs or dances, begs  
 The equal Vigor of two Legs;  
 So much to both does *Alma* trust,  
 She ne'er regards, which goes the first.  
*Teague* could make neither of them stay,  
 When with himself he ran away.  
 The Man who struggles in the Fight,  
 Faigues left Arm, as well as right:  
 For whilst one Hand exalts the Blow,  
 And on the Earth extends the Foe;  
 T'other would take it wond'rous ill,  
 If in your Pocket he lay still.  
 And when you shoot, and shut one Eye,  
 You cannot think, he would deny  
 To lend the t'other friendly Aid,  
 Or wink, as Coward, and afraid.  
 No, Sir; whilst he withdraws his Flame,  
 His Comrade takes the surer Aim.  
 One Moment if his Beams recede;  
 As soon as e'er the Bird is dead,  
 Opening again, he lays his Claim,  
 To half the Profit, half the Fame,  
 And helps to Pocket up the Game.  
 'Tis thus, one Tradesman slips away,  
 To give his Part'ner fairer Play.

Some Limbs again in Bulk or Stature  
Unlike, and not a-kin by Nature,  
In Concert act, like modern Friends;  
Because one serves the t'other's Ends.  
The Arm thus waits upon the Heart,  
So quick to take the Bully's Part,  
That one, tho' warm, decides more slow,  
Than t'other executes the Blow.

A Stander-by may chance to have it,  
E're Hack himself perceives, he gave it.

The am'rous Eyes thus always go  
A-stroling for their Friends below:  
For long before the 'Squire and Dame  
Have *tête à tête* reliev'd their Flame;  
E're Visits yet are brought about,  
The Eye by Sympathy looks out;  
Knows *Florimel*, and longs to meet her;  
And, if he sees, is sure to greet her,  
Tho' at Sash-Window, on the Stairs,  
At Court, nay (Authors say) at Pray'rs. —

The Fun'ral of some valiant Knight  
May give this Thing it's proper Light.  
View his two Gantlets: These declare,  
That both his Hands were us'd to War.  
And from his two gilt Spurs 'tis learn'd,  
His Feet were equally concern'd.  
But have you not with Thought beheld  
The Sword hang dangling o'er the Shield?  
Which shows the Breast, that Plate was us'd to,  
Had an Ally right Arm to trust to.  
And by the Peep-holes in his Crest,  
Is it not virtually confest,  
That there his Eye took distant Aim,  
And glanc'd Respect to that bright Dame,  
In whose Delight his Hope was center'd,  
And for whose Glove his Life he ventur'd?

Objections to my general *System*  
May 'rise, perhaps, and I have mist them:  
But I can call to my Assistance  
Proximity (mark that!) and Distance:

Can prove, that all Things, on Occasion,  
 Love Union, and desire Adhesion;  
 That *Alma* merely is a Scale;  
 And Motives, like the Weights, prevail.  
 If neither Side turn down or up,  
 With Loss or Gain, with Fear or Hope;  
 The Ballance always would hang ev'n;  
 Like *Mah'met's* Tomb, 'twixt Earth and Heav'n.

This, *Richard*, is a curious Case:  
 Suppose your Eyes sent equal Rays  
 Upon two distant Pots of Ale,  
 Not knowing, which was mild or Stale:  
 In this sad State your doubtful Choice  
 Would never have the casting Voice:  
 Which best, or worst, you could not think;  
 And die you must, for want of Drink:  
 Unless some Chance inclines your Sight,  
 Setting one Pot in fairer Light;  
 Then you prefer or A, or B,  
 As Lines and Angles best agree:  
 Your Sense resolv'd impells your Will;  
 She guides your Hand,——So drink your Fill.

Have you not seen a Baker's Maid  
 Between two equal Panniers sway'd?  
 Her Tallies useless lie, and idle,  
 If plac'd exactly in the Middle:  
 But forc'd from this unactive State,  
 By virtue of some casual Weight;  
 On either Side you hear 'em clatter,  
 And judge of right and left-hand Matter.

Now, *Richard*, this coercive Force,  
 Without your Choice, must take it's Course.  
 Great Kings to Wars are pointed forth,  
 Like loaded Needles to the North.  
 And thou and I, by Pow'r unseen,  
 Are barely passive, and suck'd in  
 To *Henault's* Vaults, or *Celia's* Chamber;  
 As Straw and Paper are by Amber.  
 If we sit down to play or set  
 (Suppose at *Ombre* or *Basset*)



People call us Cheats, or Fools;  
 Our Cards and we are equal Tools.  
 We sure in vain the Cards condemn:  
 Our selves both cut and shuffl'd them.  
 In vain on Fortune's Aid rely:  
 The only is a Stander-by.  
 Poor Men! poor Papers! We and they  
 Do some impulsive Force obey;  
 And are but play'd with: — Do not play.  
 But Space and Matter we should blame:  
 They palm'd the Trick that lost the Game.

Thus to save further Contradiction,  
 Against what you may think but Fiction;  
 I for Attraction, *Dick*, declare:  
 Deny it those bold Men that dare.  
 As well your Motion, as your Thought  
 Is all by hidden Impulse wrought:  
 Ev'n saying, that you think or walk,  
 How like a Country 'Squire you talk?

Mark then; — Where Fancy or Desire  
 Collects the Beams of vital Fire;  
 Into that Limb fair *Alma* slides,  
 And there, *pro tempore*, resides.  
 She dwells in *Nicholini's* Tongue,  
 When *Pyrrhus* chants the Heav'nly Song.  
 When *Pedro* does the Lute command,  
 She guides the cunning Artist's Hand.  
 Thro' *Macer's* Gullet she runs down,  
 When the vile Glutton dines alone.  
 And void of Modesty and Thought,  
 She follows *Bibo's* endless Draught.  
 Thro' the soft Sex again she ranges;  
 As Youth, Caprice, or Fashion Changes,  
 Fair *Alma* carelefs and serene,  
 In *Fanny's* sprightly Eyes is seen;  
 While they diffuse their Infant Beams,  
 Themselves not conscious of their Flames.  
 Again fair *Alma* sits confest,  
 On *Florimel's* experter Breast;

When

When she the rising Sigh constrains,  
 And by concealing speaks her Pains.  
 In *Cynthia's* Neck fair *Alma* glows;  
 When the vain Thing her Jewels shows:  
 When *Jenny's* Stays are newly lac'd,  
 Fair *Alma* plays about her Waste;  
 And when the swelling Hoop sustains  
 The rich Brocard, fair *Alma* deigns  
 Into that lower Space to enter,  
 Of the large Round, her self the Center.

Again: That single Limb or Feature  
 (Such is the cogent Force of Nature)  
 Which most did *Alma's* Passion move,  
 In the first Object of her Love,  
 For ever will be found confest,  
 And printed on the am'rous Breast.

O *Abelard*, ill-fated Youth,  
 Thy Tale will justify this Truth:  
 But well I weet, thy cruel Wrong  
 Adorns a nobler Poet's Song.

*Dan Pope* for thy Misfortune griev'd,  
 With kind Concern, and Skill has weav'd  
 A silken Web; and ne'er shall fade  
 It's Colours: Gently has he laid  
 The Mantle o'er thy sad Distress:  
 And *Venus* shall the Texture bless.  
 He o'er the weeping Nun has drawn,  
 Such artful Folds of sacred Lawn,  
 That *Love* with equal Grief and Pride,  
 Shall see the Crime, he strives to hide:  
 And softly drawing back the Veil,  
 The God shall to his Vor'ries tell  
 Each conscious Tear, each blushing Grace,  
 That deck'd dear *Eloisa's* Face.

Happy the Poet, blest the Lays,  
 Which *Buckingham* has deign'd to praise.

Next, *Dick*, as Youth and Habit sways,  
 A hundred Gambols *Alma* plays.  
 If, whilst a Boy, *Jack* run from Schole,  
 Fond of his Hunting-horn, and Pole;

Gout and Age his Speed detain,  
John halloo's his Hounds again.  
his Fire-side he starts the Hare;  
and turns her in his Wicker-Chair:  
his Feet, however lame, you find,  
have got the better of his Mind.  
If while the Mind was in her Leg,  
the Dance affected nimble Peg;  
Old Madge, bewitch'd at sixty one,  
Calls for *Green-Sleeves*, and *Jumping-Joan*.  
in public Mask, or private Ball,  
from *Lincoln's Inn*, to *Goldsmith's Hall*,  
All Christmas long away she trudges;  
Trips it with Prentices and Judges:  
in vain her Children urge her Stay;  
And Age or Palsey bar the Way.  
But if those Images prevail,  
Which whilom did affect the Tail;  
She still reviews the ancient Scene;  
Forgets the forty Years between:  
Awkardly gay, and odly merry,  
Her Scarf pale Pink, her Head-Knot Cherry;  
O'er-heated with *Ideal Rage*,  
She cheats her Son, to wed her Page.  
If *Alma*, whilst the Man was young,  
Slip'd up too soon into his Tongue:  
Pleas'd with his own fantastic Skill,  
He lets that Weapon ne'er lie still.  
On any Point if you dispute;  
Depend upon it, he'll confute:  
Change Sides; and you encrease your Pain:  
For he'll confute you back again.  
For one may speak with *Tully's Tongue*;  
Yet all the while be in the wrong.  
And 'tis remarkable, that they  
Talk most, who have the least to say.  
Your dainty Speakers have the Curse,  
To plead bad Causes down to worse:  
As Dames, who native Beauty want,  
Will uglier look, the more they paint.

Again:

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Again: If in the Female Sex  
*Alma* should on this Member fix;  
 (A cruel and a desp'rate Case,  
 From which Heav'n shield my lovely Lads!)  
 For evermore all Care is vain,  
 That would bring *Alma* down again.  
 As in habitual Gout, or Stone,  
 The only Thing that can be done,  
 Is to correct your Drink, and Diet,  
 And keep the inward Foe in quiet:  
 So, if for any Sins of our's,  
 Or our Forefathers, higher Pow'rs,  
 Severe tho' just, afflict our Life  
 With that prime Ill, a talking Wife;  
 'Till Death shall bring the kind Relief,  
 We must be patient, or be deaf.

You know, a certain Lady, *Dick*,  
 Who saw me, when I last was sick:  
 She kindly talk'd, at least three Hours,  
 Of *Plastic* Forms, and *Mental* Pow'rs:  
 Describ'd our pre-existing Station,  
 Before this vile Terrene Creation:  
 And lest I should be weary'd, Madam,  
 To cut Things short, came down to *Adam*;  
 From whence, as fast as she was able,  
 She drowns the World, and builds up *Babel*;  
 Thro' *Syria*, *Persia*, *Greece* she goes;  
 And takes the *Romans* in the Close.

But we'll descant on gen'ral Nature:  
 This is a *System*, not a *Satyr*.

Turn we this Globe; and let us see,  
 How diff'rent Nations disagree,  
 In what we wear, or eat and drink;  
 Nay, *Dick*, perhaps in what we think.  
 In Water as you smell and tast  
 The Soyls, thro' which it rose and past:  
 In *Alma's* Manners you may read  
 The Place, where she was born and bred.

One People from their swadling Bands  
 Releas'd their Infants Feet and Hands:

Here *Alma* to these Limbs was brought;  
And *Sparta's* Offspring kick'd and fought.

Another taught their Babes to talk,  
E're they could yet in Goe-carts walk:  
There *Alma* settl'd in the Tongue;  
And Orators from *Athens* sprung.

Observe but in these Neighb'ring Lands,  
The diff'rent Use of Mouths and Hands:  
As Men repos'd their various Hopes,  
In Battles these, and those in Tropes.

In *Britain's* Isles, as *Heylyn* notes,  
The Ladies trip in Petticoats;  
Which, for the Honour of their Nation,  
They quit but on some great Occasion,  
Men there in Breeches clad you view:  
They claim that Garment, as their due.  
In *Turkey* the Reverse appears;  
Long Coats the haughty Husband wears,  
And greets his Wife with angry Speeches;  
If she be seen without her Breeches.

In our fantastic *Climes* the Fair  
With cleanly Powder dry their Hair:  
And round their lovely Breast and Head  
Fresh Flow'rs their mingl'd Odours shed.  
Your nicer *Hottentotes* think meet  
With Guts and Tripe to deck their Feet:  
With down-cast Looks on *Totta's* Legs,  
The ogling Youth most humbly begs,  
She would not from his Hopes remove  
At once his Breakfast, and his Love;  
And if the skittish Nymph should fly;  
He in a double Sense must die.

We simple *Toasters* take Delight  
To see our Women's Teeth look white.  
And ev'ry saucy ill-bred Fellow  
Sneers at a Mouth profoundly yellow.  
In *China* none hold Women sweet,  
Except their Snags are black as Jett.  
King *Chihu* put nine Queens to Death,  
Convict on Statute, Iv'ry Teeth.



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At *Tonquin* if a Prince should die;  
 (As Jesuits write, who never lye)  
 The Wife, and Counsellor, and Priest,  
 Who serv'd him most, and lov'd him best;  
 Prepare, and light his Fun'ral Fire,  
 And chearful on the Pile expire.  
 In *Europe* 'twould be hard to find  
 In each Degree one half so kind.

Now turn we to the farthest East,  
 And there observe the Gentry drest.  
 Prince *Giolo*, and his Royal Sisters,  
 Scarr'd with ten thousand comely Blisters,  
 The Marks remaining on the Skin,  
 To tell the Quality within.  
 Distinguish'd Slashes deck the Great:  
 As each excells in Birth, or State;  
 His Oyler-holes are more and ampler:  
 The King's own Body was a Samplar.  
 Happy the Climate, where the *Beau*  
 Wears the same Suit for Use and Show:  
 And at a small Expence your Wife,  
 If once well pink'd, is cloth'd for Life.

Westward again the *Indian* Fair,  
 Is nicely smear'd with Fat of Bear.  
 Before you see, you smell your Toast,  
 And sweetest she, who stinks the most.  
 The finest Sparks, and cleanest *Beaux*  
 Drip from the Shoulders to the Toes.  
 How sleek their Skins! their Joints how easy!  
 There Slovens only are not greasy.

I mention'd diff'rent Ways of Breeding:  
 Begin we in our Children's Reading.  
 To Master *John* the *English* Maid  
 A Horn-book gives of Ginger-bread:  
 And that the Child may learn the better,  
 As, he can name, he eats the Letter:  
 Proceeding thus with vast Delight,  
 He spells, and gnaws, from Left to Right.  
 But shew a *Hebrew's* hopeful Son,  
 Where we suppose the Book begun;

The Child would thank you for your Kindness,  
And read quite backward from our *Finis*:  
Devour he Learning ne'er so fast;  
Great A would be reserv'd the last.

An equal Instance of this Matter,  
Is in the Manners of a Daughter.  
In *Europe*, if a harmless Maid,  
By Nature and by Love betray'd,  
Should e'er a Wife become a Nurse;  
Her Friends would look on her the worse.  
In *China*, *Dampier's Travells* tell ye;  
(Look in his Index for *Pagelli*.)  
Soon as the *British* Ships unmoore,  
And jolly Long-boat rows to Shore;  
Down come the Nobles of the Land:  
Each brings his Daughter in his Hand,  
Beseeching the imperious Tar  
To make her but one Hour his Care.  
The tender Mother stands affrighted,  
Lest her dear Daughter should be slighted:  
And poor Miss *Taya* dreads the Shame  
Of going back the Maid she came.

Observe how Custom, *Dick*, compells  
The Lady that in *Europe* dwells:  
After her Tea she slips away;  
And what to do, one need not say.  
Now see how great *Pomonque's* Queen  
Behav'd her self among the Men:  
Pleas'd with her Punch, the gallant Soul  
First drank, then water'd in the Bowl;  
And sprinkl'd in the Captain's Face  
The Marks of her peculiar Grace——

To close this Point, we need not roam  
For Instances so far from home.  
What parts gay *France* from sober *Spain*?  
A little rising rocky Chain.  
Of Men born South or North o'th' Hill,  
Those seldom move; these ne'er stand still.  
*Dick*, you love Maps, and may perceive  
None not far distant from *Geneve*.

If the good *Pope* remains at home,  
 He's the first Prince in *Christendome*.  
 Choose then, good *Pope*, at home to stay;  
 Nor Westward curious take thy Way.  
 Thy way unhappy should'st thou take  
 From *Tiber's* Bank to *Leman-Lake*;  
 Thou art an aged Priest no more,  
 But a young flaring painted Whore:  
 Thy Sex is lost: Thy Town is gone,  
 No longer *Rome*, but *Babylon*.  
 That some few Leagues should make this Change;  
 To Men unlearn'd seems mighty strange.  
 But need we, Friend, insist on this?  
 Since in the very *Cantons Swiss*,  
 All your Philosophers agree,  
 And prove it plain, that one may be  
 A Heretic, or true Believer,  
 On this, or t'other Side a River.

Here with an artful Smile, quoth *Dick*,  
 Your Proofs come mighty full, and thick——

The Bard on this extensive Chapter,  
 Wound up into Poetic Rapture,  
 Continu'd: *Richard*, cast your Eye  
 By Night upon a Winter-Sky:  
 Cast it by Day-light on the Strand,  
 Which compasses fair *Albion's* Land:  
 If you can count the Stars that glow  
 Above, or Sands that lie below;  
 Into those Common-places look,  
 Which from great Authors I have took;  
 And count the Proofs I have collected,  
 To have my Writings well protected.  
 These I lay by for Time of Need;  
 And thou may'st at thy Leisure read.  
 For standing every Critick's Rage,  
 I safely will to future Age  
 My *System*, as a Gift, bequeath,  
 Victorious over Spight, and Death.

# THE THIRD CANTO.

**R**ICHARD, who now was half a-sleep,  
Rous'd; nor would longer Silence keep:  
And Sense like this, in vocal Breath  
Broke from his twofold Hedge of Teeth.  
Now if this Phrase too harsh be thought;  
*Pope*, tell the World, 'tis not my Fault.  
Old *Homer* taught us thus to speak:  
If 'tis not Sense; at least 'tis Greek.

As Folks, quoth *Richard*, prone to Leasing,  
Say Things at first because they're pleasing;  
Then prove what they have once asserted,  
Nor care to have their Lie deserted;  
'Till their own Dreams at length deceive 'em;  
And oft repeating, they believe 'em.  
Or as again those am'rous Blades,  
Who trifle with their Mother's Maids;  
Tho' at the first, their wild Desire  
Was but to quench a present Fire;  
Yet if the Object of their Love  
Chance by *Lucina's* Aid to prove;  
They seldom let the Bantling roar  
In Basket, at a Neighbour's Door:  
But by the flatt'ring Glass of Nature,  
Viewing themselves in *Cake-Bread's* Feature;  
With serious Thought and Care support,  
What only was begun in Sport.

Just so with you, my Friend, it fares,  
Who deal in Philosophic Wares:  
Atoms you cut; and Forms you measure,  
To gratifie your private Pleasure;  
'Till airy Seeds of casual Wit  
Do some fantastic Birth beget:  
And pleas'd to find your *system* mended,  
Beyond what you at first intended,

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The happy Whimsey you pursue;  
'Till you at length believe it true.  
Caught by your own delusive Art,  
You fancy first, and then assert.

Quoth *Matthew*: Friend, as far as I  
Thro' Art or Nature cast my Eye,  
This *Axiom* clearly I discern,  
That one must teach, and t'other learn.  
No Fool *Pythagoras* was thought:  
Whilst he his weighty Doctrines taught;  
He made his list'ning Scholars stand,  
Their Mouth still cover'd with their Hand:  
Else, may be, some odd-thinking Youth,  
Less Friend to Doctrine than to Truth,  
Might have refus'd to let his Ears  
Attend the Musick of the Spheres;  
Deny'd all *transmigrating* Scenes,  
And introduc'd the Use of Beans.  
From great *Lucretius* take his Void;  
And all the World is quite destroy'd.  
Deny *Des-Cart* his subtil Matter;  
You leave him neither Fire, nor Water.  
How odly would Sir *Isaac* look,  
If you, in answer to his Book,  
Say in the Front of your Discourse,  
That Things have no *Elastic* Force?  
How could our *Chymic* Friends go on,  
To find the *Philosophic* Stone;  
If you more pow'rful Reasons bring,  
To prove, that there is no such Thing?  
Your Chiefs in Sciences and Arts,  
Have great Contempt of *Alma's* Parts.  
They find, she giddy is, or dull;  
She doubts, if Things are void, or full:  
And who should be presum'd to tell,  
What she her self should see, or feel?  
She doubts, if two and two make four;  
Tho' she has told them ten times o'er.  
It can't —— it may be —— and it must:  
To which of these must *Alma* trust?



say, further yet they make her go,  
 doubting, if she doubts, or no.  
 Can *Syllogism* set Things right?  
 To: *Majors* soon with *Minors* fight:  
 Both in friendly Confort join'd;  
 The *Consequence* limps false behind.  
 To some cunning-Man she goes,  
 And asks of him, how much she knows.  
 With Patience grave he hears her speak;  
 And from his short Notes, gives her back  
 That from her Tale he comprehended:  
 Thus the Dispute is wisely ended.  
 From the Account the Loser brings,  
 The Conj'rer knows, who stole the Things.  
 Squire (interrupted *Dick*) since when  
 Were you amongst these cunning Men?  
 Dear *Dick*, quoth *Mat*, let not thy Force  
 Of Eloquence spoil my Discourse.  
 Tell thee, this is *Alma's* Case,  
 All asking, what some Wise-man says,  
 Who does his Mind in Words reveal,  
 Which all must grant; tho' few can spell.  
 You tell your Doctor, that y'are ill:  
 And what does he, but write a Bill,  
 Which you need not read one Letter?  
 The worse the Scrawl, the Dose the better.  
 If you knew but what you take;  
 So you recover, he must break.  
 Ideas, Forms, and Intellects,  
 Are furnish'd out three diff'rent Sects.  
 Chance, or Accident divides  
 Europe into adverse Sides.  
 Now, as engag'd in Arms or Laws,  
 You must have Friends to back your Cause:  
 Philosophic Matters so  
 Your Judgment must with others go.  
 As in Senates, so in Schools,  
 The Majority of Voices rules.  
 Poor *Alma*, like a lonely Deer,  
 Hills and Dales does doubtful err:

With

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With panting haste, and quick surprise,  
From ev'ry Leaf that stirs, she flies;  
'Till mingl'd with the neighb'ring Herd,  
She flights what erst she singly fear'd:  
And now, exempt from Doubt and Dread,  
She dares pursue; if they dare lead:  
As their Example still prevails;  
She tempts the Stream, or leaps the Pales.

He then, quoth *Dick*, who by your Rule  
Thinks for himself, becomes a Fool.  
As Party-Man who leaves the rest,  
Is call'd but *Whimsical* at best.  
Now, by your Favour, Master *Mat*.  
Like *Ralpho*, here I smell a Rat.  
I must be list'd in your Sect;  
Who, tho' they reach not, can protect.  
Right, *Richard*, *Mat*, in Triumph cry'd;  
So put off all Mistrust and Pride.  
And while my Princi les I beg;  
Pray answer only with your Leg.  
Believe what friendly I advise:  
Be first secure; and then be wise.  
The Man within the Coach that sits,  
And to another's Skill submits,  
Is safer much (whate'er arrives)  
And warmer too, than he that drives.

So, *Dick Adept*, tuck back thy Hair;  
And I will pour into thy Ear  
Remarks, which none did e'er disclose,  
In smooth-pac'd Verse, or hobling Prose,  
Attend, dear *Dick*; but don't reply:  
And thou may'st prove as wise as I.

When *Alma* now in diff'rent Ages,  
Has finish'd her ascending Stages;  
Into the Head at length she gets,  
And there in public Grandeur sits,  
To judge of Things, and censure Wits.

Here, *Richard*, how could I explain,  
The various Lab'rins of the Brain?

Surprise my Readers, whilst I tell 'em  
 Of *Cerebrum*, and *Cerebellum*?  
 How could I play the Commentator  
 On *Dura*, and on *Pia Mater*?  
 Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,  
 Strive each the t'other's Place to get;  
 And with incessant Toil and Strife,  
 Would keep Possession during Life.  
 I could demonstrate every Pore,  
 Where Mem'ry lays up all her Store;  
 And to an Inch compute the Station,  
 'Twixt Judgment, and Imagination.  
 O Friend! I could display much Learning,  
 At least to Men of small Discerning.  
 The Brain contains ten thousand Cells:  
 In each some active Fancy dwells;  
 Which always is at work, and framing  
 The several Follies I was naming.  
 As in a Hive's vimineous Dome,  
 Ten thousand Bees enjoy their Home;  
 Each does her studious Action vary,  
 To go and come, to fetch and carry:  
 Each still renews her little Labour;  
 Nor justles her assiduous Neighbour:  
 Each — whilst this *Thesis* I maintain;  
 I fancy, *Dick*, I know thy Brain.  
 O with the mighty *Theme* affected,  
 Could I but see thy Head dissected!  
 My Head, quoth *Dick*, to serve your Whim?  
 Spare that, and take some other Limb.  
 Sir, in your nice Affairs of *System*,  
 Wise Men propose; but Fools assist 'em.  
 Says *Matthew*: *Richard*, keep thy Head,  
 And hold thy Peace; and I'll proceed.  
 Proceed? quoth *Dick*: Sir, I aver,  
 You have already gone too far.  
 When People once are in the wrong;  
 Each Line they add, is much too long.  
 Who fastest walks, but walks astray,  
 Is only furthest from his Way.

88 *POEMS on several Occasions.*

Bless your Conceits! must I believe,  
 Howe'er absurd, what you conceive;  
 And, for your Friendship, live and dye  
 A Papist in Philosophy?  
 I say, whatever you maintain  
 Of *Alma* in the Heart, or Brain;  
 The plainest Man alive may tell ye,  
 Her Seat of Empire is the Belly:  
 From hence she sends out those Supplies,  
 Which make us either stout, or wise:  
 The Strength of ev'ry other Member,  
 Is founded on your Belly-Timber:  
 The Qualms or Raptures of your Blood  
 Rise in proportion to your Food:  
 And if you would improve your Thought;  
 You must be fed, as well as taught.  
 Your Stomach makes your Fabric roll;  
 Just as the Bias rules the Bowl.  
 That great *Achilles* might employ  
 The Strength, design'd to ruin *Troy*;  
 He din'd on Lion's Marrow, spread  
 On Toasts of Ammunition-Bread:  
 But by his Mother sent away,  
 Amongst the *Thracian* Girls to play,  
 Effeminate he sat, and quiet:  
 Strange Product of a Cheese-cake Diet!  
 Now give my Argument fair play;  
 And take the Thing the t'other Way:  
 The Youngster, who at nine and three  
 Drinks with his Sisters Milk and Tea,  
 From Break-fast reads, 'till twelve a Clock,  
*Burnet* and *Heylyn*, *Hobbes* and *Lock*:  
 He pays due Visits after Noon  
 To Cousin *Alice*, and Uncle *John*:  
 At ten from Coffee-House or Play  
 Returning, finishes the Day.  
 But give him Port, and potent Sack;  
 From *Milk-sop* he starts up *Mohack*:  
 Holds that the Happy know no Hours;  
 So thro' the Street at Midnight scowrs:

POEMS on several Occasions. 89

Breaks Watch-men's Heads, and Chair-men's Glasse;  
And thence proceeds to nicking Sashes:  
Till by some tougher Hand o'ercome,  
And first knock'd down, and then led home;  
He damns the Foot-man, strikes the Maid,  
And decently reels up to bed.

Observe the various Operations  
Of Food, and Drink, in several Nations.  
Was ever *Tartar* fierce or cruel,  
Upon the Strength of Water-Gruel?  
But who shall stand his Rage and Force;  
If first he rides, then eats his Horse?  
Sallads, and Eggs, and lighter Fare  
Tune the *Italian* Spark's Guitar.  
And, if I take *Dan Congreve* right;  
Pudding and Beef make *Britons* fight.  
*Tokay* and *Coffee* cause this Work,  
Between the *German* and the *Turk*:  
And both, as they Provisions want,  
Chicane, avoid, retire, and faint.

Hunger and Thirst, or Guns and Swords,  
Give the same Death in diff'rent Words.  
To push this Argument no further;  
To starve a Man, in Law, is Murther.

As in a *Watch's* fine Machine,  
Tho' many artful Springs are seen;  
The added Movements, which declare,  
How full the Moon, how old the Year,  
Derive their secondary Pow'r  
From that, which simply points the Hour.  
For, tho' these Gim-cracks were away;  
(*Quare* would not swear; but *Quare* would say)  
However more reduc'd and plain,  
The Watch would still a Watch remain:  
But if the *Horal* Orbite ceases;  
The whole stands still, or breaks to pieces;  
Is now no longer what it was;  
And you may e'en go sell the Case.  
So if unprejudic'd you scan  
The Goings of this Clock-work, Man;

You



You find a hundred Movements made  
 By fine Devices in his Head:  
 But 'tis the Stomach's solid Stroke,  
 That tells his Being, what's a Clock.  
 If you take off his *Rhet'ric*-Trigger;  
 He talks no more in Mood and Figure:  
 Or clog his *Mathematic*-Wheel;  
 His Buildings fall; his Ship stands still.  
 Or lastly, break his *Politic*-Weight;  
 His Voice no longer rules the State.  
 Yet if these finer Whims were gone;  
 Your Clock, tho' plain, would still go on:  
 But spoil the Engine of Digestion;  
 And you entirely change the Question.  
*Alma's* Affairs no Pow'r can mend;  
 The Jest, alas! is at an End:  
 Soon ceases all this worldly Bustle;  
 And you consign the Corps to *Russel*.

Now make your *Alma* come or go,  
 From Leg to Hand, from Top to Toe;  
 Your *System*, without my Addition,  
 Is in a very sad Condition.  
 So *Harlequin* extoll'd his Horse,  
 Fit for the War, or Road, or Course;  
 His Mouth was soft; his Eye was good;  
 His Foot was sure as ever trod:  
 One Fault he had, a Fault indeed;  
 And what was that? The Horse was dead.

*Dick*, from these Instances and Fetches,  
 Thou mak'st of Horses, Clocks, and Watches,  
 Quoth *Mat*, to me thou seem'st to mean,  
 That *Alma* is a mere *Machine*;  
 That telling others what's a Clock,  
 She knows not what her self has struck;  
 But leaves to Standers-by the Tryal,  
 Of what is mark'd upon her Dial.

Here hold a Blow, good Friend, quoth *Dick*,  
 And rais'd his Voice exceeding quick:  
 Fight fair, Sir: What I never meant  
 Don't you infer. In Argument,

Similies are like Songs in Love:

They much describe; they nothing prove.

*Mat*, who was here a little gravel'd,  
Toft up his Nose, and would have cavil'd:

But calling *Hermes* to his Aid,  
Half pleas'd, half angry, thus he said:

Where mind ('tis for the Author's Fame)  
That *Matthew* call'd, and *Hermes* came.

In Danger Heroes, and in Doubt  
Poets find Gods to help 'em out.

Friend *Richard*, I begin to see,  
That you and I shall scarce agree.  
Observe how odly you behave:

The more I grant, the more you crave.

But, Comrade, as I said just now,  
I should affirm, and you allow.

We *System*-makers can sustain

The *Thesis*, which, you grant, was plain;

And with Remarks and Comments teaze ye;

In case the Thing before was easy.

But in a Point obscure and dark,

We fight as *Leibnits* did with *Clark*;

And when no Reason we can show,

Why matters this or that Way go;

The shortest Way the Thing we try,

And what we know not, we deny:

True to our own o'erbearing Pride,

And false to all the World beside.

That old Philosopher grew cross,

Who could not tell what Motion was:

Because he walk'd against his Will;

He fac'd Men down, that he stood still.

And he who reading on the Heart,

(When all his *Quodlibets* of Art

Could not expound it's Pulse and Heat)

Swore, he had never felt it beat.

*Chrysippus*, foil'd by *Epicurus*,

Makes bold (*Jove* blest him!) to assure us,

That all things, which our Mind can view,

May be at once both false, and true.

And

And *Malbranch* has an odd Conceit,  
 As ever enter'd *French-man's* Pate :  
 Says he, so little can our Mind  
 Of Matter, or of Spirit find,  
 That we by guess, at least, may gather  
 Something, which may be both, or neither.  
 Faith, *Dick*, I must confess, 'tis true  
 (But this is only *Entre Nous*)  
 That many knotty Points there are,  
 Which all discuss, but few can clear :  
 As Nature slyly had thought fit,  
 For some by-Ends, to cross-bite Wit.  
 Circles to Square, and Cubes to double,  
 Would give a Man excessive Trouble :  
 The Longitude uncertain roams,  
 In spite of *Wh* ——— and his Bombs.  
 What *System*, *Dick*, has right averr'd  
 The Cause, why Woman has no Beard ;  
 Or why, as Years our Frame attack,  
 Our Hair grows white, our Teeth grow black ?  
 In Points like these we must agree,  
 Our Barber knows as much as we.  
 Yet still unable to explain,  
 We must persist the best we can ;  
 With Care our *Systems* still renew,  
 And prove Things likely, tho' not true.  
 I could, thou see'st, in quaint Dispute,  
 By dint of *Logic* strike thee mute ;  
 With learned Skill, now push, now parry,  
 From *Darii* to *Bocardo* vary,  
 And never yield, or what is worst,  
 Never conclude the Point discours'd.  
 Yet, that you *hic & nunc* may know,  
 How much you to my Candour owe ;  
 I'll from the Disputant descend,  
 To show thee, I assume the Friend :  
 I'll take thy Notion for my own ———  
 (So most Philosophers have done)  
 It makes my *System* more complete :  
*Dick*, can it have a nobler Fate ?

Take what thou wilt, said *Dick*, dear Friend;  
But bring thy Matters to an End.

I find, quoth *Mat*, Reproof is vain:  
Who first offend will first complain.  
Thou wishest, I should make to Shoar;  
Yet still put'st in thy thwarting Oar.  
What I have told thee fifty Times  
In Prose, receive for once in Rhimes:  
A huge fat Man in Country-Fair,  
Or City-Church, (no matter where)  
Labour'd and push'd amidst the Croud,  
Still bauling out extremely loud;  
Lord save us! why do People press?  
Another marking his Distress,  
Friendly reply'd; plump Gentleman,  
Get out as fast as e'er you can:  
Or cease to push, or to exclaim:  
You make the very Croud you blame.

Says *Dick*, your Moral does not need  
The least Return; so e'en proceed:  
Your Tale, howe'er apply'd, was short:  
So far, at least, I thank you for't.

*Mat.* took his Thanks, and in a Tone  
More Magisterial, thus went on.

Now *Alma* settles in the Head;  
As has before been sung, or said:  
And here begins this Farce of Life;  
Enter Revenge, Ambition, Strife:  
Behold on both Sides Men advance,  
To form in earnest *Bays's* Dance.  
*L'avare* not using half his Store,  
Still grumbles, that he has no more;  
Strikes not the present Tun, for fear  
The Vintage should be bad next Year:  
And eats to-day with inward Sorrow.  
And dread of fancy'd Want to-morrow.  
Abroad if the *Sour-tout* you wear,  
Repells the Rigor of the Air;  
Would you be warmer, if at home  
You had the Fabric, and the Loom?

And

And if two Boots kept out the Weather;  
 What need you have two Hides of Leather?  
 Could *Pedro*, think you, make no Tryal  
 Of a *Sonata* on his Viol,  
 Unless he had the total Gut,  
 Whence every String at first was cut?

When *Rarus* shows you his Carton;  
 He always tells you, with a Groan,  
 Where two of that same Hand were torn,  
 Long before you, or he were born.

Poor *Vento's* Mind so much is crost,  
 For Part of his *Petronius* lost;  
 That he can never take the Pains  
 To understand what yet remains.

What Toil did honest *Curio* take?  
 What strict Enquiries did he make,  
 To get one Medal wanting yet,  
 And perfect all his *Roman* Set?

'Tis found: And O his happy Lot!  
 'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:  
 Of these no more you hear him speak:  
 He now begins upon the *Greek*.

These rang'd and show'd, shall in their Turns  
 Remain obscure, as in their Urns.

My Copper-Lamps at any Rate,  
 For being True Antique, I bought;  
 Yet wisely melted down my Plate,  
 On Modern Models to be wrought:

And Trifles I alike pursue;  
 Because they're old; because they're new.

*Dick*, I have seen you with Delight,  
 For *Georgy* make a Paper-Kite.

And simple Odes too many show ye,  
 My servile Complaisance to *Cloe*.

Parents and Lovers are decreed

By Nature Fools — That's brave indeed!

Quoth *Dick*: such Truths are worth receiving:  
 Yet still *Dick* look'd, as not believing.

Now, *Alma*, to Divines and Prose  
 I leave thy Frauds, and Crimes, and Woes:



Nor think to-night of thy Ill-Nature,  
But of thy Follies, idle Creature,  
The Turns of thy uncertain Wing,  
And not the Malice of thy Sting:  
Thy Pride of being great and wise,  
I do but mention, to despise.  
I view with Anger and Disdain,  
How little gives thee Joy, or Pain:  
A Print, a *Bronze*, a Flow'r, a Root,  
A Shell, a Butter-fly can do't.  
Ev'n a Romance, a Tune, a Rhime  
Help thee to pass the tedious Time,  
Which else would on thy Hand remain:  
Tho' flown, it ne'er looks back again.  
And Cards are dealt, and Chess-boards brought,  
To ease the Pain of Coward-Thought.  
Happy Result of Human Wit!  
That *Alma* may her self forget.

Dick, thus we act; and thus we are,  
Or toss'd by Hope, or sunk by Care.

With endless Pain this Man pursues  
What, if he gain'd, he could not use:  
And t'other fondly hopes to see  
What never was, nor e'er shall be.  
We err by Use, go wrong by Rules;  
In Gesture grave, in Action Fools:  
We join Hypocrisie to Pride,  
Doubling the Faults, we strive to hide.  
Or grant, that with extreme Surprise,  
We find our selves at sixty wise;  
And twenty pretty Things are known,  
Of which we can't accomplish one;  
Whilst, as my *System* says, the Mind  
Is to these upper Rooms confin'd.  
Should I, my Friend, at large repeat  
Her borrow'd Sense, her fond Conceit;  
The Bede-roll of her vicious Tricks;  
My Poem would be too prolix.  
For could I my Remarks sustain,  
Like *Socrates*, or *Miles Montaigne*;

Who

Who in these Times would read my Books,  
But *Tom o' Stiles*, or *John o' Nokes*?

As *Brentford* Kings discrete and wise,  
After long Thought and grave Advice,  
Into *Lardella's* Coffin peeping,  
Saw nought to cause their Mirth or Weeping:  
So *Alma* now to Joy or Grief  
Superior, finds her late Relief:  
Weary'd of being high, or great,  
And nodding in her Chair of State;  
Stun'd and worn out with endless Chat,  
Of *Will* did this, and *Nan* said that;  
She finds, poor Thing, some little Crack,  
Which Nature, forc'd by Time, must make;  
Thro' which she wings her destin'd Way:  
Upward she soars; and down drops Clay:  
While some surviving Friend supplies  
*Hic jacet*, and a hundred Lies.

O *Richard*, 'till that Day appears,  
Which must decide our Hopes and Fears:  
Would *Fortune* calm her present Rage,  
And give us Play-things for our Age:  
Would *Clotho* wash her Hands in Milk,  
And twist our Thread with Gold and Silk:  
Would she in Friendship, Peace, and Plenty,  
Spin out our Years to four times twenty:  
And should we both in this Condition,  
Have conquer'd Love, and worse Ambition;  
(Else those two Passions, by the way,  
May chance to show us scurvy Play:)  
Then *Richard*, then should we sit down,  
Far from the Tumult of this Town:  
I fond of my well-chosen Seat,  
My Pictures, Medals, Books compleat:  
Or should we mix our friendly Talk,  
O'er-shaded in that fav'rite Walk,  
Which thy own Hand had whilom planted,  
Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted:  
Yet then, ev'n then one crows Reflection  
Would spoil thy Grove, and my Collection.

Thy Son and his, e're that, may die;  
 And Time some uncouth Heir supply;  
 Who shall for nothing else be known,  
 But spoiling all that thou hast done.  
 Who set the Twigs, shall he remember,  
 That is in Haste to sell the Timber?  
 And what shall of thy Woods remain,  
 Except the Box that threw the Main?  
 Nay may not Time and Death remove  
 The near Relations, whom I love?  
 And my Coz *Tom*, or his Coz *Mary*  
 (Who hold the Plough, or skim the Dairy)  
 My Fav'rite Books and Pictures sell  
 To *Smart*, or *Doiley* by the Ell?  
 Kindly throw in a little Figure,  
 And set their Price upon the bigger?  
 Those who could never read their Grammar;  
 When my dear Volumes touch the Hammer;  
 May think Books best, as richest bound.  
 My Copper Medals by the Pound  
 May be with learned Justice weigh'd:  
 To turn the Ballance, *Otho's* Head  
 May be thrown in; and for the Mettle,  
 The Coin may mend a Tinker's Kettle——  
 Tir'd with these Thoughts——Less tir'd than I,  
 Quoth *Dick*, with your Philosophy——  
 That People live and dye, I knew  
 An Hour ago, as well as you.  
 And if Fate spins us longer Years,  
 Or is in haste to take the Shears;  
 I know, we must both Fortunes try,  
 And bear our Evils, wet or dry.  
 Yet let the Goddess smile, or frown;  
 Bread we shall eat, or white, or brown:  
 And in a Cottage, or a Court,  
 Drink fine *Champaigne*, or muddl'd *Port*.  
 What need of Books these Truths to tell,  
 Which Folks perceive, who cannot spell?  
 And must we Spectacles apply,  
 To view, what hurts our naked Eye?

98      *POEMS on several Occasions.*

Sir, if it be your Wisdom's Aim,  
To make me merrier than I am;  
I'll be all Night at your Devotion ———  
Come on, Friend; broach the pleasing Notion:  
But if you would depress my Thought;  
Your *System* is not worth a Groat ———

For *Plato's* Fancies what care I?  
I hope you would not have me die,  
Like simple *Cato* in the Play,  
For any Thing that he can say?  
E'en let him of *Ideas* speak  
To Heathens in his Native *Greek*.  
If to be sad is to be wise;  
I do most heartily despise  
Whatever *Socrates* has said,  
Or *Tully* writ, or *Wanley* read.

Dear *Drift*, to set our Matters right,  
Remove these Papers from my Sight;  
Burn *Mat's Des-Cart'*, and *Aristotle*:  
Here, *Jonathan*, your Master's Bottle.



SOLOMON

ON THE

VANITY

OF THE

WORLD.

A

POEM

IN

THREE BOOKS.

---

Ὁ Βίος γὰρ ὄνειαρ ἔχει, πόνος δ' ἔργον πείλει.

Eurip.

*quis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac atate repuerascam,  
ut in cunis vagiam, valde recusem.* Cicero de Senect.

The bewailing of Man's Miseries hath been elegantly and copiously set forth by many, in the Writings as well of Philosophers, as Divines. And it is both a pleasant and a profitable Contemplation.

Lord Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*.





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# THE PREFACE.

**I**T is hard for a Man to speak of himself with any tolerable Satisfaction or Success: He can be no more pleased in blaming himself, than in reading a Satyr made on him by another: And though he may justly desire, that a Friend should praise him; yet if he makes his own Panegyric, he will get very few to read it. It is harder for him to speak of his own Writings. An Author is in the Condition of a Culprit: The Public are his Judges: By allowing too much, and conceding too far, he may injure his own Cause, and become a kind of Felo de se; and by pleading and asserting too boldly, he may displease the Court that sits upon him: His Apology may only heighten his Accusation. I would avoid these Extremes: And though, I grant, it would not be very civil to trouble the Reader with a long Preface, before he enters upon an indifferent Poem; I would say something to persuade him to take it as it is, or to excuse it for not being better.

The

## P R E F A C E.

*The noble Images and Reflections, the profound Reasonings upon Human Actions, and excellent Precepts for the Government of Life, which are found in the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and other Books commonly attributed to Solomon, afford Subjects for finer Poems in every Kind, than have, I think, as yet appeared in the Greek, Latin, or any modern Language: How far they were in Verse in their Original, is a Dissertation not to be entered into at present.*

*Out of this great Treasure, which lies heaped up together, in a confused Magnificence, above all Order, I had a Mind to collect and digest such Observations, and Apophthegms, as most particularly tend to the Proof of that great Assertion, laid down in the Beginning of the Ecclesiastes, All is Vanity.*

*Upon the Subject thus chosen, such various Images present themselves to a Writer's Mind, that he must find it easier to judge, what should be rejected, than what ought to be received. The Difficulty lies in drawing and disposing; or (as the Painters term it) in grouping such a Multitude of different Objects, preserving still the Justice and Conformity of Style and Colouring, the Simplex duntaxat et unum, which Horace prescribes as requisite to make the whole Picture beautiful and perfect.*

*As Precept, however true in Theory, or useful in Practice, would be but dry and tedious in Verse, especially if the Recital be long; I found it necessary to form some Story, and give a kind of Body to the Poem. Under what Species it may be comprehended, whether Didactic, or Heroic, I leave to the Judgment of the Critics; desiring them to be favourable in their Censure, and not solicitous what the Poem is called, provided it may be accepted.*

*The chief Personage or Character in the Epic, is always proportioned to the Design of the Work, to carry on the Narration, and the Moral. Homer intended to shew us in his Iliad, that Dissentions amongst great Men obstruct the Execution of the noblest Enterprizes, and tend to the Ruin of a State or Kingdom. His Achilles*

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therefore is haughty, and passionate, impatient of any Restraint by Laws, and arrogant in Arms. In his *Odyssees* the same Poet endeavours to explain, that the hardest Difficulties may be overcome by Labour, and our Fortune restored after the severest Afflictions. Ulysses therefore is valiant, virtuous and patient. Virgil's Design was to tell us, how from a small Colony established by the Trojans in Italy, the Roman Empire rose, and from what antient Families Augustus (who was his Prince and Patron) descended. His *Hero* therefore was to fight his Way to the Throne, still distinguish'd and protected by the Favour of the Gods. The Poet to this End takes off from the Vices of Achilles, and adds to the Virtues of Ulysses; from both perfecting a Character proper for his Work in the Person of *Æneas*.

As Virgil copy'd after Homer, other Epic Poets have copied after them both. Tasso's *Gierusalemme Liberata* is directly *Troy Town* sacked; with this Difference only, that the two chief Characters in Homer, which the Latin Poet had joined in one, the Italian has separated in his *Godfrey and Rinaldo*: But he makes them both carry on his Work with very great Success. *Ronsard's Franciade*, (incomparably good as far as it goes) is again Virgil's *Æneis*. His *Hero* comes from a foreign Country, settles a Colony, and lays the Foundation of a future Empire. I instance in these, as the greatest Italian and French Poets in the Epic. In our Language Spenser has not contented himself with this submissive Manner of Imitation: He launches out into very flowery Paths, which still seem to conduct him into one great Road. His *Fairy Queen* (had it been finished) must have ended in the Account, which every Knight was to give of his Adventures, and in the accumulated Praises of his Heroine *Gloriana*. The whole would have been an Heroic Poem, but in another Cast and Figure, than any that had ever been written before. Yet it is observable, that every Heroe (as far as we can judge by the Boos still remaining) bears his distinguished Character, and represents some particular Virtue conducive to the whole Design.

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To bring this to our present Subject: *The Pleasures of Life do not compensate the Miseries: Age steals upon us unawares; and Death, as the only Cure of our Ills, ought to be expected, but not feared.* This instruction is to be illustrated by the Action of some great Person. Who therefore more proper for the Business than Solomon himself? And why may he not be supposed now to repeat what, we take for granted, he acted almost three thousand Years since? If in the fair Situation where this Prince was placed, he was acquainted with Sorrow; if endowed with the greatest Perfections of Nature, and possess'd of all the Advantages of external Condition, he could not find Happiness; the rest of Mankind may safely take the Monarch's Word for the Truth of what he asserts. And the Author who would persuade, that we should bear the Ills of Life patiently, merely because Solomon felt the same, has a better Argument, than Lucretius had, when in his imperious way, he at once convinces and commands, that we ought to submit to Death without repining, because Epicurus died.

The whole Poem is a Soliloquy: Solomon is the Person that speaks: He is at once the Hero and the Author; but he tells us very often what others say to him. Those chiefly introduced are his Rabbies and Philosophers in the first Book; and his Women and their Attendants in the second: With these the Sacred History mentions him to have conversed; as likewise with the Angel brought down in the third Book to help him out of his Difficulties, or at least to teach him how to overcome them.

Nec Deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus.

I presume this Poetical Liberty may be very justly allowed me on so solemn an Occasion.

In my Description I have endeavour'd to keep to the Notions and Manners of the Jewish Nation, at the time when Solomon lived: And where I allude to the Customs of the Greeks, I believe I may be justified by the strictest Chronology; though a Poet is not obliged to the Rules, that confine an Historian. Virgil has anticipated two hundred Years; or the Trojan Hero and Carthaginian Queen could not have been brought together: And without the same Anachronism several of the finest Parts of his *Aeneis* must have



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have been omitted. Our Countryman Milton goes yet further. He takes up many of his Material Images some thousands of Years after the Fall of Man: Nor could he otherwise have written, or we read one of the sublimest Pieces of Invention that was ever yet produced. This likewise takes off the Objection, that some Names of Countries, Terms of Art, and Notions of Natural Philosophy are otherwise expressed, than can be warranted by the Geography or Astronomy of Solomon's Time. Poets are allowed the same Liberty in their Descriptions and Comparisons, as Painters in their Draperies and Ornaments: Their Personages may be dress'd, not exactly in the same Habits which they wore, but in such as make them appear most graceful. In this Case Probability must atone for the want of Truth. This Liberty has indeed been abused by Eminent Masters in either Science. Raphael and Tasso have shew'd their Discretion, where Paul Veronese and Ariosto are to answer for their Extravagancies. It is the Excess, not the Thing it self, that is blameable.

I would say one Word of the Measure, in which this, and most Poems of the Age are written. Heroic with continued Rhime, as Donne and his Contemporaries used it, carrying the Sense of one Verse most commonly into another, was found too dissolute and wild, and came very often too near Prose. As Davenant and Waller corrected, and Dryden perfected it; It is too confined: It cuts off the Sense at the End of every first Line, which must always rhyme to the next following; and consequently produces too frequent an Identity in the Sound, and brings every Couplet to the Point of an Epigram. It is indeed too broken and weak, to convey the Sentiments and represent the Images proper for Epic. And as it tires the Writer while he composes, it must do the same to the Reader while he repeats; especially in a Poem of any considerable length.

If striking out into Blank Verse, as Milton did (and in this kind Mr. Philips, had he lived, would have excelled) or running the Thought into Alternate and Stanza, which allows a greater Variety, and still  
pre-

## P R E F A C E.

preserves the Dignity of the Verse ; as Spenser and Fairfax have done ; if either of these, I say, be a proper Remedy for my Poetical Complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine : I am only enquiring, in order to be better informed ; without presuming to direct the Judgment of others. And while I am speaking of the Verse it self, I give all just Praise to many of my Friends now living ; who have in Epic carried the Harmony of their Numbers as far, as the Nature of this Measure will permit. But once more ; he that writes in Rhimes, dances in Fetters : And as his Chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger Steps.

I need make no Apology for the short Digressive Panegyric upon Great Britain, in the first Book : I am glad to have it observed, that there appears throughout all my Verses a Zeal for the Honour of my Country : and I had rather be thought a good English-man, than the best Poet, or greatest Scholar that ever wrote.

And now, as to the publishing of this Piece, though I have in a literal Sense observed Horace's *Nonum prematur in Annum* ; yet have I by no means obeyed our Poetical Lawgiver, according to the Spirit of the Precept. The Poem has indeed been written and laid aside much longer than the Term prescribed ; but in the mean time I had little Leisure, and less Inclination to revise or print it. The frequent Interruptions I have met with in my private Studies, and great Variety of Public Life, in which I have been employed ; my Thoughts (such as they are) having generally been expressed in Foreign Language, and even formed by a Habitude very different from what the Beauty and Elegance of English Poetry requires : All these, and some other Circumstances, which we had as good pass by at present, do justly contribute to make my Excuse in this Behalf very plausible. Far indeed from designing to print, I had locked up these Papers in my *Scrittoire*, there to lie in Peace, 'till my Executors might have taken them out. What altered this Design ; or how my *Scrittoire* came to be unlocked before my Coffin was nailed ; is the Question.

## P R E F A C E.

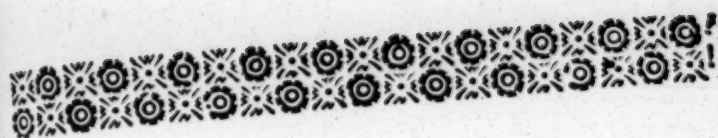
tion. *The true Reason I take to be the best: Many of my Friends of the first Quality, finest Learning, and greatest Understanding, have wrested the Key from my Hands by a very kind and irresistible Violence: And the Poem is published, not without my Consent indeed, but a little against my Opinion; and with an implicit Submission to the partiality of their Judgment. As I give up here the Fruits of many of my vacant Hours to their Amusement and Pleasure; I shall always think myself happy, if I may dedicate my most serious Endeavours to their Interest and Service. And I am proud to finish this Preface by saying, that the Violence of many Enemies, whom I never justly offended, is abundantly recompensed, by the Goodness of more Friends, whom I can never sufficiently oblige. And if I here assume the Liberty of mentioning my Lord Harley and Lord Bathurst as the Authors of this Amicable Confederacy, among all those, whose Names do me great Honour in the Beginning of my Book: These Two only ought to be angry with me; for I disobey their positive Order, whilst I make even this small Acknowledgment of their particular Kindness.*



KNOW-



K



KNOWLEDGE:

THE

FIRST BOOK.





## The ARGUMENT.

**S**OLOMON seeking Happiness from *Knowledge*, convenes the Learned Men of his Kingdom; requires them to explain to him the various Operations and Effects of Nature; discourses of Vegetables, Animals, and Man; proposes some Questions concerning the Origin, and Situation of the habitable Earth; proceeds to examine the *System* of the visible Heaven, doubts if there may not be a Plurality of Worlds, enquires into the Nature of Spirits and Angels; and wishes to be more fully informed, as to the Attributes of the Supreme *Being*. He is imperfectly answered by the *Rabbins*, and Doctors; blames his own Curiosity; and concludes, that as to Human Science, *All is Vanity*.

TEXTS



TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this BOOK.

The Words of the Preacher, the Son of *David*, King of *Jerusalem*. *Ecclesiastes*, Chap. I. Vers. 1.

Vanity of Vanities, saith the Preacher, Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity. Vers. 2.

I communed with mine own Heart, saying, Lo, I am come to great Estate, and have gotten more Wisdom, than all they that have been before me in *Jerusalem*: Yea, my Heart had great Experience of Wisdom and Knowledge. Vers. 16.

He spake of Trees, from the *Cedar*-Tree that is in *Lebanon*, even unto the *Hyssop* that springeth out of the Wall: he spake also of Beasts, and of Fowl, and of creeping Things, and of Fishes. 1 *Kings*, Chap. IV. Vers. 33.

I know, that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it; and God doth it, that Men should fear before him. *Ecclesiastes*, Chap. III. Vers. 14.

He hath made every *thing* beautiful in his Time: Also he hath set the World in their Heart, so that no Man can find out the Work that God maketh from the Beginning to the End. Vers. 11.

For

**TEXTS** chiefly alluded to in this Book.  
For in much Wisdom is much Grief: and he that  
increaseth Knowledge, increaseth Sorrow. Chap.  
Vers. 18.

And further, by these, my Son, be admonished: of  
making many Books there is no End; and much  
Study is a weariness of the Flesh. Chap. XII  
Vers. 12.



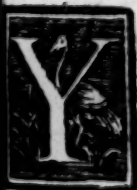
KNOW.



# KNOWLEDGE:

T H E

## F I R S T B O O K.



E Sons of Men, with just Regard attend,  
Observe the Preacher, and believe the  
Friend,

Whose serious *Muse* inspires him to ex-  
plain,

That all we act, and all we think is vain.

That in this Pilgrimage of Seventy Years,  
O'er Rocks of Pearls, and thro' Vales of Tears  
Destin'd to march, our doubtful Steps we tend,  
Tir'd with the Toil, yet fearful of it's End.  
That from the Womb we take our fatal Shares  
Of Follies, Passions, Labours, Tumults, Cares;  
And at Approach of Death shall only know  
The Truths, which from these pensive Numbers flow, }  
That we pursue false Joy, and suffer real Woe.  
Happiness, Object of that waking Dream,  
Which we call Life, mistaking; Fugitive Theme  
Of my pursuing Verse, Ideal Shade,  
Notional Good, by Fancy only made,  
And by Tradition nurs'd, fallacious Fire,  
Whose dancing Beams mis-lead our fond Desire.

H

Cause

Cause of our Care, and Error of our Mind :  
 O! had'st thou ever been by Heav'n design'd  
 To *Adam*, and his Mortal Race; the Boon  
 Entire, had been reserv'd for *Solomon* :  
 On me the partial Lot had been bestow'd;  
 And in my Cup the golden Draught had flow'd.

But O! e're yet original Man was made;  
 E're the Foundations of the Earth were laid;  
 It was, opponent to our Search, ordain'd,  
 That Joy, still sought, should never be attain'd.  
 This, sad Experience cites me to reveal;  
 And what I dictate is from what I feel.

Born as I was, great *David's* fav'rite Son,  
 Dear to my People, on the *Hebrew* Throne  
 Sublime, my Court with *Ophir's* Treasures blest,  
 My Name extended to the farthest East,  
 My Body cloth'd with every outward Grace,  
 Strength in my Limbs, and Beauty in my Face,  
 My shining Thought with fruitful Notions crown'd  
 Quick my Invention, and my Judgment sound.  
 Arise (I commun'd with my self) arise;  
 Think, to be Happy; to be Great, be Wise:  
 Content of Spirit must from Science flow;  
 For 'tis a Godlike Attribute, to know.

I said; and sent my Edict thro' the Land:  
 Around my Throne the Letter'd *Rabbins* stand,  
 Historick Leaves revolve, long Volumes spread,  
 The old discoursing, as the younger read:  
 Attent I heard, propos'd my Doubts, and said;

The *Vegetable* World, each Plant, and Tree,  
 It's Seed, it's Name, it's Nature, it's Degree  
 I am allow'd, as Fame reports, to know,  
 From the fair *Cedar*, on the craggy Brow  
 Of *Lebanon* nodding supremely tall,  
 To creeping *Moss*, and *Hyssop* on the Wall:  
 Yet just and conscous to my self, I find  
 A thousand Doubts oppose the searching Mind.

I know not why the Beach delights the Glade  
 With Boughs extended, and a rounder Shade;

Whilst



Whilst tow'ring *Firrs* in *Conic* forms arise,  
 And with a pointed Spear divide the Skies:  
 Nor why again the changing Oak should shed  
 The yearly Honour of his stately Head:  
 Whilst the distinguish'd *Yew* is ever seen,  
 Unchang'd his Branch, and permanent his Green:  
 Wanting the Sun why does the *Caltha* fade?  
 Why does the *Cypress* flourish in the Shade?  
 The *Fir* and *Date*, why love they to remain  
 In middle Station and an even Plain;  
 While in the lower Marsh the *Gourd* is found;  
 And while the Hill with *Olive* shade is crown'd?  
 Why does one Climate, and one Soil endue  
 The blushing *Poppy* with a crimson Hue;  
 Yet leave the *Lilly* pale, and tinge the *Violet* blue?  
 Why does the fond *Carnation* love to shoot  
 A various Colour from one Parent Root;  
 While the fantastick *Tulip* strives to break  
 In two-fold Beauty, and a parted Streak?  
 The twining *Jasmine*, and the blushing *Rose*,  
 With lavish Grace their Morning Scents disclose:  
 The smelling *Tub'rose* and *Junquile* declare,  
 The stronger Impulse of an Evening Air.  
 Whence has the Tree (resolve me) or the Flow'r  
 A various Instinct, or a diff'rent Pow'r?  
 Why should one Earth, one Clime, one Stream, one  
 Breath  
 Raise this to Strength, and sicken that to Death?  
 Whence does it happen, that the Plant which well  
 We name the *Sensitive*, should move and feel?  
 Whence know her Leaves to answer her Command,  
 And with quick Horror fly the neighb'ring Hand?  
 Along the Sunny Bank, or War'ry Mead,  
 Ten thousand Stalks their various Blossoms spread:  
 Peaceful and lowly in their native Soil,  
 They neither know to spin, nor care to toil;  
 Yet with confess'd Magnificence deride  
 Our vile Attire, and Impotence of Pride.  
 The *Cowslip* smiles, in brighter yellow dress'd,  
 Than that which veils the nubile Virgin's Breast.

116      *POEMS on several Occasions.*

A fairer Red stands blushing in the *Rose*,  
Than that which on the Bridegroom's Vestment flows.  
Take but the humblest *Lilly* of the Field;  
And if our Pride will to our Reason yield,  
It must by sure Comparison be shown,  
That on the Regal Seat great *David's* Son,  
Array'd in all his Robes, and Types of Pow'r,  
Shines with less Glory, than that simple Flow'r.

Of Fishes next, my Friends, I would enquire,  
How the mute Race engender, or respire;  
From the small Fry that glide on *Jordan's* Stream  
Unmark'd, a Multitude without a Name,  
To that *Leviathan*, who o'er the Seas  
Immense rolls onward his impetuous Ways,  
And mocks the Wind, and in the Tempest plays.  
How they in warlike Bands march greatly forth  
From freezing Waters, and the colder North,  
To Southern Climes directing their Career,  
Their Station changing with th' inverted Year.  
How all with careful Knowledge are indu'd,  
To chuse their proper Bed, and Wave, and Food:  
To guard their Spawn, and educate their Brood.

Of Birds, how each according to her Kind  
Proper Materials for her Nest can find;  
And build a Frame, which deepest Thought in Man  
Would or amend, or imitate in vain.  
How in small Flights they know to try their Young,  
And teach the callow Child her Parent's Song.  
Why these frequent the Plain, and those the Wood,  
Why ev'ry Land has her specific Brood.  
Where the tall *Crane*, or winding *Swallow* goes,  
Fearful of gathering Winds, and falling Snows:  
If into Rocks, or hollow Trees they creep,  
In temporary Death confin'd to Sleep;  
Or conscious of the coming Evil, fly  
To milder Regions, and a Southern Sky.

Of Beasts and creeping Insects shall we trace  
The wond'rous Nature, and the various Race;  
Or wild or tame, or Friend to Man or Foe,  
Of us what they, or what of them we know?

Tell me, ye studious, who pretend to see  
Far into Nature's Bosom, whence the *Bee*  
Was first inform'd her vent'rous Flight to steer  
Thro' tractless Paths, and an Abyss of Air.  
Whence she avoids the slimy Marsh, and knows  
The fertile Hills, where sweeter Herbage grows,  
And Honey-making Flow'rs their opening Buds dis-  
close.

How from the thicken'd Mist, and setting Sun  
Finds she the Labour of her Day is done?  
Who taught her against Winds and Rains to strive,  
To bring her Burden to the certain Hive,  
And thro' the liquid Fields again to pass  
Dutious, and hark'ning to the sounding Brass?

And, O thou Sluggard, tell me why the *Ant*  
'Midst Summer's Plenty thinks of Winter's want:  
By constant Journies careful to prepare  
Her Stores; and bringing home the Corny Ear,  
By what Instruction does she bite the Grain,  
Lest hid in Earth, and taking Root again,  
It might elude the Foresight of her Care?  
Distinct in either Insect's Deed appear  
The Marks of Thought, Contrivance, Hope, and  
Fear.

Fix thy corporeal, and internal Eye,  
On the young *Gnat*, or new-engender'd *Fly*;  
On the vile *Worm*, that Yesterday began  
To crawl; thy Fellow-Creatures, abject Man!  
Like thee they breath, they move, they tast, they 'ee;  
They show their Passions by their Acts like thee:  
Darting their Stings, they previously declare  
Design'd Revenge, and fierce intent of War:  
Laying their Eggs, they evidently prove  
The Genial Power, and full Effect of Love.  
Each then has Organs to digest his Food,  
One to beget, and one receive the Brood:  
Has Limbs and Sinews, Blood and Heart, and Brain,  
Life, and her proper Functions to sustain;  
Tho' the whole Fabric smaller than a Grain.

What

118 POEMS on several Occasions.

What more can our penurious Reason grant  
To the large *Whale*, or Castled *Elephant*,  
To those enormous Terrors of the *Nile*,  
The crested *Snake*, and long-tail'd *Crocodile*,  
Than that all differ but in Shape and Name,  
Each destin'd to a less, or larger Frame?

For potent Nature loves a various Act,  
Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract:  
Now forms her Work too small, now too immense,  
And scorns the Measures of our feeble Sense.  
The Object spread too far, or rais'd too high,  
Denies it's real Image to the Eye:  
Too little, it eludes the dazl'd Sight;  
Becomes mixt Blackness, or unparted Light.  
Water and Air the varied Form confound;  
The Strait looks crooked, and the Square grows round.

Thus while with fruitless Hope, and weary Pain,  
We seek great Nature's Pow'r, but seek in vain;  
Safe sits the Goddess in her dark Retreat;  
Around her, myriads of *Ideas* wait,  
And endless Shapes, which the mysterious Queen  
Can take or quit, can alter or retain:  
As from our lost Pursuit she wills to hide  
Her close Decrees, and chasten human Pride.

Untam'd and fierce the *Tiger* still remains:  
He tires his Life in biting on his Chains:  
For the kind Gifts of Water, and of Food,  
Ungrateful, and returning Ill for Good,  
He seeks his Keeper's Flesh, and thirsts his Blood:  
While the strong *Camel*, and the gen'rous *Horse*,  
Restrain'd and aw'd by Man's inferior Force,  
Do to the Rider's Will their Rage submit,  
And answer to the Spur, and own the Bit;  
Stretch their glad Mouths to meet the Feeder's Hand,  
Pleas'd with his Weight, and proud of his Command.

Again: the lonely *Fox* roams far abroad,  
On secret Rapine bent, and Midnight Fraud;  
Now haunts the Cliff, now traverses the Lawn;  
And flies the hated Neighbourhood of Man:

While

While the kind *spaniel*, and the faithful *Hound*,  
Likest that *Fox* in Shape and Species found,  
Refuses thro' these Cliffs and Lawns to roam;  
Pursues the noted Path, and covets home;  
Does with kind Joy Domestic Faces meet;  
Takes what the gluttoned Child denies to eat;  
And dying, licks his long-lov'd Master's Feet.

}

By what immediate Cause they are inclin'd,  
In many Acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.  
I see in others, or I think I see,  
That strict their Principles, and our's agree.  
Evil like us they shun, and covet Good;  
Abhor the Poison, and receive the Food.  
Like us they love or hate: like us they know,  
To joy the Friend, or grapple with the Foe.  
With seeming Thought their Action they intend,  
And use the Means proportion'd to the End.  
Then vainly the Philosopher avers,  
That Reason guides our Deed, and Instinct their's.  
How can we justly diff'rent Causes frame,  
When the Effects entirely are the same?  
Instinct and Reason how can we divide?  
Tis the Fool's Ign'rance, and the Pedant's Pride.  
With the same Folly sure, Man vaunts his Sway:  
If the brute Beast refuses to obey.  
For tell me, when the empty Boaster's Word  
Proclaims himself the universal Lord;  
Does he not tremble, lest the *Lion's* Paw  
Should join his Plea against the fancy'd Law?  
Would not the learned Coward leave the Chair;  
If in the Schools or Porches should appear  
The fierce *Hyena*, or the foaming *Bear*?  
The Combatant too late the Field declines;  
When now the Sword is girded to his Loins.  
When the swift Vessel flies before the Wind;  
Too late the Sailor views the Land behind.  
And 'tis too late now back again to bring  
Enquiry, rais'd and tow'ring on the Wing;  
Forward she strives, averse to be with-held  
From nobler Objects, and a larger Field.

}

Conf.



Consider with me this Ætherial Space,  
 Yielding to Earth and Sea the middle Place.  
 Anxious I ask ye, how the Penfide Ball  
 Should never strive to rise, nor fear to fall.  
 When I reflect, how the revolving Sun  
 Does round our Globe his crooked Journies run;  
 I doubt of many Lands, if they contain  
 Or Herd of Beast, or Colony of Man:  
 If any Nations pass their destin'd Days  
 Beneath the Neighb'ring Sun's directer Rays:  
 If any suffer on the Polar Coast,  
 The Rage of *Arctos*, and eternal Frost.

May not the Pleasure of Omnipotence  
 To each of these some secret Good dispense?  
 Those who amidst the Torrid Regions live,  
 May they not Gales unknown to us receive;  
 See daily Show'rs rejoice the thirsty Earth,  
 And bless the flow'ry Buds succeeding Birth?  
 May they not pity us, condemn'd to bear  
 The various Heav'n of an obliquer Sphere;  
 While by fix'd Laws, and with a just Return,  
 They feel twelve Hours that shade, for twelve that burn;  
 And praise the neighb'ring Sun, whose constant Flame  
 Enlightens them with Seasons still the same?  
 And may not those, whose distant Lot is cast  
 North beyond *Tartary's* extended Waste,  
 Where thro' the Plains of one continual Day,  
 Six shining Months pursue their even Way;  
 And six succeeding urge their dusky Flight,  
 Obscur'd with Vapors and o'erwhelm'd in Night;  
 May not, I ask, the Natives of these Climes  
 (As Annals may inform succeeding Times)  
 To our Quotidian Change of Heav'n prefer  
 Their own Vicissitude, and equal Share  
 Of Day and Night, disparted thro' the Year?  
 May they not scorn our Sun's repeated Race,  
 To narrow Bounds prescrib'd, and little Space,  
 Haft'ning from Morn, and headlong driv'n from Noon,  
 Half of our daily Toil yet scarcely done?

May they not justly to our Climes upbraid  
Shortness of Night, and penury of Shade;  
That e're our weary'd Limbs are justly blest  
With wholesom Sleep, and necessary Rest;  
Another Sun demands return of Care,  
The remnant Toil of Yesterday to bear?  
Whilst, when the Solar Beams salute their Sight,  
Bold and secure in half a Year of Light,  
Uninterrupted Voyages they take  
To the remotest Wood, and farthest Lake;  
Manage the Fishing, and pursue the Course  
With more extended Nerves, and more continu'd Force.  
And when declining Day forsakes their Sky;  
When gath'ring Clouds speak gloomy Winter nigh;  
With Plenty for the coming Season blest,  
Six solid Months (an Age) they live, releas'd  
From all the Labor, Process, Clamor, Woe,  
Which our sad Scenes of daily Action know:  
They light the shining Lamp, prepare the Feast,  
And with full Mirth receive the welcome Guest;  
Or tell their tender Loves (the only Care  
Which now they suffer) to the list'ning Fair;  
And rais'd in Pleasure, or repos'd in Ease  
(Grateful Alternates of substantial Peace)  
They bless the long Nocturnal Influence shed  
On the crown'd Goblet, and the Genial Bed.

In foreign Isles which our Discov'ers find,  
Far from this length of Continent disjoin'd,  
The rugged Bears, or spotted Lynx's brood;  
Frighten the Vallies, and infest the Wood:  
The hungry Crocodile, and hissing Snake  
Lurk in the troubl'd Stream and fenny Brake:  
And Man untaught, and rav'nous as the Beast,  
Does Valley, Wood, and Brake, and Stream infest.  
Deriv'd these Men and Animals their Birth  
From Trunk of Oak, or pregnant Womb of Earth?  
Whence then the old Belief, that all began  
In Eden's Shade, and one created Man?  
Or grant, this Progeny was wasted o'er  
By coasting Boats from next adjacent Shoar:

Would

Would those, from whom we will suppose they spring,  
Slaughter to harmless Lands, and Poison bring?  
Would they on Board or *Bears*, or *Lynxes* take,  
Feed the *She-Adder*, and the brooding *Snake*?  
Or could they think the new Discover'd Isle  
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant *Crocodile*?

And since the Savage Lineage we must trace  
From *Noah* sav'd, and his distinguish'd Race;  
How should their Fathers happen to forget  
The Arts which *Noah* taught, the Rules he set,  
To sow the Glebe, to plant the gen'rous Vine,  
And load with grateful Flames the holy Shrine?  
While the great Sire's unhappy Sons are found,  
Unpress'd their Vintage, and untill'd their Ground,  
Straggling o'er Dale and Hill in quest of Food,  
And rude of Arts, of Virtue, and of God.

How shall we next o'er Earth and Seas pursue  
The vary'd Forms of ev'ry thing we view;  
That all is chang'd, tho' all is still the same,  
Fluid the Parts, yet durable the Frame?  
Of those Materials, which have been confess'd  
The pristine Springs, and Parents of the rest,  
Each becomes other. Water stop'd gives Birth  
To Grass and Plants, and thickens into Earth:  
Diffus'd it rises in a higher Sphere;  
Dilates it's Drops, and softens into Air:  
Those finer Parts of Air again aspire;  
Move into Warmth, and brighten into Fire:  
That Fire once more by thicker Air o'ercome,  
And downward forc'd, in Earth's capacious Womb  
Alters it's Particles; is Fire no more;  
But lies Resplendent Dust, and shining Ore;  
Or running thro' the mighty Mother's Veins,  
Changes it's Shape; puts off it's old Remains;  
With wat'ry Parts it's lessen'd Force divides;  
Flows into Waves, and rises into Tides.

Disparted Streams shall from their Channels fly,  
And deep furcharg'd by sandy Mountains lye,  
Obscurely sepulcher'd. By eating Rain,  
And furious Wind, down to the distant Plain

The Hill, that hides his Head above the Skies,  
Shall fall: The Plain by slow Degrees shall rise  
Higher than er'st had stood the Summit-Hill:  
For Time must Nature's great Behests fulfill.

Thus by a length of Years, and change of Fate,  
All Things are light or heavy, small or great:  
Thus *Jordan's* Waves shall future Clouds appear,  
And *Egypt's Pyramids* refine to Air.

Thus later Age shall ask for *Pison's* Flood:  
And Travellers enquire, where *Babel* stood.

Now where we see these Changes often fall,  
Sedate we pass them by, as Natural:

Where to our Eye more rarely they appear,  
The pompous Name of Prodigy they bear:  
Let active Thought these close *Maanders* trace,  
Let human Wit their dubious Bound'ries place.  
Are all Things Miracle; or nothing such?  
And prove we not too little, or too much?

For that a Branch cut off, a wither'd Rod  
Should at a Word pronounc'd revive and bud:  
Is this more strange, than that the Mountain's Brow,  
Strip'd by *December's* Frost, and white with Snow,  
Should push, in Spring, ten thousand thousand Buds;  
And boast returning Leaves, and blooming Woods?  
That each successive Night from opening Heav'n  
The Food of Angels should to Man be giv'n;  
Is this more strange, than that with common Bread  
Our fainting Bodies every Day are fed;  
Than that each Grain and Seed consum'd in Earth,  
Raises it's Store, and multiplies it's Birth;  
And from the handful, which the Tiller sows,  
The labour'd Fields rejoice, and future Harvest flows?

Then from whate'er we can to Sense produce,  
Common and plain, or wond'rous and abstruse,  
From Nature's constant or Eccentric Laws,  
The thoughtful Soul this gen'ral Influence draws,  
That an Effect must presuppose a Cause.  
And while she does her upward Flight sustain,  
Touching each Link of the continu'd Chain,

At length she is oblig'd and forc'd to see  
A First, a Source, a Life, a Deity;  
What has for ever been, and must for ever be.

This great Existence thus by Reason found,  
Bless'd by all Pow'r, with all Perfection crown'd:  
How can we bind or limit his Decree,  
By what our Ear has heard, or Eye may see?  
Say then: Is all in Heaps of Water lost,  
Beyond the Islands, and the Midland Coast?  
Or has that God, who gave our World it's Birth,  
Sever'd those Waters by some other Earth,  
Countries by future Plow-shares to be torn,  
And Cities rais'd by Nations yet unborn?  
E're the progressive Course of restless Age  
Performs three thousand Times it's Annual Stage;  
May not our Pow'r and Learning be suppress'd;  
And Arts and Empire learn to travel West?

Where, by the Strength of this *Idea* charm'd,  
Lighten'd with Glory, and with Rapture warm'd,  
Ascends my Soul? what sees she white and great  
Amidst subjected Seas? An *Isle*, the Seat  
Of Pow'r and Plenty; her Imperial Throne,  
For Justice and for Mercy sought and known;  
Virtues Sublime, great Attributes of Heav'n,  
From thence to this distinguish'd Nation giv'n.  
Yet farther West the Western *Isle* extends  
Her happy Fame; her Armed Fleets she sends  
To Climates folded yet from human Eye;  
And Lands, which we imagine Wave and Sky.  
From Pole to Pole she hears her Act's resound,  
And rules an Empire by no Ocean bound;  
Knows her Ships anchor'd, and her Sails unfurl'd  
In other *Indies*, and a second World.

Long shall *Britannia* (that must be her Name)  
Be first in Conquest, and preside in Fame:  
Long shall her favour'd Monarchy engage  
The Teeth of Envy, and the Force of Age:  
Rever'd and Happy she shall long remain,  
Of Human Things least changeable, least vain.



Yet all must with the gen'ral Doom comply;  
And this great Glorious Pow'r, tho' last, must dye;

Now let us leave this Earth, and lift our Eye  
To the large Convex of yon' Azure Sky:  
Behold it like an ample Curtain spread,  
Now streak'd and glowing with the Morning Red;  
Anon at Noon in flaming Yellow bright,  
And chusing Sable for the peaceful Night.  
Ask Reason now, whence Light and Shade were giv'n;  
And whence this great Variety of Heav'n:  
Reason our Guide, what can she more reply,  
Than that the Sun illuminates the Sky;  
Than that Night rises from his absent Ray,  
And his returning Lustre kindles Day?

But we expect the Morning Red in vain:  
'Tis hid in Vapours, or obscur'd by Rain.  
The noontide Yellow we in vain require:  
'Tis black in Storm, or red in Lightning Fire.  
Pitchy and dark the Night sometimes appears,  
Friend to our Woe, and Parent of our Fears:  
Our Joy and Wonder sometimes she excites,  
With Stars unnumber'd, and eternal Lights.  
Send forth, ye Wise, send forth your Lab'ring Thought:  
Let it return with empty Notions fraught,  
Of airy Columns every Moment broke,  
Of circling Whirlpools, and of Spheres of Smoke:  
Yet this Solution but once more affords  
New Change of Terms, and scaffolding of Words:  
In other Garb my Question I receive;  
And take the Doubt the very same I gave.

Lo! as a Giant strong the lusty Sun  
Multiply'd Rounds in one great Round does run,  
Twofold his Course, yet constant his Career,  
Changing the Day, and finishing the Year.  
Again when his descending Orb retires,  
And Earth perceives the Absence of his Fires;  
The Moon affords us her alternate Ray,  
And with kind Beams distributes fainter Day:  
Yet keeps the Stages of her Monthly Race,  
Various her Beams, and changeable her Face.

Each Planet shining in his proper Sphere,  
 Does with just Speed his radiant Voyage steer:  
 Each sees his Lamp with diff'rent Lustre crown'd:  
 Each knows his Courte with diff'rent Periods bound  
 And in his Passage thro' the liquid Space,  
 Nor hastens, nor retards his Neighbour's Race.  
 Now shine these Planets with substantial Rays?  
 Does innate Lustre gild their measur'd Days?  
 Or do they (as your Schemes, I think, have shown)  
 Dart furtive Beams, and Glory not their own,  
 All Servants to that Source of Light, the Sun?

Again I see ten thousand thousand Stars,  
 Nor cast in Lines, in Circles, nor in Squares:  
 (Poor Rules, with which our bounded Mind is fill'd,  
 When we would plant or cultivate, or build)  
 But shining with such vast, such various Light,  
 As speaks the Hand, that form'd them, Infinite:  
 How mean the Order and Perfection sought  
 In the best Product of the human Thought,  
 Compar'd to the great Harmony that reigns  
 In what the Spirit of the World ordains!

Now if the Sun to Earth transmits his Ray,  
 Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a Day;  
 How small a Portion of his Pow'r is giv'n  
 To Orbs more distant, and remoter Heav'n?  
 And of those Stars, which our imperfect Eye  
 Has doom'd and fix'd to one Eternal Sky,  
 Each by a native stock of Honour great,  
 May dart strong Influence, and diffuse kind Heat,  
 It self a Sun; and with transmissive Light  
 Enliven Worlds deny'd to human Sight;  
 Around the Circles of their ambient Skies  
 New Moons may grow or wane, may set or rise;  
 And other Stars may to those Suns be Earths;  
 Give their own Elements their proper Births;  
 Divide their Climes, or elevate their Pole;  
 See their Lands flourish, and their Oceans roll;  
 Yet these great Orbs thus radically bright,  
 Primitive Founts, and Origins of Light,

May each to other (as their diff'rent Sphere  
 Makes or their Distance, or their Height appear)  
 Be seen a nobler, or inferior Star;  
 And in that Space, which we call Air and Sky,  
 Myriads of Earths, and Moons, and Suns may lye  
 Unmeasur'd, and unknown by human Eye.

In vain we measure this amazing Sphere,  
 And find and fix it's Centre here or there;  
 Whilst it's Circumf'rence, scorning to be brought  
 Ev'n into fancy'd Space, illudes our vanquish'd Thought.

Where then are all the radiant *Monsters* driv'n,  
 With which your GuesSES fill'd the frighten'd Heav'n?  
 Where will their fictitious Images remain?  
 In Paper Schemes, and the *Chaldean's* Brain.

This Problem yet, this Offspring of a GuesS,  
 Let us for once a Child of Truth confess;  
 That these fair Stars, these Objects of Delight,  
 And Terror, to our searching dazl'd Sight,  
 Are Worlds immense, unnumber'd, infinite.  
 But do these Worlds display their Beams, or guide  
 Their Orbs, to serve thy Use, to please thy Pride?  
 Thy self but Dust, thy Stature but a Span,  
 A Moment thy Duration; foolish Man!  
 As well may the minutest Emmet say,  
 That *Caucasus* was rais'd, to pave his Way:  
 The Snail, that *Lebanon's* extended Wood  
 Was destin'd only for his Walk, and Food:  
 The vilest Cockle, gaping on the Coast  
 That rounds the ample Seas, as well may boast,  
 The craggy Rock projects above the Sky,  
 That he in Safety at it's Foot may lye;  
 And the whole Ocean's confluent Waters swell,  
 Only to quench his Thirst, or move and blanch his Shell.

A higher Flight the vent'rous Goddess tries,  
 Leaving material Worlds, and local Skies:  
 Enquires, what are the Beings, where the Space,  
 That form'd and held the Angels ancient Race.  
 For Rebel *Lucifer* with *Michael* fought:  
 (I offer only what Tradition taught:)

Em.

Embattl'd Cherub against Cherub rose;  
 Did Shield to Shield, and Pow'r to Pow'r oppose:  
 Heav'n rung with Triumph: Hell was fill'd with  
 Woes.

What were these Forms, of which your Volumes tell,  
 How some fought great, and others recreant fell?  
 These bound to bear an everlasting Load,  
 Durance of Chain, and Banishment of God:  
 By fatal Turns their wretched Strength to tire;  
 To swim in sulph'rous Lakes, or land on solid Fire:  
 While those exalted to primæval Light,  
 Excess of Blessing, and supreme Delight,  
 Only perceive some little Pause of Joys  
 In those great Moments, when their God employs  
 Their Ministry, to pour his threaten'd Hate  
 On the proud King, or the rebellious State:  
 Or to reverse *Jehovah's* high Command,  
 And speak the Thunder falling from his Hand,  
 When to his Duty the proud King returns;  
 And the Rebellious State in Ashes mourns.  
 How can good Angels be in Heav'n confin'd,  
 Or view that Presence, which no Space can bind?  
 Is God above, beneath, or yon', or here?  
 He who made all, is he not ev'ry where?  
 O how can wicked Angels find a Night  
 So dark, to hide 'em from that piercing Light,  
 Which form'd the Eye, and gave the Pow'r of Sight?

What mean I now of Angel, when I hear  
 Firm Body, Spirit pure, or fluid Air?  
 Spirits to Action spiritual confin'd,  
 Friends to our Thought, and Kindred to our Mind,  
 Should only act and prompt us from within,  
 Nor by external Eye be ever seen.  
 Was it not therefore to our Fathers known,  
 That these had Appetite, and Limb, and Bone?  
 Else how could *Abram* wash their weary'd Feet;  
 Or *Sarah* please their Taste with sav'ry Meat?  
 Whence should they fear? or why did *Lot* engage  
 To save their Bodies from abusive Rage?

And how could *Jacob*, in a real Fight,  
Feel or resist the *weftling Angel's* Might?  
How could a Form it's Strength with Matter try?  
Or how a Spirit touch a Mortal's Thigh?

Now are they Air condens'd, or gather'd Rays?  
How guide they then our Pray'r, or keep our Ways,  
By stronger Blasts still subject to be tost,  
By Tempests scatter'd, and in Whirlwinds lost?

Have they again (as sacred Song proclaims)  
Substances real, and existing Frames?  
How comes it, since with them we jointly share  
The great Effect of one Creator's Care;

That whilst our Bodies sicken, and decay,  
Their's are for ever healthy, young, and gay?  
Why, whilst we struggle in this Vale beneath,  
With Want and Sorrow, with Disease and Death;  
Do they more bless'd perpetual Life employ  
On Songs of Pleasure, and in Scenes of Joy?

Now when my Mind has all this World survey'd,  
And found, that nothing by it self was made;  
When Thought has rais'd it self by just Degrees,  
From Vallies crown'd with Flow'rs, and Hills with Trees;  
From smoaking Min'rals, and from rising Streams;  
From fatt'ning *Nilus*, or victorious *Thames*;  
From all the Living, that four-footed move  
Along the Shoar, the Meadow, or the Grove;  
From all that can with Finns, or Feathers fly  
Thro' the Aërial, or the Wat'ry Sky;  
From the poor Reptile with a reas'ning Soul,  
That miserable Master of the whole;  
From this great Object of the Body's Eye,  
This fair half-round, this ample azure Sky,  
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright  
With Stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd Light;  
From Essences unseen, Celestial Names,  
Enlight'ning Spirits, and ministerial Flames,  
Angels, Dominions, Potentates, and Thrones,  
All that in each Degree the Name of Creature owns:  
Lift we our Reason to that lov'reign Cause,  
Who blest the whole with Life, and bounded it with Laws;

I

Who



130 *POEMS on several Occasions.*

Who forth from nothing call'd this comely Frame,  
His Will and Act, his Word and Work the same;  
To whom a thousand Years are but a Day;  
Who bad the Light her genial Beams display;  
And set the Moon, and taught the Sun his Way:  
Who waking Time, his Creature, from the Source  
Primæval, order'd his predestin'd Course:  
Himself, as in the Hollow of his Hand,  
Holding, obedient to his high Command,  
The deep Abyss, the long continu'd Store,  
Where Months, and Days, and Hours, and Minutes  
pour

Their floating Parts, and thenceforth are no more.  
This *Alpha* and *Omega*, first and last,  
Who like the Potter in a Mould has cast  
The World's great Frame, commanding it to be  
Such as the Eyes of Sense and Reason see;  
Yet if he wills, may change or spoil the whole;  
May take yon' beauteous, mystic, starry Roll,  
And burn it, like an useless parchment Scroll:  
May from it's *Basis* in one Moment pour  
This melted Earth——

Like liquid Metal, and like burning Oar:  
Who sole in Pow'r, at the Beginning said;  
Let Sea, and Air, and Earth, and Heav'n be made:  
And it was so —— And when he shall ordain  
In other Sort, has but to speak again,  
And they shall be no more: Of this great Theme,  
This glorious, hallow'd, everlasting Name,  
This *God*, I would discourse——

The learned Elders sat appall'd, amaz'd;  
And each with mutual Look on other gaz'd.  
Nor Speech they meditate, nor Answer frame:  
Too plain, alas! their Silence spake their 'hame:  
'Till one, in whom an outward Mien appear'd,  
And Turn superior to the vulgar Herd,  
Began; that human Learning's furthest Reach  
Was but to note the Doctrines I could teach;  
That mine to speak, and their's was to obey:  
For I in Knowledge more, than Pow'r did sway;

And

And the astonish'd World in me be beheld  
 Moses eclips'd, and Jesse's Son excell'd.  
 Humble a Second bow'd, and took the Word;  
 Foresaw my Name by future Age ador'd.  
 O live, said he, thou wisest of the Wise!  
 As None has equall'd, None shall ever rise  
 Excelling thee —

Parent of wicked, Bane of honest Deeds,  
 Pernicious Flatt'ry! thy malignant Seeds  
 In an ill Hour, and by a fatal Hand  
 Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's Gleby Land,  
 With rising Pride amidst the Corn appear,  
 And choak the Hopes and Harvest of the Year.

And now the whole perplex'd ignoble Crowd,  
 Mute to my Questions, in my Praises loud,  
 Echo'd the Word: Whence Things arose, or how  
 They thus exist, the aptest nothing know:  
 What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,  
 All Veil of Doubt apart, the dullest see.

My Prophets, and my Sophists finish'd here  
 Their civil Efforts of the Verbal War:  
 Not so my *Rabbins*, and Logicians yield:  
 Retiring still they combat: from the Field  
 Of open Arms unwilling they depart,  
 And sculk behind the Subterfuge of Art.  
 To speak one Thing mix'd Dialects they join;  
 Divide the Simple, and the Plain define;  
 Fix'd fancy'd Laws, and form imagin'd Rules,  
 Terms of their Art, and Jargon of their Schools,  
 Ill grounded Maxims by false Gloss enlarg'd,  
 And captious Science against Reason charg'd.

Soon their crude Notions with each other fought:  
 The adverse Sect deny'd, what this had taught;  
 And he at length the amplest Triumph gain'd,  
 Who contradicted what the last maintain'd.

O wretched Impotence of human Mind!  
 We erring still Excuse for Error find;  
 And darkling grope, not knowing we are blind.  
 Vain Man! since first thy blushing Sire essay'd  
 His Folly with connected Leaves to shade;

132 POEMS on several Occasions.

How does the Crime of thy resembling Race  
With like Attempt that pristine Error trace?  
Too plain thy nakedness of Soul espy'd,  
Why dost thou strive the conscious Shame to hide  
By Masks of Eloquence, and Veils of Pride?

With outward Smiles their Flatt'ry I receiv'd;  
Own'd my sick Mind by their Discourse reliev'd;  
But bent and inward to my self again  
Perplex'd, these Matters I revolv'd; in vain.  
My Search still tir'd, my Labour still renew'd,  
At length I Ignorance, and Knowledge view'd,  
Impartial; both in equal Ballance laid:  
Light flew the knowing Scale; the doubtful heavy  
weigh'd.

Forc'd by reflective Reason I confess,  
That human Science is uncertain guess.  
Alas! we grasp at Clouds, and bear the Air,  
Vexing that Spirit we intend to clear.  
Can Thought beyond the Bounds of Matter climb?  
Or who shall tell me, what is Space or Time?  
In vain we lift up our presumptuous Eyes  
To what our Maker to their Ken denies:  
The Searcher follows fast; the Object faster flies.  
The little which imperfectly we find,  
Seduces only the bewilder'd Mind  
To fruitless Search of something yet behind.  
Various Discussions tear our heated Brain:  
Opinions often turn; still Doubts remain;  
And who indulges Thought, increases Pain.

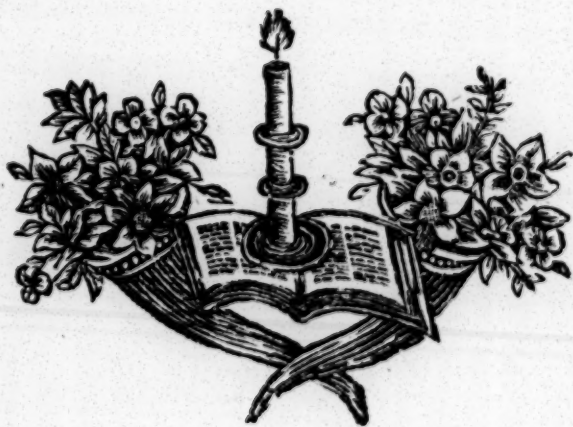
How narrow Limits were to Wisdom giv'n?  
Earth she surveys: She thence would measure Heav'n:  
Thro' Mists obscure, now wings her tedious Way;  
Now wanders dazl'd with too bright a Day;  
And from the Summit of a pathless Coast  
Sees *Infinite*, and in that Sight is lost.

Remember, that the curs'd Desire to know,  
Off-spring of *Adam*, was thy Source of Woe.  
Why wilt thou then renew the vain Pursuit,  
And rashly catch at the forbidden Fruit?

*POEMS on several Occasions.* 133

With empty Labour and eluded Strife  
Seeking, by Knowledge, to attain to Life;  
For ever from that fatal Tree debarr'd,  
Which flaming Swords and angry *Cherubs* guard.

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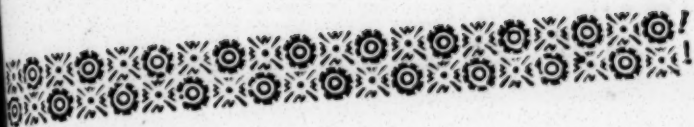
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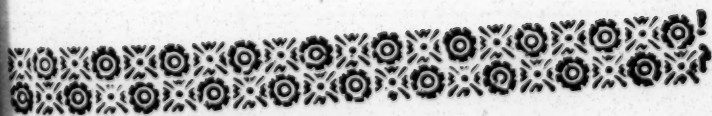




P L E A S U R E :

T H E

S E C O N D B O O K .





# The ARGUMENT.

**S**OLOMON again seeking Happiness, enquires if Wealth and Greatness can produce it: Begins with the Magnificence of Gardens and Buildings, the Luxury of Music and Feasting; and proceeds to the Hopes and Desires of Love. In two Episodes are shewn the Follies and Troubles of that Passion. *Solomon* still disappointed, falls under the Temptations of Libertinism and Idolatry; recovers his Thought, reasons aright, and concludes, that as to the Pursuit of Pleasure, and sensual Delight, *All is Vanity and vexation of Spirit.*

TEXTS



TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this BOOK.

I said in my own Heart, go to now, I will prove thee with Mirth; therefore enjoy Pleasure. *Ecclesiastes*, Chap. II. Vers. 1.

I made me great Works, I builded me Houses, I planted me Vineyards. Vers. 4.

I made me Gardens and Orchards, and I planted Trees in them of all kind of Fruits. Vers. 5.

I made me Pools of Water, to water therewith the Wood that bringeth forth Trees. Vers. 6.

Then I looked on all the Works that my Hands had wrought, and on the Labour that I had laboured to do: And behold, all was Vanity, and Vexation of Spirit; and there was no Profit under the Sun. Vers. 11.

I gat me Men-singers and Women-Singers, and the Delights of the Sons of Men, as musical Instruments, and that of all Sorts. Vers. 8.

I sought in mine Heart to give my self unto Wine (yet acquainting mine Heart with Wisdom) and to lay hold on Folly, 'till I might see what was that good for the Sons of Men, which they should do under Heaven, all the Days of their Life. Vers. 3.

Then I said in my Heart, as it happeneth unto the Fool, so it happeneth even unto Me; and why was I then more Wise? Then I said in my Heart, that this also is Vanity. Vers. 15.

There-

**TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this Book.**

Therefore I hated Life, because the Work that is wrought under the Sun is grievous unto me. Chap. II. Vers. 27.

Dead Flies cause the Ointment to send forth a stinking Savour: so doth the little Folly him that is in Reputation for Wisdom and Honour. Chap. X. Vers. 1.

The Memory of the Just is blessed, but the Memory of the Wicked shall rot. *Proverbs*, Chap. X. Vers. 7.



PLEA-



P L E A S U R E:  
T H E  
S E C O N D B O O K.



R Y then, O Man, the Moments to de-  
ceive,  
That from the Womb attend thee to  
the Grave:  
For weary'd Nature find some apter  
Scheme:

Health be thy Hope; and Pleasure be thy Theme:  
From the perplexing and unequal Ways,  
Where Study brings Thee; from the endless Maze,  
Which Doubt persuades to run, forewarn'd recede,  
To the gay Field, and flow'ry Path, that lead  
To jocund Mirth, soft Joy, and careless Ease:  
Forsake what may instruct, for what may please:  
Esſay amusing Art, and proud Expence;  
And make thy Reason subject to thy Sense.

I commun'd thus: the Power of Wealth I try'd,  
And all the various Luxe of costly Pride.  
Artists and Plans reliev'd my solemn Hours:  
I founded Palaces, and planted Bow'rs.

Birds,



140 *POEMS on several Occasions.*

Birds, Fishes, Beasts of each Exotick Kind  
 I to the Limits of my Court confin'd.  
 To Trees transferr'd I gave a second Birth;  
 And bid a foreign Shade grace *Judah's* Earth.  
 Fish-ponds were made, where former Forests grew;  
 And Hills were levell'd to extend the View.  
 Rivers diverted from their native Course,  
 And bound with Chains of artificial Force,  
 From large Cascades in pleasing Tumult roll'd;  
 Or rose thro' figur'd Stone, or breathing Gold.  
 From furthest *Africa's* tormented Womb  
 The Marble brought erects the spacious Dome;  
 Or forms the Pillars long-extended Rows,  
 On which the planted Grove, and pensile Garden grows.

The Workmen here obey the Master's Call,  
 To gild the Turret, and to paint the Wall;  
 To mark the Pavement there with various Stone;  
 And on the Jasper Steps to rear the Throne:  
 The spreading *Cedar*, that an Age had stood,  
 Supreme of Trees, and Mistress of the Wood,  
 Cut down and carv'd, my shining Roof adorns;  
 And *Lebanon* his ruin'd Honour mourns.

A thousand Artists shew their cunning Pow'r,  
 To raise the Wonders of the Iv'ry Tow'r.  
 A thousand Maidens ply the purple Loom,  
 To weave the Bed, and deck the Regal Room;  
 'Till *Tyre* confesses her exhausted Store,  
 That on her Coast the *Murex* is no more;  
 'Till from the *Parian* Isle, and *Lybia's* Coast,  
 The Mountains grieve their Hopes of Marble lost;  
 And *India's* Woods return their just Complaint,  
 Their Brood decay'd, and want of *Elephant*.

My full Design with vast Expence achiev'd,  
 I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd.  
 I chid the Folly of my thoughtless Hast:  
 For, the Work perfected, the Joy was past.

To my new Courts sad Thought did still repair;  
 And round my gilded Roofs hung hov'ring Care.  
 In vain on silken Beds I sought Repose;  
 And restless oft' from purple Couches rose:

Vexatious Thought still found my flying Mind,  
Nor bound by Limits, nor to Place confin'd;  
Haunted my Nights, and terrify'd my Days;  
Stalk'd thro' my Gardens, and pursu'd my Ways,  
Nor shut from artful Bow'r, nor lost in winding  
Maze.

Yet take thy Bent, my Soul; another Sense  
Indulge; add Music to Magnificence:  
Essay, if Harmony may Grief controul;  
Or Pow'r of Sound prevail upon the Soul.  
Often our Seers and Poets have confess'd,  
That Music's Force can tame the furious Beast;  
Can make the Wolf, or foaming Boar restrain  
His Rage; the Lion drop his crested Mane,  
Attentive to the Song; the Lynx forget  
His Wrath to Man, and lick the Minstrel's Feet.  
Are we, alas! less savage yet than these?  
Else Music sure may human Cares appease.

I spake my Purpose; and the chearful Choir  
Parted their shares of Harmony: The Lyre  
Softened the Timbrel's Noise: the Trumpet's Sound  
Provok'd the *Dorian* Flute (both sweeter found  
When mix'd:) the Fife the Viol's Notes refin'd;  
And ev'ry Strength with ev'ry Grace was join'd.  
Each Morn they wak'd me with a sprightly Lay:  
Of opening Heav'n they sung, and gladsome Day,  
Each Evening their repeated skill express'd  
Scenes of Repose, and Images of Rest:  
Yet still in vain: for Music gather'd Thought:  
But how unequal the Effects it brought?  
The soft *Ideas* of the chearful Note,  
Lightly receiv'd, were easily forgot.  
The solemn Violence of the graver Sound  
Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting Wound.  
And now reflecting, I with Grief descry  
The sickly Lust of the fantastic Eye;  
How the weak Organ is with Seeing cloy'd,  
Lying e're Night what it at Noon enjoy'd.  
And now (unhappy search of Thought!) I found  
The fickle Ear soon glutted with the Sound,

Con-

Condemn'd eternal Changes to pursue,  
Tir'd with the last, and eager of the new.

I bad the Virgins and the Youth advance,  
To temper Music with the sprightly Dance.  
In vain! too low the mimic-Motions seem:  
What takes our Heart, must merit our Esteem.  
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a Part,  
Forming her Movements to the Rules of Art;  
And vex'd I found, that the Musician's Hand  
Had o'er the Dancer's Mind too great Command.

I drank: I lik'd it not: 'twas Rage; 'twas Noise;

An airy Scene of transitory Joys.  
In vain I trusted, that the flowing Bowl  
Would banish Sorrow, and enlarge the Soul:  
To the late Revel, and protracted Feast  
Wild Dreams succeeded, and disorder'd Rest;  
And as at dawn of Morn fair Reason's Light  
Broke thro' the Fumes and Phantoms of the Night;  
What had been said, I ask my Soul, what done;  
How flow'd our Mirth, and whence the Source begun?  
Perhaps the Jest that charm'd the sprightly Croud,  
And made the Jovial Table laugh so loud,  
To some false Notion ow'd its poor Pretence,  
To an ambiguous Word's perverted Sense,  
To a wild Sonnet, or a wanton Air,  
Offence and Torture to the sober Ear.  
Perhaps, alas! the pleasing Stream was brought  
From this Man's Error, from another's Fault;  
From Topics which Good-nature would forget,  
And Prudence mention with the last regret.

Add yet unnumber'd Ills, that lie unseen  
In the pernicious Draught; the Word obscene,  
Or harsh, which once elanc'd must ever fly.  
Irrevocable; the too prompt Reply,

Seed of severe Distrust, and fierce Debate;  
What we should shun, and what we ought to hate.  
Add too the Blood impoverish'd, and the Course  
Of Health suppress'd, by Wine's continu'd Force.

Unhappy Man! whom Sorrow thus and Rage  
To different Ills alternately engage.

P  
Who dr  
That m  
Mem'ry  
Death's  
And in  
Fell A  
Rem  
Sickne  
Love y  
Cherif  
And b  
This l  
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Who

Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor sees,  
That melancholy Sloath, severe Disease,  
Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted Thought,  
Death's Harbingers, lye latent in the Draught:  
And in the Flow'rs that wreath the sparkling Bowl,  
Fell Adders hiss, and poy's'nous Serpents roll.

Remains there ought untry'd, that may remove  
Sickness of Mind, and heal the Bosom? — Love  
Love yet remains: Indulge his genial Fire,  
Cherish fair Hope, solicit young Desire,  
And boldly bid thy anxious Soul explore  
This last great Remedy's mysterious Pow'r.

Why therefore hesitates my doubtful Breast?  
Why ceases it one Moment to be blest?  
Fly swift, my Friends; my Servants, fly; imploy  
Your Instant Pains to bring your Master Joy.  
Let all my Wives and Concubines be dress'd:  
Let them to Night attend the royal Feast;  
All *Israel's* Beauty, all the foreign Fair,  
The Gifts of Princes, or the Spoils of War.  
Before their Monarch they shall singly pass;  
And the most worthy shall obtain the Grace.

I said: the feast was serv'd: the Bowl was crown'd;  
To the King's Pleasure went the mirthful Round:  
The Women came: as Custom wills, they past:  
On one (O that distinguish'd one!) I cast  
The fav'rite Glance: O! yet my Mind retains  
That fond Beginning of my infant Pains.  
Mature the Virgin was of *Egypt's* Race:  
Graceshap'd her Limbs; and Beauty deck'd her Face:  
Easy her Motion seem'd, serene her Air:  
Full, tho' unzon'd, her Bosom rose: her Hair  
Unty'd, and ignorant of artful Aid,  
Adown her Shoulders loosely lay display'd;  
And in the jetty Curls ten thousand *Cupids* play'd.

Fix'd on her Charms, and pleas'd that I could love,  
Aid me my Friends, contribute to improve  
Your Monarch's Bliss, I said; fresh Roses bring  
To strow my Bed; 'till the improv'ish'd Spring

Con-

144 *POEMS on several Occasions:*

Confess her Want; around my am'rous Head  
Be dropping Myrrh, and liquid Amber shed,  
Till *Arab* has no more. From the soft Lyre,  
Sweet Flute, and ten-string'd Instrument, require  
Sounds of Delight: and thou, fair Nymph, draw nigh  
Thou, in whose graceful Form, and potent Eye  
Thy Master's Joy long sought at length is found;  
And as thy Brow, let my Desires be crown'd;  
O fav'rite Virgin, that hast warm'd the Breast,  
Whose Sov'reign Dictates subjugate the East!

I said; and sudden from the golden Throne  
With a submissive Step I halted down.

The glowing Garland from my Hair I took,  
Love in my Heart, Obedience in my Look;  
Prepar'd to place it on her comely Head;  
O fav'rite Virgin (yet again I said)

Receive the Honour's destin'd to thy Brow;  
And O above thy Fellows happy thou!  
Their Duty must thy sov'reign Word obey.

Rise up, my Love; my fair One, come away.

What Pang, alas! what Ecstasy of Smart  
Tore up my Senses, and transfix'd my Heart;  
When she with modest Scorn the Wreath return'd,  
Reclin'd her beauteous Neck, and inward mourn'd?

Forc'd by my Pride, I my Concern suppress'd,  
Pretended Drowsiness, and Wish of Rest;  
And sullen I forsook the imperfect Feast:

Ordering the Eunuchs, to whose proper Care  
Our Eastern Grandeur gives th' imprison'd Fair,  
To lead her forth to a distinguish'd Bow'r,  
And bid her dress the Bed, and wait the Hour.

Restless I follow'd this obdurate Maid,  
(Swift are the Steps that Love and Anger tread:)  
Approach'd her Person, courted her Embrace,  
Renew'd my Flame, repeated my Disgrace:  
By Turns put on the Suppliant and the Lord;  
Threaten'd this Moment, and the next implor'd;  
Offer'd again the unaccepted Wreath,  
And Choice of happy Love, or instant Death.

Averse



Averse to all her am'rous King desir'd,  
Far as she might, she decently retir'd;  
And darting Scorn, and Sorrow from her Eyes,  
What means, said she, King *Solomon* the Wise?  
This wretched Body trembles at your Pow'r:  
Thus far could Fortune: but she can no more.  
Free to her self my potent Mind remains;  
Nor fears the Victor's Rage, nor feels his Chains.  
'Tis said, that thou can'st plausibly dispute,  
Supreme of Seers, of Angel, Man, and Brute;  
Can'st plead, with subtil Wit and fair Discourse,  
Of Passion's Folly, and of Reason's Force.  
That to the Tribes attentive thou can'st show,  
Whence their Misfortunes, or their Blessings flow.  
That thou in Science, as in Pow'r art great;  
And Truth and Honour on thy Edicts wait.  
Where is that Knowledge now, that regal Thought,  
With just Advice, and timely Counsel fraught?  
Where now, O Judge of *Israel*, does it rove?  
What in one Moment dost thou offer? Love —  
Love? why 'tis Joy or Sorrow, Peace or Strife:  
'Tis all the Colour of remaining Life:  
And human Mis'ry must begin or end,  
As he becomes a Tyrant, or a Friend.  
Would *David's* Son, religious, just and grave,  
To the first Bride-bed of the World receive  
A Foreigner, a Heathen, and a Slave?  
Or grant, thy Passion has these Names destroy'd;  
That Love, like Death, makes all Distinction void;  
Yet in his Empire o'er thy abject Breast,  
His flames and Torments only are express'd:  
His Rage can in my Smiles alone relent;  
And all his Joys solicit my Consent.  
Soft Love, spontaneous Tree, it's parted Root  
Must from two Hearts with equal Vigour shoot:  
Whilst each delighted, and delighting, gives  
The pleasing Ecstasy, which each receives:  
Nurish'd with Hope, and fed with Joy it grows:  
Its chearful Buds their opening Bloom disclose;  
And round the happy Soil diffusive Odor flows.

If angry Fate that mutual Care denies;  
 The fading Plant bewails it's due Supplies:  
 Wild with Despair, or sick with Grief, it dies.

By Force Beasts act, and are by Force restrain'd:  
 The human Mind by gentle Means is gain'd.  
 Thy useless Strength, mistaken King, employ:  
 Sated with Rage, and ignorant of Joy,  
 Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield;  
 Nor reap the Harvest, tho' thou spoil'st the Field.  
 Know, *Solomon*, thy poor Extent of Sway;  
 Contract thy Brow, and *Israel* shall obey:  
 But wilful Love thou must with Smiles appease;  
 Approach his awful Throne by just Degrees;  
 And if thou would'st be happy, learn to please.

Not that those Arts can here successful prove;  
 For I am destin'd to another's Love.  
 Beyond the cruel Bounds of thy Command,  
 To my dear equal, in my native Land,  
 My plighted Vow I gave: I his receiv'd:  
 Each swore with Truth: with Pleasure each believ'd.  
 The mutual Contract was to Heav'n convey'd:  
 In equal Scales the busy Angels weigh'd  
 It's solemn Force, and clap'd their Wings, and spread  
 The lasting Roll, recording what we said.

Now in my Heart behold thy Poynard stain'd:  
 Take the sad Life which I have long disdain'd:  
 End, in a dying Virgin's wretched Fate,  
 Thy ill-starr'd Passion, and my steadfast Hate.  
 For long as Blood informs these circling Veins;  
 Or fleeting Breath it's latest Pow'r retains;  
 Hear me to *Egypt's* vengeful Gods declare,  
 Hate is my Part: be thine, O King, Despair.

Now strike, she said, and open'd bare her Breast:  
 Stand it in *Judah's* Chronicles confest,  
 That *David's* Son, by impious Passion mov'd,  
 Smote a she-Slave, and murder'd what he lov'd.

Asham'd, confus'd I started from the Bed;  
 And to my Soul yet uncollected said:  
 Into thy self, fond *Solomon*, return;  
 Reflect again, and thou again shalt mourn.

When I through number'd Years have pleasure sought;  
And in vain Hope the wanton Phantom caught;  
To mock my Sense, and mortify my Pride,  
'Tis in another's Pow'r, and is deny'd.

Am I a King, great Heav'n! does Life or Death  
Hang on the Wrath, or Mercy of my Breath;  
While kneeling I my Servants Smiles implore;  
And one mad Dam'sel dares dispute my Pow'r?

To ravish her? that Thought was soon depress'd,  
Which must debase the Monarch to the Beast.

To send her back? O whither, and to whom?

To Lands where *Solomon* must never come;

To that insulting Rival's happy Arms,

For whom, disdain'g me, she keeps her Charms.

Fantastic Tyrant of the am'rous Heart;

How hard thy Yoke! how cruel is thy Dart!

Those 'scape thy Anger, who refuse thy Sway;

And those are punish'd most, who most obey.

See *Judah's* King revere thy greater Pow'r:

What can'st thou cover, or how triumph more?

Why then, O *Love*, with an obdurate Ear

Does this proud Nymph reject a Monarch's Pray'r?

Why to some simple Shepherd does she run,

From the fond Arms of *David's* fav'rite Son?

Why flies she from the Glories of a Court,

Where Wealth and Pleasure may thy Reign support,

To some poor Cottage on the Mountain's Brow,

Now bleak with Winds, and cover'd now with Snow,

Where pinching Want must curb her warm Desires,

And Household Cares suppress thy genial Fires?

Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove

The Force, while they erect the Shrines of *Love*.

His mystic Form the Artizans of *Greece*

In wounded Stone, or molten Gold express:

And *Cyprus* to his Godhead pays her Vow:

Fast in his Hand the Idol holds his Bow;

A Quiver by his Side sustains a Store

Of pointed Darts; sad Emblems of his Pow'r;

A pair of Wings he has, which he extends  
 Now to be gone; which now again he bends  
 Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton Ends.  
 Entirely thus I find the Fiend pourtray'd,  
 Since first, alas! I saw the beauteous Maid:  
 I felt him strike; and now I see him fly:  
 Curs'd Dæmon! O! for ever broken lye  
 Those fatal Shafts, by which I inward bleed!  
 O! can my Wishes yet o'ertake thy Speed!  
 Tir'd may'st thou pant, and hang thy flagging Wing;  
 Except thou turn'st thy Course, resolv'd to bring  
 The Dam'sel back, and save the Love-sick King.

My Soul thus struggling in the fatal Net,  
 Unable to enjoy, or to forget;  
 I reason'd much, alas! but more I lov'd;  
 Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and disapprov'd:  
 'Till hopeleſs plung'd in an Abyſs of Grief,  
 I from Neceſſity receiv'd Relief:  
 Time gently aided to aſſwage my Pain;  
 And Wiſdom took once more the ſlacken'd Rein.

But O how ſhort my interval of Woe!  
 Our Griefs how ſwift; our Remedies how ſlow!  
 Another Nymph (for ſo did Heav'n ordain,  
 To change the Manner, but renew the Pain)  
 Another Nymph, amongſt the many Fair,  
 That made my ſofter Hours their ſolemn Care,  
 Before the reſt affected ſtill to ſtand;  
 And watch'd my Eye, preventing my Command.  
*Abra*, ſhe ſo was call'd, did ſoonest haſt  
 To grace my Preſence: *Abra* went the laſt:  
*Abra* was ready e're I call'd her Name;  
 And tho' I call'd another, *Abra* came.

Her Equals firſt obſerv'd her growing Zeal;  
 And laughing gloſs'd, that *Abra* ferv'd ſo well.  
 To me her Actions did unheeded dye,  
 Or were remark'd but with a common Eye;  
 'Till more appriſ'd of what the Rumour ſaid,  
 More I obſerv'd peculiar in the Maid.

The Sun declin'd had ſhot his Western Ray;  
 When tir'd with Buſ'neſs of the ſolemn Day,

I purpos'd to unbend the Evening Hours,  
 And banquet private in the Women's Bow'rs.  
 I call'd, before I sat, to wash my Hands:  
 For so the Precept of the Law commands.  
 Love had ordain'd, that it was *Abra's* Turn  
 To mix the Sweets, and minister the Urn.  
 With awful Homage, and submissive Dread  
 The Maid approach'd, on my declining Head  
 To pour the Oyls: She trembled as she pour'd;  
 With an unguarded Look she now devour'd  
 My nearer Face: And now recall'd her Eye,  
 And heav'd, and strove to hide a sudden Sigh.  
 And whence, said I, canst thou have Dread, or Pain?  
 What can thy Imag'ry of Sorrow mean?  
 Secluded from the World, and all it's Care,  
 Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?  
 For sure, I added, sure thy little Heart  
 Ne'er felt *Love's* Anger, or receiv'd his Darr.  
 Abash'd she blush'd, and with Disorder spoke:  
 Her rising Shame adorn'd the Words it broke.  
 If the great Master will descend to hear  
 The humble Series of his Hand-maid's Care:  
 O! while she tells it, let him not put on  
 The Look, that awes the Nations from the Throne:  
 O! let not Death severe in Glory lye  
 In the King's Frown, and Terror of his Eye.  
 Mine to obey; thy Part is to ordain:  
 And tho' to mention, be to suffer Pain:  
 If the King smiles, whilst I my Woe recite;  
 If weeping I find Favour in his Sight;  
 How fast my Tears, full rising his Delight.  
 O! witness Earth beneath, and Heav'n above;  
 Or can I hide it? I am sick of Love:  
 If Madness may the Name of Passion bear;  
 Or Love be call'd, what is indeed Despair.  
 Thou Sov'reign Pow'r, whose secret Will controlls  
 The inward Bent and Motion of our Souls!  
 Why hast thou plac'd such infinite Degrees  
 Between the Cause and Cure of my Disease?

The



The mighty Object of that raging Fire,  
 In which unpiety'd *Abra* must expire,  
 Had he been born some simple Shepherd's Heir,  
 The lowing Herd, or fleecy Sheep his Care;  
 At Morn with him I o'er the Hills had run,  
 Scornful of Winter's Frost, and Summer's Sun,  
 Still asking, where he made his Flock to rest at Noon.  
 For him at Night, the dear expected Guest,  
 I had with hasty Joy prepar'd the Feast;  
 And from the Cottage, o'er the distant Plain,  
 Sent forth my longing Eye to meet the Swain;  
 Wav'ring, impatient, toss'd by Hope and Fear;  
 Till he and Joy together should appear;  
 And the lov'd Dog declare his Master near.  
 On my declining Neck, and open Breast,  
 I should have lull'd the lovely Youth to rest;  
 And from beneath his Head, at dawning Day,  
 With softest Care have stol'n my Arm away;  
 To rise, and from the Fold release the Sheep,  
 Fond of his Flock, indulgent to his Sleep.

Or if kind Heav'n propitious to my Flame  
 (For sure from Heav'n the faithful Ardor came)  
 Had blest my Life, and deck'd my natal Hour  
 With Height of Title, and Extent of Pow'r:  
 Without a Crime my Passion had aspir'd,  
 Found the lov'd Prince, and told what I desir'd.

Then I had come, preventing *Sheba's* Queen,  
 To see the comeliest of the Sons of Men;  
 To hear the charming Poet's am'rous Song,  
 And gather Honey falling from his Tongue;  
 To take the fragrant Kisses of his Mouth,  
 Sweeter than Breezes of her native South;  
 Likening his Grace, his Person, and his Mien  
 To all that great or beauteous I had seen.  
 Serene and bright his Eyes, as solar Beams  
 Reflecting temper'd Light from Crystal Streams;  
 Ruddy as Gold his Cheek; his Bosom fair  
 As Silver; the curl'd Ringlets of his Hair  
 Black as the Raven's Wing; his Lip more red,  
 Than Eastern Coral, or the scarlet Thread;

Even his Teeth, and white, like a young Flock  
 Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear Brook  
 Recent, and blanching on the sunny Rock.  
 Iv'ry with Saphirs interspers'd, explains  
 How white his Hands, how blew the Manly Veins.  
 Columns of polish'd Marble firmly set  
 On golden Bases, are his Legs, and Feet.  
 His Stature all Majestic, all Divine,  
 Strait as the Palmtree, strong as is the Pine.  
 Saffron and Myrrhe are on his Garments shed :  
 And everlasting Sweets bloom round his Head.  
 What utter I? where am I? wretched Maid!  
 Dye, *Abra*, dye: too plainly hast thou said  
 Thy Soul's Desire to meet his high Embrace,  
 And Blessings stamp'd upon thy future Race;  
 To bid attentive Nations bless thy Womb,  
 With unborn Monarchs charg'd, and *Solomons* to come.

Here o'er her Speech her flowing Eyes prevail.  
 O foolish Maid! and O unhappy Tale!  
 My suff'ring Heart for ever shall defy  
 New Wounds, and Danger from a future Eye.  
 O! yet my tortur'd Senses deep retain  
 The wretched Mem'ry of my former Pain,  
 The dire Affront, and my *Egyptian* Chain.

As Time, I said, may happily Efface  
 That cruel Image of the King's Disgrace;  
 Imperial Reason shall resume her Seat;  
 And *Solomon* once fall'n, again be great.  
 Betray'd by Passion, as subdu'd in War,  
 We wisely should exert a double Care,  
 Nor never ought a second Time to err.

This *Abra* then ———  
 I saw her; 'twas Humanity: it gave  
 Some Respite to the Sorrows of my Slave.  
 Her fond Excess proclaim'd her Passion true;  
 And generous Pity to that Truth was due.  
 Well I intreated her, who well deserv'd;  
 I call'd her often; for she always serv'd.  
 Use made her Person easy to my Sight;  
 And Ease insensibly produc'd Delight,

When-

Whene'er I revell'd in the Women's Bow'rs;  
 (For first I sought her but at looser Hours :)  
 The Apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet:  
 The Cake she kneaded was the sav'ry Meat :  
 But Fruits their Odor lost, and Meats their Taste ;  
 If gentle *Abra* had not deck'd the Feast.  
 Dishonour'd did the sparkling Goblet stand,  
 Unless receiv'd from gentle *Abra's* Hand :  
 And when the Virgins form'd the Evening Choir,  
 Raising their Voices to the Master-Lyre ;  
 Too flat I thought this Voice, and that too shrill ;  
 One show'd too much, and one too little Skill :  
 Nor could my Soul approve the Music's Tone ;  
 'Till all was hush'd, and *Abra* sung alone.  
 Fairer she seem'd, distinguish'd from the rest ;  
 And better Mein disclos'd, as better dress'd.  
 A bright *Tiara* round her Forehead ty'd,  
 To juster Bounds confin'd it's rising Pride :  
 The blushing Ruby on her snowy Breast,  
 Render'd it's panting whiteness more confess'd :  
 Bracelets of Pearl gave roundness to her Arm ;  
 And ev'ry Gem augmented ev'ry Charm.  
 Her Senses pleas'd, her Beauty still improv'd ;  
 And she more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

And now I could behold, avow, and blame  
 The several Follies of my former Flame ;  
 Willing my Heart for Recompence to prove  
 The certain Joy's that lye in prosp'rous Love.  
 For what, said I, from *Abra* can I fear,  
 Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe ?  
 The Dam'sel's sole Ambition is to please :  
 With Freedom I may like, and quit with Ease :  
 She looths, but never can enthrall my Mind :  
 Why may not Peace and Love for once be join'd ?

Great Heav'n ! how frail thy Creature Man is made !  
 How by himself insensibly betray'd !  
 In our own Strength unhappily secure,  
 Too little cautious of the adverse Pow'r ;  
 And by the Blast of Self-opinion mov'd,  
 We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd.

On Pleasure's flowing Brink we idly stray,  
Masters as yet of our returning Way;  
Seeing no Danger, we disarm our Mind;  
And give our Conduct to the Waves and Wind:  
Then in the flow'ry Mead, or verdant Shade  
To wanton Dalliance negligently laid,  
We weave the Chaplet, and we crown the Bowl;  
And smiling see the nearer Waters roll;  
Till the strong Gusts of raging Passion rise;  
Till the dire Tempest mingles Earth and Skies;  
And swift into the boundless Ocean born,  
Our foolish Confidence too late we mourn:  
Round our devoted Heads the Billows beat;  
And from our troubl'd View the lessen'd Lands retreat.

O mighty Love! from thy unbounded Pow'r  
How shall the human Bosom rest secure?  
How shall our Thought avoid the various Snare?  
Or Wisdom to our caution'd Soul declare  
The diff'rent Shapes, thou pleasest to employ,  
When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy?

The haughty Nymph in open Beauty drest,  
To-day encounters our unguarded Breast:  
She looks with Majesty, and moves with State:  
Unbent her Soul, and in Misfortune great,  
She scorns the World, and dares the Rage of Fate.

Here whilst we take stern Manhood for our Guide,  
And guard our Conduct with becoming Pride;  
Charm'd with the Courage in her Action shown,  
We praise her Mind, the Image of our own.  
She that can please, is certain to persuade:  
To-day belov'd, to-morrow is obey'd.  
We think we see thro' Reason's Optics right;  
Nor find, how Beauty's Rays elude our Sight:  
Struck with her Eye whilst we applaud her Mind;  
And when we speak her great, we wish her kind.

To-morrow, cruel Pow'r, thou arm'st the Fair  
With flowing Sorrow, and dishevel'd Hair:  
Sad her Complaint, and humble is her Tale,  
Her Sighs explaining where her Accents fail.

Here

Here gen'rous softness warms the honest Breast :  
 We raise the sad, and succour the distress'd :  
 And whilst our Wish prepares the kind Relief ;  
 Whilst Pity mitigates her rising Grief :  
 We sicken soon from her contagious Care ;  
 Grieve for her Sorrows, groan for her Despair ;  
 And against Love too late those Bosoms arm,  
 Which Tears can soften, and which Sighs can warm.

Against this nearest cruelest of Foes,  
 What shall Wit meditate, or Force oppose ?  
 Whence, feeble Nature, shall we summon Aid ;  
 If by our Pity, and our Pride betray'd ?  
 External Remedy shall we hope to find,  
 When the close Fiend has gain'd our treach'rous Mind ?  
 Insulting there does Reason's Pow'r deride ;  
 And blind himself, conducts the dazzl'd Guide ?

My Conqueror now, my lovely *Abra* held  
 My Freedom in her Chains : my Heart was fill'd  
 With her, with her alone : in her alone  
 It sought it's Peace and Joy : while she was gone,  
 It sigh'd, and griev'd, impatient of her Stay :  
 Return'd, she chas'd those Sighs, that Grief away :  
 Her Absence made the Night : her Presence brought  
 the Day.

The Ball, the Play, the Mask by Turns succeed.  
 For her I make the Song : the Dance with her I lead.  
 I court her various in each Shape and Dress,  
 That Luxury may form, or Thought express.

To-day beneath the Palm-tree on the Plains  
 In *Deborah's* Arms and Habit *Abra* reigns ;  
 The Wreath denoting Conquest guides her Brow :  
 And low, like *Bara's*, at her Feet I bow.  
 The mimic Chorus sings her prosp'rous Hand ;  
 As she had slain the Foe, and sav'd the Land.

To-morrow she approves a softer Air ;  
 Forsakes the Pomp and Pageantry of War ;  
 The Form of peaceful *Abigail* assumes ;  
 And from the Village with the Present comes ;  
 The Youthful Band depose their glitt'ring Arms ;  
 Receive her Bounties, and recite her Charms ;

Whilst



Whilst I assume my Father's Step and Mien,  
To meet with due Regard my future Queen.

If haply *Abra*'s Will be now inclin'd  
To range the Woods, or chace the flying Hind ;  
Soon as the Sun awakes, the sprightly Court  
Leave their Repose, and hasten to the Sport.  
In lessen'd Royalty, and humble State,  
Thy King, *Jerusalem*, descends to wait,  
Till *Abra* comes. She comes: a Milk-white Steed,  
Mixture, of *Persia*'s and *Arabia*'s Breed,  
Sustains the Nymph: her Garments flying loose  
(As the *sydonian* Maids, or *Thracian* use)  
And half her Knee, and half her Breast appear,  
By Art, like Negligence, disclos'd, and bare.  
Her left Hand guides the hunting Courser's Flight:  
A Silver Bow she carries in her right:  
And from the golden Quiver at her Side,  
Ruffles the Ebon Arrow's feather'd Pride.  
Saphirs and Diamonds on her Front display  
An artificial Moon's increasing Ray.  
*Diana*, Huntress, Mistress of the Groves,  
The fav'rite *Abra* speaks, and looks, and moves.  
Her, as the present Goddess, I obey:  
Beneath her Feet the captive Game I lay.  
The mingl'd Chorus sings *Diana*'s Fame:  
Clarions and Horns in louder Peals proclaim  
Her mystic Praise: the vocal Triumphs bound  
Against the Hills: the Hills reflect the Sound.  
If tir'd this Evening with the hunted Woods,  
To the large Fish-pools, or the glassy Floods  
Her Mind to-morrow points; a thousand Hands  
To-night employ'd, obey the King's Commands.  
Upon the war'ry Beach an artful Pile  
Of Planks is join'd, and forms a moving Isle.  
A golden Chariot in the midst is set;  
And Silver Cygnets seem to feel it's Weight.  
*Abra*, bright Queen, ascends her gaudy Throne,  
In semblance of the *Gracian Venus* known:  
*Tritons* and Sea-green *Naiads* round her move;  
And sing in moving Strains the Force of Love:

Whilst

Whilst as th' approaching Pageant does appear ;  
And echoing Crouds speak mighty *Venus* near :

I, her adorer, too devoutly stand  
Fast on the utmost Margin of the Land,  
With Arms and Hopes extended, to receive  
The fancy'd Goddess rising from the Wave.

O subject Reason ! O imperious Love !  
Whither yet further would my Folly rove ?  
Is it enough, that *Abra* should be great  
In the wall'd Palace, or the rural Seat ?  
That masking Habits, and a borrow'd Name  
Contrive to hide my Plenitude of Shame ?

No, no ! *Jerusalem* combin'd must see  
My open Fault, and Regal Infamy.  
Solemn a Month is destin'd for the Feast :  
*Abra* invites : the Nation is the Guest.  
To have the Honour of each Day sustain'd,  
The Woods are travers'd ; and the Lakes are drain'd :  
*Arabia's* Wilds, and *Egypt's* are explor'd :  
The Edible Creation decks the Board :  
Hardly the *Phanix* 'scapes ———

The Men their Lyres, the M<sup>ids</sup> their Voices raise,  
To sing my Happiness, and *Abra's* Praise.  
And slavish Bards our mutual Loves rehearse  
In lying Strains, and ignominious Verse ;  
While from the Banquet leading forth the Bride,  
Whom prudent Love from public Eyes should hide ;  
I show her to the World, confess'd and known  
Queen of my Heart, and Part'ner of my Throne.

And now her Friends and Flatt'ers fill the Court :  
From *Dan*, and from *Beer-sheba* they resort :  
They barter Places, and dispose of Grants,  
Whole Provinces unequal to their Wants.  
They teach her to recede, or to debate ;  
With Toys of Love to mix Affairs of State ;  
By practis'd Rules her Empire to secure ;  
And in my Pleasure make my Ruin sure.  
They gave, and she transferr'd the curs'd Advice,  
That Monarchs should their inward Soul disguise,  
Dissemble, and command ; be false, and wise ;

By

By ignominious Arts for servile Ends  
Should compliment their Foes, and shun their Friends.  
And now I leave the true and just Supports  
Of Legal Princes, and of honest Courts,  
*Barzillai's*, and the fierce *Benaiah's* Heirs;  
Whose Sires, great Part'ners in my Father's Cares,  
Saluted their young King at *Hebron* crown'd,  
Great by their Toil, and glorious by their Wound.  
And now, unhappy Council, I prefer  
Those whom my Follies only made me fear,  
Old *Corah's* Brood, and taunting *Shimei's* Race;  
Miscreants who ow'd their Lives to *David's* Grace;  
Tho' they had spurn'd his Rule, and curs'd him to his  
Face.

Still *Abra's* Pow'r, my Scandal still increas'd;  
Justice submitted to what *Abra* pleas'd:  
Her Will alone could settle or revoke;  
And Law was fix'd by what she latest spoke.

*Israel* neglected, *Abra* was my Care:  
I only acted, thought, and liv'd for her.  
I durst not reason with my wounded Heart.  
*Abra* possess'd; she was it's better Part.  
O! had I now review'd the famous Cause,  
Which gave my righteous Youth so just Applause;  
In vain on the dissembl'd Mother's Tongue  
Had cunning Art and sly Persuasion hung;  
And real Care in vain, and native Love  
In the true Parent's panting Breast had strove;  
While both deceiv'd had seen the destin'd Child  
Or slain, or sav'd, as *Abra* frown'd or smil'd.

Unknowing to command, proud to obey,  
A life-less King, a Royal Shade I lay.  
Unhear'd the injur'd Orphans now complain:  
The Widow's Cries address the Throne in vain.  
Causes unjudg'd disgrace the loaded File;  
And sleeping Laws the King's Neglect revile.  
No more the Elders throng'd around my Throne,  
To hear my Maxims, and reform their own.  
No more the young Nobility were taught,  
How *Moses* govern'd, and how *David* fought.

Loose and undisciplin'd the Soldier lay;  
 Or lost in Drink, and Game, the solid Day:  
 Porches and Scholes, design'd for public Good,  
 Uncover'd, and with Scaffolds cumber'd stood,  
 Or nodded, threat'ning Ruin —  
 Half Pillars wanted their expected Height;  
 And Roofs imperfect prejudic'd the Sight.  
 The Artists grieve; the lab'ring People droop:  
 My Father's Legacy, my Country's Hope,  
 God's Temple lies unfinish'd —

The Wise and Grave deplor'd their Monarch's Fate,  
 And future Mischiefs of a sinking State.  
 Is this, the Serious said, is this the Man,  
 Whose active Soul thro' every Science ran?  
 Who by just Rule and elevated Skill  
 Prescrib'd the dubious Bounds of Good and Ill?  
 Whose golden Sayings, and immortal Wit,  
 On large *Phylacteries* expressive writ,  
 Were to the Forehead of the *Rabbins* ty'd,  
 Our Youth's Instruction, and our Age's Pride?  
 Could not the Wise his wild Desires restrain?  
 Then was our Hearing, and his Preaching vain:  
 What from his Life and Letters were we taught,  
 But that his Knowledge aggravates his Fault?

In lighter Mood the humorous and the gay,  
 As crown'd with Roses at their Feasts they lay;  
 Sent the full Goblet, charg'd with *Abra*'s Name,  
 And Charms superior to their Master's Fame:  
 Laughing some praise the King, who let 'em see,  
 How aptly Luxe and Empire might agree:  
 Some gloss'd, how Love and Wisdom were at Strife;  
 And brought my Proverbs to confront my Life.  
 However, Friend, here's to the King, one cries:  
 To him who was the King, the Friend replies.  
 The King, for *Judah*'s, and for Wisdom's Curse,  
 To *Abra* yields: could I, or thou do worse?  
 Our looser Lives let Chance or Folly steer;  
 If thus the Prudent and Determin'd err.  
 Let *Dinah* bind with Flowers her flowing Hair;  
 And touch the Lute, and sound the wanton Air:

Let us the Blifs without the Sting receive,  
 Free, as we will, or to enjoy, or leave.  
 Pleasures on Levity's smooth Surface flow :  
 Thought brings the Weight, that finks the Soul to Woe.  
 Now be this Maxim to the King convey'd,  
 And added to the thouſand he has made.

Sadly, O Reason, is thy Pow'r expreſs'd,  
 Thou gloomy Tyrant of the frighted Breaſt !  
 And harſh the Rules, which we from thee receive ;  
 If for our Wiſdom we our Pleaſure give ;  
 And more to think be only more to grieve.  
 If Judah's King at thy Tribunal try'd,  
 Forſakes his Joy to vindicate his Pride ;  
 And changing Sorrows, I am only found  
 Loos'd from the Chains of Love, in thine more ſtrictly  
 bound.

But do I call thee Tyrant, or complain,  
 How hard thy Laws, how abſolute thy Reign ?  
 While thou, alas ! art but an empty Name,  
 To no two Men, who e'er diſcourſ'd, the ſame ;  
 The idle Product of a troubled Thought,  
 In borrow'd Shapes, and airy Colours wrought ;  
 A fancy'd Line, and a reflected Shade ;  
 A Chain which Man to fetter Man has made,  
 By Artifice impos'd, by Fear obey'd.

Yet, wretched Name, or Arbitrary Thing,  
 Whence ever I thy cruel Eſſence bring,  
 I own thy Influence ; for I feel thy Sting.  
 Reluctant I perceive thee in my Soul,  
 Form'd to command, and deſtin'd to control.  
 Yes ; thy insulting Dictates ſhall be heard :  
 Virtue for once ſhall be her own Reward :  
 Yes ; rebel *Iſrael*, this unhappy Maid  
 Shall be diſmiſs'd : the Crowd ſhall be obey'd :  
 The King his Paſſion, and his Rule ſhall leave,  
 No longer *Abra's*, but the People's Slave,  
 My coward Soul ſhall bear it's wayward Fate :  
 I will, alas ! be wretched, to be great ;  
 And ſigh in Royalty, and grieve in State.

I ſaid :



I said : resolv'd to plunge into my Grief  
At once so far, as to expect Relief  
For my Despair alone ———

I chose to write the Thing I durst not speak,  
To her I lov'd ; to her I must forsake.  
The harsh Epistle labour'd much to prove,  
How inconsistent Majesty, and Love.  
I always should, it said, esteem her well ;  
But never see her more ; It bid her feel  
No future Pain for me ; but instant wed  
A Lover more proportion'd to her Bed ;  
And quiet dedicate her remnant Life  
To the just Duties of an humble Wife.

She read ; and forth to me she wildly ran,  
To me, the Ease of all her former Pain.  
She kneel'd, intreated, struggl'd, threaten'd, cry'd ;  
And with alternate Passion liv'd, and dy'd :  
'Till now deny'd the Liberty to mourn,  
And by rude Fury from my Presence torn,  
This only Object of my real Care,  
Cut off from Hope, abandon'd to Despair,  
In some few posting fatal Hours is hurl'd  
From Wealth, from Pow'r, from Love, and from the  
World.

Here tell me, if thou dar'st, my conscious Soul,  
What diff'rent Sorrows did within thee Roll :  
What Pangs, what Fires, what Racks didst thou sustain,  
What sad Vicissitudes of smarting Pain ?  
How oft from Pomp and State did I remove,  
To feed Despair, and cherish hopeless Love ?  
How oft, all Day, recall'd I *Abra's* Charms,  
Her Beauties press'd, and panting in my Arms ?  
How oft, with Sighs, view'd every Female Face,  
Where mimic Fancy might her Likeness trace ?  
How oft desir'd to fly from *Israel's* Throne,  
And live in Shades with her and Love alone ?  
How oft, all night, pursu'd her in my Dreams,  
O'er flow'ry Valleys, and thro' crystal Streams ;  
And waking, view'd with Grief, the rising Sun,  
And fondly mourn'd the dear Delusion gone ?

When

When thus the gather'd Storms of wretched Love  
In my swoln Bosom, with long War had strove;  
At length they broke their Bounds: at length their Force  
Bore down whatever met it's stronger Course:  
Lay'd all the Civil Bonds of Manhood waste;  
And scatter'd Ruin as the Torrent past.

So from the Hills, whose hollow Caves con ain  
The congregated Snow, and swelling Rain;  
Till the full Stores their antient Bounds disdain;  
Precipitate the furious Torrent flows:  
In vain would Speed avoid, or Strength oppose:  
Towns, Forests, Herds, and Men promiscuous  
drown'd,

With one great Death deform the dreary Ground;  
The echo'd Woes from distant Rocks resound.

And now what impious Ways my Wishes took;  
How they the Monarch, and the Man forsook;  
And how I follow'd an abandon'd Will,  
Thro' crooked Paths, and sad Retreats of Ill;  
How *Judah's* Daughters now, now foreign Slaves,  
By turns my prostituted Bed receives.

Thro' Tribes of Women how I loosely rang'd  
Impatient; lik'd to-night, to-morrow chang'd;  
And by the Instinct of capricious Lust,

Enjoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful, or unjust:  
O, be these Scenes from human Eyes conceal'd,  
In Clouds of decent Silence justly veil'd!

O, be the wanton Images convey'd  
To black Oblivion, and eternal Shade!

Or let their sad *Epitome* alone,

And outward Lines to future Age be known,

Enough to propagate the sure Belief,

That Vice engenders Shame; and Folly broods o'er  
Grief.

Bury'd in Sloth, and lost in Ease I lay:

The Night I revell'd; and I slept the Day.

New Heaps of Fuel damp'd my kindling Fires;

And daily Change extinguish'd young Desires.

By it's own Force destroy'd, Fruition ceas'd;

And always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.

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No longer now does my neglected Mind  
It's wonted Stores, and old *Ideas* find.  
Fix'd Judgment there no longer does abide,  
To take the True, or set the False aside.  
No longer does swift Mem'ry trace the Cells,  
Where springing Wit, or young Invention dwells;  
Frequent Debauch to Habitude prevails:  
Patience of Toil, and Love of Virtue fails.  
By sad Degrees impair'd my Vigor dyes;  
Till I command no longer ev'n in Vice.

The Women on my Dorage build their Sway;  
They ask; I grant: they threaten; I obey.  
In Regal Garments now I gravely stride,  
Aw'd by the *Persian* Dam'sel's haughty Pride.  
Now with the looser *Syrian* dance, and sing,  
In Robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the King.

Charm'd by their Eyes, their Manners I acquire;  
And shape my Foolishness to their Desire.  
Seduc'd and aw'd by the *Philistine* Dame,  
At *Dagon's* Shrine I kindle impious Flame.  
With the *Chaldean's* Charms her Rites prevail;  
And curling Frankincense ascends to *Baal*.  
To each new Harlot I new Altars dress;  
And serve her God, whose Person I care.

Where, my deluded Sense, was Reason flown?  
Where the high Majesty of *David's* Throne?  
Where all the Maxims of eternal Truth,  
With which the living *God* inform'd my Youth?  
When with the lewd *Egyptian* I adore  
Vain Idols, Deities that ne'er before  
In *Israel's* Land had fix'd their dire abodes,  
Beastly Divinities, and Drones of Gods:  
*Osiris*, *Apis*, Pow'rs that chew the Cud,  
And Dog *Anubis*, Flatt'rer for his Food:  
When in the Woody Hill's forbidden Shade  
I carv'd the Marble, and invoc'd it's Aid:  
When in the Fens to Snakes and Flies, with Zeal  
Unworthy human Thought, I prostrate fell;  
To Shrubs and Plants my vile Devotion paid;  
And set the bearded Leek, to which I pray'd:

When

When to all Beings sacred Rites were giv'n;  
Forgot the Arbiter of Earth and Heav'n.

Thro' these sad Shades, this *Chaos* in my Soul,  
Some Seeds of Light at length began to roll.  
The rising Motion of an Infant Ray  
Shot glimm'ring thro' the Cloud, and promis'd Day-  
And now one Moment able to reflect,  
I found the King abandon'd to neglect,  
Seen without Awe, and serv'd without Respect.  
I found my Subjects amicably joyn,  
To lessen their Defects, by citing mine.  
The Priest with Pity pray'd for *David's* Race;  
And left his Text, to dwell on my Disgrace.  
The Father, whilst he warn'd his erring Son,  
The sad Examples which he ought to shun,  
Describ'd, and only nam'd not, *Solomon*.  
Each Bard, each Sire did to his Pupil sing,  
A wise Child better than a foolish King.

Into my self my Reason's Eye I turn'd;  
And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.  
A mighty King I am, an Earthly God:  
Nations obey my Word, and wait my Nod.  
I raise or sink, imprison or set free;  
And Life or Death depends on my Decree.  
Fond the *Idea*, and the Thought is vain:  
O'er *Judah's* King ten thousand Tyrants reign.  
Legions of Lust, and various Pow'rs of Ill  
Insult the Master's Tributary Will:  
And he, from whom the Nations should receive  
Justice, and Freedom, lyes himself a Slave,  
Tortur'd by cruel Change of wild Desires,  
Lash'd by mad Rage, and scorch'd by brutal Fires.

O Reason! once again to thee I call:  
Accept my Sorrow, and retrieve my Fall.  
Wisdom, thou say'st, from Heav'n receiv'd her Birth;  
Her Beams transmitted to the subject Earth.  
Yet this great Empress of the human Soul  
Does only with imagin'd Pow'r controul;  
If restless Passion by Rebellious Sway  
Compells the weak Usurper to obey.

164 *POEMS on several Occasions.*

Otroubled, weak, and Coward, as thou art!  
Without thy poor Advice the lab'ring Heart  
To worse Extremes with swifter Steps would run,  
Not sav'd by Virtue, yet by Vice undone.

Oft have I said, the Praise of doing well  
Is to the Ear, as Ointment to the smell.  
Now if some Flies perchance, however small,  
Into the Alabaster Urn should fall;  
The Odors of the Sweets inclos'd would dye;  
And Stench corrupt (sad Change!) their Place supply.  
So the least Faults, if mixt with fairest Deed,  
Of future ill become the fatal Seed:  
Into the Balm of purest Virtue cast,  
Annoy all Life with one contagious Blast.

Loft *Solomon*! pursue this Thought no more:  
Of thy past Errors recollect the Store:  
And silent weep, that while the Deathless Muse  
Shall sing the Just; shall o'er their Head diffuse  
Perfumes with lavish Hand; she shall proclaim  
Thy Crimes alone; and to thy evil Fame  
Impartial, scatter Damps, and Poysons on thy Name.

Awaking therefore, as who long had dream'd,  
Much of my Women, and their Gods asham'd,  
From this Abyss of exemplary Vice  
Resolv'd, as Time might aid my Thought, to rise;  
Again I bid the mournful Goddess write  
The fond Pursuit of fugitive Delight:  
Bid her exalt her melancholy Wing,  
And rais'd from Earth, and sav'd from Passion, sing  
Of human Hope by cross Event destroy'd,  
Of useless Wealth, and Greatness unenjoy'd,  
Of Lust and Love, with their fantastic Train,  
Their Wishes, Smiles, and Looks deceitful all, and vain.





P O W E R:

T H E

T H I R D B O O K.



## The ARGUMENT.

**S**OLOMON considers Man through the several Stages and Conditions of Life; and concludes in general, that we are all Miserable. He reflects more particularly upon the Trouble and uncertainty of Greatness and Power; gives some Instances thereof from *Adam* down to Himself; and still concludes that *All is Vanity*. He reasons again upon Life, Death, and a future Being; finds Human Wisdom too imperfect to resolve his Doubts; has Recourse to Religion; is informed by an Angel, what shall happen to himself, his Family, and his Kingdom, 'till the Redemption of *Israel*: and, upon the whole, resolves to submit his Enquiries and Anxieties to the Will of his Creator.

TEXTS



## TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this BOOK.

Or ever the Silver Cord be loosed, or the Golden Bowl be broken, or the Pitcher be broken at the Fountain, or the Wheel broken at the Cistern. *Ecclesiastes*, Chap. XII. Vers. 6.

The Sun ariseth, and the Sun goeth down, and hasteth to his Place where he arose. *Ecclesiastes*, Chap. I. Vers. 5.

The Wind goeth towards the South, and turneth about unto the North. It whirleth about continually; and the Wind returneth again according to his Circuit. Vers. 6.

All the Rivers run into the Sea: yet the Sea is not full. Unto the Place from whence the Rivers come, thither they return again. Vers. 7.

Then shall the Dust return to the Earth, as it was: and the Spirit shall return unto God who gave it. *Ecclesiastes*, Chap. XII. Vers. 7.

Now when *Solomon* had made an End of Praying, the Fire came down from Heaven, and consumed the Burnt-offering, and the Sacrifices; and the Glory of the Lord filled the House. II *Chronicles*, Chap. VII. Vers. 1.

By the Rivers of *Babylon*, there we sat down; yea we wept, when we remembered Sion, &c. *Psalms*. CXXXVII. Vers. 1.

**TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this Book.**

I said of Laughter, it is mad; and of Mirth, what doeth it? *Ecclesiastes*, Chap. II. Vers. 2.

— No Man can find out the Work that God maketh, from the Beginning to the End. *Ecclesiastes*, Chap. III. Vers. 11.

Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that Men should fear before him. Vers. 14.

Let us hear the Conclusion of the whole Matter; fear God, and keep his Commandments; for this is the whole Duty of Man. *Ecclesiastes*, Chap. XII. Vers. 13.



POW-



P O W E R:  
T H E  
T H I R D B O O K.



OME then, my Soul: I call thee by  
that Name,  
Thou busie Thing, from whence I  
know I am:  
For knowing that I am, I know thou  
art;

Since that must needs exist, which can impart.  
But how thou cam'st to be, or whence thy Spring:  
For various of thee Priests and Poets sing.

Hear'st thou submissive, but a lowly Birth,  
Some sep'rate Particles of finer Earth,  
A plain Effect, which Nature must beget,  
As Motion orders, and as Atoms meet;  
Companion of the Body's Good or Ill,  
From Force of Instinct more than Choice of Will;  
Conscious of Fear or Valour, Joy or Pain,  
As the wild Courses of the Blood ordain;  
Who as Degrees of Heat and Cold prevail,  
In Youth dost flourish, and with Age shalt fail;

'Till



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'Till mingl'd with thy Part'ner's latest Breath  
Thou fly'st, dissolv'd in Air, and lost in Death.

Or if thy great Existence would aspire  
To Causes more sublime; of Heav'nly Fire  
Wer't thou a Spark struck off, a sep'rate Ray,  
Ordain'd to mingle with Terrestrial Clay;  
With it condemn'd for certain Years to dwell,  
To grieve it's Frailties, and it's Pains to feel;  
To teach it Good and Ill, Disgrace or Fame;  
Pale it with Rage, or redden it with Shame:  
To guide it's Actions with informing Care,  
In Peace to Judge, to conquer in the War;  
Render it Agile, Witty, Valiant, Sage,  
As fits the various Course of human Age;  
Till as the Earthly Part decays and falls,  
The Captive breaks her Prison's mouldring Walls;  
Hovers a-while upon the sad Remains,  
Which now the Pile, or Sepulchre contains;  
And thence with Liberty unbounded flies,  
Impatient to regain her native Skies.

Whate'er thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to go:  
(Points which we rather may dispute, than know)  
Come on, thou little Inmate of this Breast,  
Which for thy Sake from Passions I divest:  
For these, thou say'st, raise all the stormy Strife,  
Which hinder thy Repose, and trouble Life.  
Be the fair Level of thy Actions laid,  
As Temp'rance wills, and Prudence may persuade;  
Be thy Affections undisturb'd and clear,  
Guided to what may Great or Good appear;  
And try if Life be worth the Liver's Care.

Amass'd in Man there justly is beheld  
What thro' the whole Creation has excell'd:  
The Life and Growth of Plants, of Beasts the Sense;  
The Angel's Forecast and Intelligence:  
Say from these glorious Seeds what Harvest flows;  
Recount our Blessings, and compare our Woes.  
In it's true Light let clearest Reason see  
The Man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be;

Help.

Helpless and naked on a Woman's Knees  
 To be expos'd or rear'd as she may please;  
 Feel her Neglect, and pine from her Disease.  
 His tender Eye by too direct a Ray  
 Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd Day;  
 His Heart assaulted by invading Air,  
 And beating fervent to the vital War;  
 To his young Sense how various Forms appear;  
 That strike his Wonder, and excite his Fear?  
 By his Distortions he reveals his Pains;  
 He by his Tears, and by his Sighs complains;  
 Till Time and Use assist the Infant Wretch,  
 By broken Words, and Rudiments of Speech,  
 His Wants in plainer Characters to show,  
 And paint more perfect Figures of his Woe.  
 Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish Years  
 To babling Ign'rance, and to empty Fears;  
 To pass the riper Period of his Age,  
 Acting his part upon a crowded Stage;  
 To lasting Toils expos'd, and endless Cares,  
 To open Dangers, and to secret Snares;  
 To Malice which the vengeful Foe intends,  
 And the more dangerous Love of seeming Friends.  
 His Deeds examin'd by the People's Will,  
 Prone to forget the Good, and blame the Ill:  
 Or sadly censur'd in their curs'd Debate,  
 Who in the Scorners', or the Judge's Seat  
 Dare to condemn the Virtue which they hate.  
 Or would he rather leave this frantic Scene;  
 And Trees and Beasts prefer to Courts and Men?  
 In the remotest Wood and lonely Grott  
 Certain to meet that worst of Evils, Thought;  
 Diff'rent *Ideas* to his Mem'ry brought:  
 Some intricate, as are the pathless Woods;  
 Impetuous some, as the descending Floods:  
 With anxious Doubts, with raging Passions torn,  
 No sweet Companion near, with whom to mourn;  
 He hears the echoing Rock return his Sighs;  
 And from himself the frighted Hermit flies.

Thus

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Thus thro' what Path soe'er of Life we rove,  
 Rage companies our Hate, and Grief our Love:  
 Vex'd with the present Moment's heavy Gloom,  
 Why seek we Brightness from the Years to come?  
 Disturb'd and broken like a sick Man's Sleep,  
 Our troubl'd Thoughts to distant Prospects leap;  
 Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake:  
 For Hope is but the Dream of those that wake:  
 But looking back, we see the dreadful Train  
 Of Woes, a-new which were we to sustain,  
 We should refuse to tread the Path again.  
 Still adding Grief, still counting from the first;  
 Judging the latest Evils still the worst;  
 And sadly finding each progressive Hour  
 Heighten their Number, and augment their Pow'r;  
 Till by one countless Sum of Woes oppress'd,  
 Hoary with Cares, and ignorant of Rest,  
 We find the vital Springs relax'd and worn:  
 Compell'd our common Impotence to mourn,  
 Thus, thro' the Round of Age, to Childhood we re-  
 turn;

Reflecting find, that naked from the Womb  
 We yesterday came forth; that in the Tomb  
 Naked again we must to-morrow lye,  
 Born to lament, to labor, and to dye.

Pass we the Ills, which each Man feels or dreads,  
 The Weight or fall'n, or hanging o'er our Heads;  
 The Bear, the Lyon, terrors of the Plain,  
 The Sheepfold scatter'd, and the Shepherd slain;  
 The frequent Errors of the pathless Wood,  
 The giddy Precipice, and the dang'rous Flood:  
 The noisom Pest'lence, that in open War  
 Terrible, marches thro' the mid-day Air,  
 And scatters Death; the Arrow that by Night  
 Cuts the dank Mist, and fatal wings it's Flight;  
 The billowing Snow, and Violence of the Show'r,  
 That from the Hills disperse their dreadful Store,  
 And o'er the Vales collected Ruin pour;  
 The Worm that gnaws the ripening Fruit, sad Guest,  
 Canker or Locust hurtful to Insect

The Blade ; while Husks elude the Tiller's Care,  
And Eminence of Want distinguishes the Year.

Pass we the slow Disease, and subtil Pain,  
Which our weak Frame is destin'd to sustain ;  
The cruel Stone, with congregated War  
Tearing his bloody Way ; the cold Catarrh,  
With frequent Impulse, and continu'd Strife,  
Weak'ning the wasted Seats of irksome Life ;  
The Gout's fierce Rack, the burning Fever's Rage,  
The sad Experience of Decay ; and Age,  
Her self the sorest Ill ; while Death, and Ease,  
Oft and in vain invoc'd, or to appease,  
Or end the Grief, with hasty Wings recede  
From the vex'd Patient, and the sickly Bed.

Nought shall it profit, that the charming Fair,  
Angelick, softest Work of Heav'n, draws near  
To the cold shaking paralytick Hand,  
Senseless of Beauty's Touch, or Love's Command,  
Nor longer apt, or able to fulfill  
The Dictates of it's feeble Master's Will.

Nought shall the Psaltry, and the Harp avail,  
The pleasing Song, or well repeated Tale,  
When the quick Spirits their warm March forbear ;  
And numbing Coldness has unbrac'd the Ear.

The verdant Rising of the flow'ry Hill,  
The Vale enamell'd, and the Crystal Rill,  
The Ocean rolling, and the shelly Shoar,  
Beautiful Objects, shall delight no more ;  
When the lax'd Sinews of the weaken'd Eye  
In wat'ry Damps, or dim Suffusion lye.  
Day follows Night ; the Clouds return again  
After the falling of the later Rain :

But to the Aged-blind shall ne'er return  
Grateful Vicissitude : He still must mourn  
The Sun, and Moon, and ev'ry Starry Light  
Eclips'd to Him, and lost in everlasting Night.

Behold where Age's wretched Victim lies :  
See his Head trembling, and his half-clos'd Eyes :

Frequent for Breath his panting Bosom heaves :  
To broken Sleeps his remnant Sense he gives ;  
And only by his Pains, awaking finds he lives.

Loos'd by devouring Time the Silver Cord  
Dissever'd lies : unhonour'd from the Board  
The Crystal Urn, when broken, is thrown by ;  
And apter Utensils their Place supply.  
These Things and thou must share one equal Lot ;  
Dye and belost, corrupt and be forgot ;  
While still another, and another Race  
Shall now supply, and now give up the Place.  
From Earth all came, to Earth must all return ;  
Frail as the Cord, and brittle as the Urn.

But be the Terror of these Ills suppress'd :  
And view we Man with Health and Vigor blest.  
Home he returns with the declining Sun,  
His destin'd Task of Labor hardly done ;  
Goes forth again with the ascending Ray,  
Again his Travel for his Bread to pay,  
And find the Ill sufficient to the Day.  
Hap'ly at Night he does with Horror shun  
A widow'd Daughter, or a dying Son :  
His Neighbour's Off-spring he to-morrow sees ;  
And doubly feels his Want in their Increase :  
The next Day, and the next he must attend  
His Foe triumphant, or his buried Friend.  
In ev'ry Act and Turn of Life he feels  
Publick Calamities, or Household Ills :  
The due Reward to just Desert refus'd :  
The Trust betray'd, the nuptial Bed abus'd :  
The Judge corrupt, the long depending Cause,  
And doubtful Issue of misconstru'd Laws :  
The crafty Turns of a dishonest State,  
And violent Will of the wrong-doing Great :  
The venom'd Tongue injurious to his Fame,  
Which nor can Wisdom shun, nor fair Advice reclaim.

Esteem we these, my Friends, Event and Chance,  
Produc'd as Atoms from their flutt'ring Dance ?  
Or higher yet their Essence may we draw  
From destin'd Order, and Eternal Law ?

Again,



Again, my Muse, the cruel Doubt repeat :  
 Spring they, I say, from Accident, or Fate ?  
 Yet such, we find, they are, as can controul  
 The servile Actions of our wav'ring Soul ;  
 Can fright, can alter, or can chain the Will ;  
 Their Ills all built on Life, that fundamental Ill.

O fatal Search ! in which the lab'ring Mind,  
 Still press'd with Weight of Woe, still hopes to find  
 A Shadow of Delight, a Dream of Peace,  
 From Years of Pain, one Moment of Release ;  
 Hoping at least she may her self deceive,  
 Against Experience willing to believe,  
 Desirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.

Happy the mortal Man, who now at last  
 Has thro' this doleful Vale of Mis'ry past ;  
 Who to his destin'd Stage has carry'd on  
 The tedious Load, and laid his Burden down ;  
 Whom the cut Brass, or wounded Marble shows  
 Victor o'er Life, and all her Train of Woes.

He happier yet, who privileg'd by Fate  
 To shorter Labour, and a lighter Weight,  
 Receiv'd but yesterday the Gift of Breath,  
 Order'd to-morrow to return to Death.  
 But O ! beyond Description happiest he,  
 Who ne'er must roll on Life's tumultuous Sea ;  
 Who with blest'd Freedom from the gen'ral Doom  
 Exempt, must never force the teeming Womb,  
 Nor see the Sun, nor sink into the Tomb.

Who breaths, must suffer ; and who thinks, must  
 mourn ;

And he alone is blest'd, who ne'er was born.

“ Yet in thy Turn, thou frowning Preacher, hear :

“ Are not these general Maxims too severe ?

“ Say : cannot Pow'r secure it's Owner's Bliss ?

“ And is not Wealth the potent Sire of Peace ?

“ Are Victors blest'd with Fame, or King's with Ease ?

I tell thee, Life is but one common Care ;

And Man was born to suffer, and to fear.

“ But is no Rank, no Station, no Degree

“ From this contagious Taint of Sorrow free ?

None,

176 *POEMS on several Occasions.*

None, Mortal, None: Yet in a bolder Strain<sup>a</sup>  
 Let me this Melancholy Truth maintain:  
 But hence, ye Worldly, and Prophane, retire:  
 For I adapt my Voice, and raise my Lyre  
 To Notions not by Vulgar Ear receiv'd:  
 Ye still must covet Life, and be deceiv'd:  
 Your very fear of Death shall make ye try  
 To catch the Shade of Immortality;  
 Wishing on Earth to linger, and to save  
 Part of it's Prey from the devouring Grave;  
 To those who may survive ye, to bequeath  
 Something entire, in spite of Time and Death;  
 A fancy'd Kind of Being to retrieve,  
 And in a Book, or from a Building live.  
 False Hope! vain Labour! let some Ages fly:  
 The Dome shall moulder, and the Volume dye:  
 Wretches, still taught, still will ye think it strange,  
 That all the Parts of this great Fabric change;  
 Quit their old Station, and Primæval Frame;  
 And lose their Shape, their Essence, and their Name?  
 Reduce the Song: our Hopes, our Joys are vain:  
 Our Lot is Sorrow; and our Portion Pain.

What Pause from Woe, what Hopes of Comfort bring  
 The Name of Wise or Great, of Judge or King?  
 What is a King? A Man condemn'd to bear  
 The public Burden of the Nation's Care;  
 Now crown'd some angry Faction to appease;  
 Now falls a Victim to the People's Ease:  
 From the first blooming of his ill-taught Youth,  
 Nourish'd in Flatt'ry, and estrang'd from Truth:  
 At home surrounded by a servile Crowd,  
 Prompt to abuse, and in Detraction loud:  
 Abroad begirt with Men, and Swords, and Spears;  
 His very State acknowledging his Fears:  
 Marching amidst a thousand Guards, he shows  
 His secret Terror of a thousand Foes;  
 In War however prudent, great, or brave,  
 To blind Events, and fickle Chance a Slave:  
 Seeking to settle what for ever flies;  
 Sure of the Toil, uncertain of the Prize.

But he returns with Conquest on his Brow ;  
 Brings up the Triumph, and absolves the Vow :  
 The Captive Generals to his Carr are ty'd  
 The joyful Citizens tumultuous Tide  
 Echoing his Glory, gratify his Pride.  
 What is this Triumph ? Madness, Shouts, and Noise,  
 One great Collection of the People's Voice.  
 The Wretches he brings back, in Chains relate,  
 What may to-morrow be the Victor's Fate.  
 The Spoils and Trophies born before him show,  
 National Loss, and epidemic Woe,  
 Various Distress, which he and his may know.  
 Does he not mourn the valiant thousands slain ;  
 The Heroes, once the Glory of the Plain,  
 Left in the Conflict of the fatal Day,  
 Or the Wolfe's Portion, or the Vulture's Prey ?  
 Does he not weep the Lawrel, which he wears,  
 Wet with the Soldier's Blood, and Widow's Tears ?

See, where he comes, the Darling of the War !  
 See millions crowding round the gilded Carr !  
 In the vast Joys of this Ecstatic Hour,  
 And full Fruition of successful Pow'r,  
 One Moment and one Thought might let him scan  
 The various Turns of Life, and fickle State of Man.

Are the dire Images of sad Distrust,  
 And popular Change, obscur'd a-mid the Dust,  
 That rises from the Victor's rapid Wheel ?  
 Can the loud Clarion, or shrill Fife repel  
 The inward Cries of Care ? can Nature's Voice  
 Plaintive be drown'd, or lessen'd in the Noise ;  
 Tho' Shouts as Thunder loud afflict the Air ;  
 Stun the Birds now releas'd, and shake the Iv'ry Chair ?

Yon' Crowd (he might reflect) yon' joyful Crowd,  
 Pleas'd with my Honours, in my Praises loud,  
 (Should fleeting Vict'ry to the Vanquish'd go ;  
 Should she depress my Arms, and raise the Foe ;)  
 Would for that Foe with equal Ardor wait  
 At the high Palace, or the crowded Gate ;  
 With restless Rage would pull my Statues down ;  
 And cast the Brass a-new to his Renown.

O impotent Desire of Worldly Sway!  
 That I, who make the Triumph of to-day,  
 May of to-morrow's Pomp one Part appear,  
 Ghastly with Wounds, and lifeless on the Bier!  
 Then (vileness of Mankind!) then of all these,  
 Whom my dilated Eye with Labour sees,  
 Would one, alas! repeat me good, or great?  
 Wash my pale Body, or bewail my Fate?  
 Or, march'd I chain'd behind the Hostile Carr,  
 The Victor's Pastime, and the Sport of War;  
 Would one, would one his pitying Sorrow lend,  
 Or be so poor, to own he was my Friend?

Avails it then, O Reason, to be wise?  
 To see this cruel Scene with quicker Eyes?  
 To know with more Distinction to complain,  
 And have superior Sense in feeling Pain?

Let us revolve that Roll with strictest Eye,  
 Where safe from Time distinguish'd Actions lye;  
 And judge if Greatness be exempt from Pain,  
 Or Pleasure ever may with Pow'r remain.

*Adam*, great Type, for whom the World was made,  
 The fairest Blessing to his Arms convey'd,  
 A charming Wife; and Air, and Sea, and Land,  
 And all that move therein, to his Command  
 Render'd obedient: say, my pensive Muse,  
 What did these golden Promises produce?  
 Scarcely tasting Life, he was of Joy bereav'd:  
 One Day, I think, in *Paradise* he liv'd:  
 Destin'd the next his Journey to pursue,  
 Where wounding Thorns, and cursed Thistles grew.  
 E'er yet he earns his Bread, a-down his Brow,  
 Inclined to Earth, his lab'ring Sweat must flow:  
 His Limbs must ake, with daily Toils oppress'd;  
 E'er long-wish'd Night brings necessary Rest:  
 Still viewing with Regret his darling *Eve*,  
 He for her Follies, and his own must grieve.  
 Bewailing still a-fresh their hapless Choice;  
 His Ear oft frighted with the imag'd Voice  
 Of Heav'n, when first it thunder'd; oft his View  
 A-ghast, as when the infant Light'ning flew;

And



And the stern *Cherub* stop'd the fatal Road,  
 Arm'd with the Flames of an avenging *God*.  
 His younger Son on the polluted Ground,  
 First Fruit of Death, lies plaintif of a Wound  
 Giv'n by a Brother's Hand: His eldest Birth  
 Lies, mark'd by Heav'n, a Fugitive o'er Earth.  
 Yet why these Sorrows heap'd upon the Sire,  
 Becomes nor Man, nor Angel to enquire.

Each Age sinn'd on; and Guilt advanc'd with Time;  
 The Son still added to the Father's Crime;  
 Till *God* arose, and great in Anger said:  
 Lo! it repenteth me, that Man was made.

Withdraw thy Light, thou Sun! be dark, ye Skies!  
 And from your deep Abyss, ye Waters, rise!

The frightened Angels heard th' Almighty Lord;  
 And o'er the Earth from wrathful Viols pour'd  
 Tempests and Storm, obedient to his Word.

Mean time, his Providence to *Noah* gave  
 The Guard of all, that he design'd to save.  
 Exempt from general Doom the Patriarch stood;  
 Contemn'd the Waves, and triumph'd o'er the Flood.

The Winds fall silent; and the Waves decrease:  
 The Dove brings Quiet, and the Olive Peace:  
 Yet still his Heart does inward Sorrow feel,  
 Which Faith alone forbids him to reveal.

If on the backward World his Views are cast;  
 'Tis Death diffus'd, and universal Waste.

Present (sad Prospect!) can he ought descry,  
 But (what affects his melancholy Eye)

The Beauties of the antient Fabric lost,  
 In Chains of craggy Hill, or Lengths of dreary Coast?

While to high Heav'n his pious Breathings turn'd,  
 Weeping he hop'd, and sacrificing mourn'd;

When of *God's* Image only eight he found  
 Snatch'd from the War'ry Grave, and sav'd from Nati-  
 ons drown'd;

And of three Sons, the future Hopes of Earth,  
 The Seed, whence Empires must receive their Birth,  
 One he foresees excluded Heav'nly Grace,  
 And mark'd with Curses, fatal to his Race.



*Abraham*, potent Prince, the Friend of *God*,  
 Of human Ills must bear the destin'd Load;  
 By Blood and Battles must his Pow'r maintain,  
 And slay the Monarchs, e'er he rules the Plain;  
 Must deal just Portions of a servile Life  
 To a proud Handmaid, and a peevish Wife;  
 Must with the Mother leave the weeping Son,  
 In Want to wander, and in Wilds to groan;  
 Must take his other Child, his Age's Hope,  
 To trembling *Moriam's* melancholy Top,  
 Order'd to drench his Knife in filial Blood;  
 Destroy his Heir, or disobey his *God*.

*Moses* beheld that *God*; but how beheld?  
 The Deity in radiant Beams conceal'd,  
 And clouded in a deep Abyss of Light;  
 While present, too severe for human Sight,  
 Nor staying longer than one swift-wing'd Night.  
 The following Days, and Months, and Years decreed  
 To fierce Encounter, and to toilsome Deed.  
 His Youth with Wants and Hardships must engage:  
 Plots and Rebellions must disturb his Age.  
 Some *Corah* still arose, some Rebel Slave,  
 Prompter to sink the State, than he to save:  
 And *Israel* did his Rage so far provoke,  
 That what the God-head wrote, the Prophet broke.  
 His Voice scarce heard, his Dictates scarce believ'd,  
 In Camps, in Arms, in Pilgrimage, he liv'd;  
 And dy'd obedient to severest Law,  
 Forbid to tread the promis'd Land, he saw.

My Father's Life was one long Line of Care,  
 A Scene of Danger, and a State of War.  
 Alarm'd, expos'd, his Childhood must engage  
 The Bear's rough Gripe, and foaming Lion's Rage.  
 By various Turns his threaten'd Youth must fear  
*Goliath's* lifted Sword, and *Saul's* emitted Spear.  
 Forlorn he must, and persecuted fly;  
 Climb the steep Mountain, in the Cavern lye;  
 And often ask, and be refus'd to dye.

For ever, from his manly Toils, are known  
 The Weight of Pow'r, and Anguish of a Crown.

What

What Tongue can speak the restless Monarch's Woes;  
 When *God* and *Nathan* were declar'd his Foes?  
 When ev'ry Object his Offence revil'd,  
 The Husband murder'd, and the Wife defil'd,  
 The Parents Sins impress'd upon the dying Child?  
 What Heart can think the Grief which he sustain'd;  
 When the King's Crime brought Vengeance on the  
 Land;

And the inexorable Prophet's Voice  
 Gave Famine, Plague, or War; and bid him fix his  
 Choice?

He dy'd; and oh! may no Reflection shed  
 It's poy's'nous Venom on the Royal Dead;  
 Yet the unwilling Truth must be express'd;  
 Which long has labour'd in this pensive Breast:  
 Dying he added to my Weight of Care:  
 He made me to his Crimes undoubted Heir:  
 Left his unfinish'd Murder to his Son,  
 And *Joab's* Blood intail'd on *Judah's* Crown.

Young as I was, I hasten'd to fulfill  
 The cruel Dictates of my Parent's Will,  
 Of his fair Deeds a distant View I took;  
 But turn'd the Tube upon his Faults to look;  
 Forgot his Youth, spent in his Country's Cause,  
 His Care of Right, his Rev'rence to the Laws:  
 But could with Joy his Years of Folly trace,  
 Broken and old in *Bathsheba's* Embrace;  
 Could follow him, where e'er he stray'd from good,  
 And cite his sad Example; whilst I trod  
 Paths open to Deceit, and track'd with Blood.  
 Soon docile to the secret Acts of ill,  
 With Smiles I could betray, with Temper kill:  
 Soon in a Brother could a Rival view;  
 Watch all his Acts, and all his Ways pursue.  
 In vain for Life he to the Altar fled:  
 Ambition and Revenge have certain Speed,  
 Ev'n there, my Soul, ev'n there he should have fell;  
 But that my Interest did my Rage conceal,  
 Doubling my Crime, I promise, and deceive;  
 Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive.

Trea,

Treaties, Persuasions, Sighs, and Tears are vain :  
 With a mean Lie curs'd Vengeance I sustain ;  
 Joyn Fraud to Force, and Policy to Pow'r ;  
 'Till of the destin'd Fugitive secure,  
 In solemn State to Parricide I rise ;  
 And, as *God* lives, this Day my Brother dies.

Be Witnesses to my Tears, Celestial Muse !  
 In vain I would forget, in vain excuse,  
 Fraternal Blood by my Direction spilt ;  
 In vain on *Joab's* Head transfer the Guilt :  
 The Deed was acted by the Subject's Hand ;  
 The Sword was pointed by the King's Command.  
 Mine was the Murder : it was mine alone ;  
 Years of Contrition must the Crime atone :  
 Nor can my guilty Soul expect Relief,  
 But from a long sincerity of Grief.

With an imperfect Hand, and trembling Heart,  
 Her Love of Truth superior to her Art,  
 Already the Reflecting Muse has trac'd  
 The mournful Figures of my Action past,  
 The pensive Goddess has already taught,  
 How vain is Hope, and how vexatious Thought ;  
 From growing Childhood to declining Age,  
 How tedious ev'ry Step, how gloomy ev'ry Stage.  
 This Course of Vanity almost compleat,  
 Tir'd in the Field of Life, I hope Retreat  
 In the still Shades of Death : for Dread and Pain,  
 And Grief will find their Shafts elanc'd in vain,  
 And their Points broke, retorted from the Head,  
 Safe in the Grave, and free among the Dead.

Yet tell me, frightened Reason ! what is Death ?  
 Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted Breath ?  
 The utmost Limit of a narrow Span,  
 And End of Motion, which with Life began ?  
 As Smoke that rises from the kindling Fires  
 Is seen this Moment, and the next expires :  
 As empty Clouds by rising Winds are tost,  
 Their fleeting Forms scarce sooner found than lost :  
 So vanishes our State : so pass our Days :  
 So Life but opens now, and now decays :

The Cradle and the Tomb, alas! so nigh;  
To live is scarce distinguish'd from to dye.

Cure of the Miser's Wish, and Coward's Fear,  
Death only shews us, what we knew was near.  
With Courage therefore view the pointed Hour;  
Dread not Death's Anger; but expect his Pow'r;  
Nor Nature's Law with fruitless Sorrow mourn;  
But dye, O mortal Man! for thou wast born.

Cautious thro' Doubt; by want of Courage, wise,  
To such Advice, the Reas'ners still replies.

Yet measuring all the long continu'd Space,  
Ev'ry successive Day's repeated Race,  
Since Time first started from his pristine Goal,  
Till he had reach'd that Hour, wherein my Soul  
Joyn'd to my Body swell'd the Womb; I was,  
(At least I think so) nothing: must I pass  
Again to nothing, when this vital Breath  
Ceasing, consigns me o'er to Rest, and Death?  
Must the whole Man, amazing Thought! return  
To the cold Marble, or contracted Urn?

And never shall those Particles agree,  
That were in Life this individual he?

But sever'd, must they join the general Mass;  
Thro' other Forms, and Shapes ordain'd to pass;  
Nor Thought nor Image kept of what he was?  
Does the great Word that gave him Sense, ordain,  
That Life shall never wake that Sense again?

And will no Pow'r his sinking Spirits save  
From the dark Caves of Death, and Chambers of the  
Grave?

Each Evening I behold the setting Sun  
With down-ward Speed into the Ocean run:  
Yet the same Light (pass but some fleeting Hours)  
Exerts his Vigour, and renews his Pow'rs;  
Starts the bright Race again: his constant Flame  
Rises and sets, returning still the same.  
I mark the various Fury of the Winds:  
Thee neither Seasons guide, nor Order binds:  
They now dilate, and now contract their Force:  
Various their Speed, but endless is their Course.

From



From his first Fountain and beginning Ouze,  
Down to the Sea each Brook, and Torrent flows:  
Tho' sundry Drops or leave, or swell the Stream;  
The whole still runs, with equal Pace, the same.  
Still other Waves supply the rising Urns;  
And the eternal Flood no want of Water mourns.

Why then must Man obey the sad Decree,  
Which subjects neither Sun, nor Wind, nor Sea?

A Flow'r, that does with opening Morn arise,  
And flourishing the Day, at Evening dyes;  
A Winged Eastern blast, just skimming o'er  
The Ocean's Brow, and sinking on the Shore;  
A Fire, whose Flames thro' crackling Stubble fly;  
A Meteor shooting from the Summer Sky;  
A Bowl a-down the bending Mountain roll'd;  
A Bubble breaking, and a Fable told;  
A Nood-tide Shadow, and a Mid-night Dream;  
Are Emblems, which with Semblance apt proclaim  
Our Earthly Course: But, O my Soul! so fast  
Must Life run off; and Death for ever last?

This dark Opinion, sure, is too confin'd:  
Else whence this Hope, and Terror of the Mind?  
Does something still, and somewhere yet remain,  
Reward or Punishment, Delight or Pain?  
Say: shall our Relicks second-Birth receive?  
Sleep we to wake, and only dye to live?  
When the sad Wife has clos'd her Husband's Eyes,  
And pierc'd the Echoing Vault with doleful Cries;  
Lyes the pale Corps not yet entirely dead?  
The Spirit only from the Body fled,  
The grosser Part of Heat and Motion void,  
To be by Fire, or Worm, or Time destroy'd;  
The Soul, immortal Substance, to remain,  
Conscious of Joy, and capable of Pain?  
And if her Acts have been directed well,  
While with her friendly Clay she deign'd to dwell;  
Shall she with Safety reach her pristine Seat?  
Find her Rest endless, and her Bliss compleat?  
And while the buried Man we idly mourn;  
Do Angels joy to see his better half return?

But



But if she has deform'd this Earthly Life  
With murd'rous Rapine, and seditious Strife;  
Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by those Angels driv'n  
From the Ætherial Seat, and blisful Heav'n,  
In everlasting Darknefs must she lye,  
Still more unhappy, that she cannot dye?

Amid two Seas on one small Point of Land  
Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd we stand:  
On either Side our Thoughts incessant turn:  
Forward we dread; and looking back we mourn.  
Losing the present in this dubious hast;  
And lost our selves betwixt the future, and the past.

These cruel Doubts contending in my Breast,  
My Reason stagg'ring, and my Hopes oppress'd,  
Once more I said: once more I will enquire,  
What is this little, agile, pervious Fire,  
This flutt'ring Motion, which we call the Mind?  
How does she act? and where is she confin'd?  
Have we the Pow'r to guide her, as we please?  
Whence then those Evils, that obstruct our Ease?  
We Happiness pursue; we fly from Pain;  
Yet the Pursuit, and yet the Flight is vain:  
And, while poor Nature labours to be blest,  
By Day with Pleasure, and by Night with rest;  
Some stronger Pow'r eludes our sickly Will;  
Dashes our rising Hope with certain Ill;  
And makes us with reflective Trouble see,  
That all is destin'd, which we fancy free.

That Pow'r superior then, which rules our Mind,  
Is his Decree by human Pray'r inclin'd.  
Will he for Sacrifice our Sorrows ease?  
And can our Tears reverse his firm Decrees?  
Then let Religion aid, where Reason fails:  
Throw Loads of Incense in, to turn the Scales;  
And let the silent Sanctuary show,  
What from the babling Scholes we may not know,  
How Man may shun, or bear his destin'd Part of Woe.

What shall amend, or what absolve our Fate?  
Anxious we hover in a mediate State,

Be.

Betwixt infinity and nothing ; Bounds,  
 Or boundless Terms, whose doubtful Sense confounds  
 Unequal Thought ; whilst all we apprehend,  
 Is, that our Hopes must rise, our Sorrows end ;  
 As our Creator deigns to be our Friend.

I said ——— and instant bad the Priests prepare  
 The ritual Sacrifice, and solemn Pray'r.  
 Select from vulgar Herds, with Garlands gay,  
 A hundred Bulls ascend the sacred Way.  
 The Artful Youth proceed to form the Choir ;  
 They breath the Flute, or strike the vocal Wire.  
 The Maids in comely Order next advance ;  
 They beat the Timbrel, and instruct the Dance.  
 Follows the chosen Tribe from *Levi* sprung,  
 Chanting by just Return the holy Song.  
 Along the Choir in solemn State they pass.

——— The anxious King came last.  
 The sacred Hymn perform'd, my promis'd Vow  
 I paid ; and bowing at the Altar low,

Father of Heav'n ! I said, and Judge of Earth !  
 Whose Word call'd out this Universe to Birth ;  
 By whose kind Pow'r and influencing Care  
 The various Creatures move, and live, and are ;  
 But, ceasing once that Care ; withdrawn that Pow'r ;  
 They move (alas !) and live, and are no more :  
 Omni-scient Master, Omni-present King,  
 To thee, to thee, my last Distress I bring.

Thou, that can'st still the raging of the Seas,  
 Chain up the Winds, and bid the Tempest cease ;  
 Redeem my ship-wreck'd Soul from raging Gusts  
 Of cruel Passion, and deceitful Lusts :  
 From Storms of Rage, and dang'rous Rocks of Pride, }  
 Let thy strong Hand this little Vessel guide  
 (It was thy Hand that made it) thro' the Tide }  
 Impetuous of this Life : let thy Command  
 Direct my Course, and bring me safe to Land.

If, while this weary'd Flesh draws fleeting Breath,  
 Not satisfy'd with Life, afraid of Death,  
 It hap'ly be thy Will, that I should know  
 Glimpse of Delight, or Pause from anxious Woe ;

From

From *Now*, from instant *Now*, great Sire, dispell  
 The Clouds that press my Soul; from *Now* reveal  
 A gracious Beam of Light; from *Now* inspire  
 My Tongue to sing, my Hand to touch the Lyre:  
 My open'd Thought to joyous Prospects raise;  
 And, for thy Mercy, let me sing thy Praise.  
 Or, if thy Will ordains, I still shall wait  
 Some New *Here-after*, and a future State;  
 Permit me Strength, my Weight of Woe to bear;  
 And raise my Mind superior to my Care.  
 Let me, howe'er unable to explain  
 The secret Lab'rins of thy Ways to Man,  
 With humble Zeal confess thy awful Pow'r;  
 Still weeping Hope, and wond'ring still Adore.  
 So in my Conquest be thy Might declar'd:  
 And for thy Justice, be thy Name rever'd.

My Pray'r scarce ended, a stupendous Gloom  
 Darkens the Air; loud Thunder shakes the Dome;  
 To the beginning Miracle succeed  
 An awful Silence, and religious Dread.  
 Sudden breaks forth a more than common Day:  
 The sacred Wood, which on the Altar lay,  
 Untouch'd, unlighted glows ———

*Ambrosial* Odor, such as never flows  
 From *Arab's* Gum, or the *Sabaean* Rose,  
 Does round the Air evolving Scents diffuse:  
 The holy Ground is wet with Heav'nly Dews:  
 Celestial Music (such *Jessides'* Lyre,  
 Such *Miriam's* Timbrel would in vain require)  
 Strikes to my Thought thro' my admiring Ear,  
 With Ecstasy too fine, and Pleasure hard to bear.  
 And lo! what sees my ravish'd Eye? what feels  
 My wond'ring Soul? an opening Cloud reveals  
 An Heav'nly Form embody'd and array'd  
 With Robes of Light. I heard: the Angel said:

Cease, Man of Woman born, to hope Relief  
 From daily Trouble, and continu'd Grief.  
 Thy Hope of Joy deliver to the Wind:  
 Suppress thy Passions; and prepare thy Mind.

Free and Familiar with Misfortune grow :  
 Be us'd to Sorrow, and inur'd to Woe.  
 By weak'ning Toil, and hoary Age o'ercome,  
 See thy Decrease ; and hasten to thy Tomb.  
 Leave to thy Children Tumult, Strife, and War,  
 Portions of Toil, and Legacies of Care.  
 Send the successive Ills thro' Ages down ;  
 And let each weeping Father tell his Son,  
 That deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,  
 He must augment the Sorrows he receiv'd.

The Child to whose Success thy hope is bound,  
 E'er thou art scarce interr'd, or he is crown'd ;  
 To Lust of arbitrary Sway inclin'd,  
 (That curst Poyson to the Prince's Mind !)  
 Shall from thy Dictates and his Duty rove,  
 And lose his great Defence, his People's Love.  
 Ill Counsell'd, Vanquish'd, Fugitive, Disgrac'd,  
 Shall mourn the Fame of *Jacob's* Strength effac'd.  
 Shall sigh, the King diminish'd, and the Crown  
 With lessen'd Rays descending to his Son.  
 Shall see the Wreaths, his Grandfire knew to reap  
 By active Toil, and Military Sweat,  
 Pining incline their sickly Leaves, and shed  
 Their falling Honours from his giddy Head.  
 By Arms, or Pray'r unable to assuage  
 Domestic Horror, and intestine Rage,  
 Shall from the Victor, and the Vanquish'd fear,  
 From *Israel's* Arrow, and from *Judah's* Spear :  
 Shall cast his weary'd Limbs on *Jordan's* Flood,  
 By Brother's Arms disturb'd, and stain'd with Kindred  
 Blood.

Hence lab'ring Years shall weep their destin'd Race  
 Charg'd with ill Omens ; sully'd with Disgrace.  
 Time by Necessity compell'd, shall go  
 Thro' Scenes of War, and Epocha's of Woe.  
 The Empire lessen'd in a parted Stream,  
 Shall lose it's Course ———  
 Indulge thy Tears : the Heathen shall blaspheme ;  
*Judah* shall fall, oppress'd by Grief and Shame ;  
 And Men shall from her Ruins know her Fame.



New *Ægypt*s yet, and second Bonds remain,  
A harsher *Pharaoh*, and a heavier Chain.  
Again obdient to a dire Command,  
Thy Captive Sons shall leave the promis'd Land.  
Their Name more low, their Servitude more vile,  
Shall, on *Euphrates*' Bank, renew the Grief of *Nile*.

These pointed Spires that wound the ambient Sky,  
Inglorious Change! shall in Destruction lye  
Low, levell'd with the Dust; their Heights unknown,  
Or measur'd by their Ruin. Yonder Throne,  
For lasting Glory built, design'd the Seat  
Of Kings for ever blest, for ever great,  
Remov'd by the Invader's barb'rous Hand,  
Shall grace his Triumph in a foreign Land.  
The Tyrant shall demand yon' sacred Load  
Of Gold and Vessels set a-part to *God*,  
Then by vile Hands to common Use debas'd;  
Shall send them flowing round his drunken Feast,  
With sacrilegious Taunt, and impious Jest.

Twice fourteen Ages shall their Way complete:  
Empires by various Turns shall rise and set;  
While thy abandon'd Tribes shall only know  
A diff'rent Master, and a Change of Woe:  
With down-cast Eye-lids, and with Looks a-ghast,  
Shall dread the future, or bewail the past.

Afflicted *Israel* shall sit weeping down,  
Fast by the Streams, where *Babel*'s Waters run;  
Their Harps upon the neighb'ring Willows hung,  
Nor joyous Hymn encouraging their Tongue,  
Nor chearful dance their Feet; with Toil oppress'd,  
Their weary'd Limbs aspiring but to rest.  
In the reflecting Stream the sighing Bride,  
Viewing her Charms impair'd, abash'd shall hide  
Her pensive Head; and in her languid Face  
The Bridegroom shall fore-see his sickly Race:  
While pond'rous Fetters vex their close Embrace.  
With irksome Anguish then your Priests shall mourn  
Their long-neglected Feasts despair'd Return,  
And sad Oblivion of their solemn Days.  
Thenceforth their Voices they shall only raise,

Loud.



Louder to weep. By Day your frighted Seers  
Shall call for Fountains to express their Tears;  
And wish their Eyes were Floods: by Night from  
Dreams

Of opening Gulphs, black Storms, and raging Flames,  
Starting amaz'd, shall to the People show  
Emblems of Heav'nly Wrath, and mystic Types of Woe.

The Captives, as their Tyrant shall require,  
That they should breath the Song, and touch the Lyre,  
Shall say: can *Jacob's* servile Race rejoice,  
Untun'd the Music, and disus'd the Voice?  
What can we play? (They shall discourse) how sing  
In foreign Lands, and to a barb'rous King?  
We and our Fathers from our Childhood bred  
To watch the cruel Victor's Eye, to dread  
The arbitrary Lash, to bend, to grieve;  
(Out-cast of Mortal Race!) can we conceive  
Image of ought delightful, soft, or gay?  
Alas! when we have toyl'd the longsome Day;  
The fullest Bliss our Hearts aspire to know,  
Is but some Interval from active Woe;  
In broken Rest, and startling Sleep to mourn;  
'Till Morn, the Tyrant, and the Scourge return.  
Bred up in Grief, can Pleasure be our Theme?  
Our endless Anguish does not Nature claim?  
Reason, and Sorrow are to us the same.  
Alas! with wild Amazement we require,  
If idle Folly was not Pleasure's Sire:  
Madness, we fancy, gave an ill-tim'd Birth  
To grinning Laughter, and to frantick Mirth.

This is the Series of perpetual Woe,  
Which thou, alas! and thine are born to know.  
Illustrious wretch, repine not, nor reply:  
View not, what Heaven ordains, with Reason's Eye;  
Too bright the Object is: the Distance is too high.  
The Man who would resolve the Work of Fate,  
May limit Number, and make crooked strait:  
Stop thy Enquiry then; and curb thy Sense;  
Nor let Dust argue with Omnipotence.

'Tis

'Tis God who must dispose, and Man sustain,  
Born to endure, forbidden to complain.  
Thy Sum of Life must his Decrees fulfill :  
What derogates from his Command, is Ill ;  
And that alone is good, which centers in his Will.

3

Yet that thy Lab'ring Senses may not droop,  
Lost to Delight, and destitute of Hope !  
Remark what I, God's Messenger, aver  
From him, who neither can deceive, nor err.  
The Land at length redeem'd, shall cease to mourn ;  
Shall from her sad Captivity return.

Sion shall raise her long-dejected Head ;  
And in her Courts the Law again be read.  
Again the glorious Temple shall arise,  
And with new Lustre pierce the neighb'ring Skies.  
The promis'd Seat of Empire shall again  
Cover the Mountain, and command the Plain,  
And from thy Race distinguish'd, One shall spring,  
Greater in Act than Victor, more than King  
In Dignity and Pow'r ; sent down from Heav'n,  
To succour Earth. To Him, to Him 'tis giv'n,  
Passion, and Care, and Anguish to destroy.  
Thro' Him soft Peace, and plenitude of Joy  
Perpetual o'er the World redeem'd shall flow.  
No more may Man inquire, nor Angel know.

Now, *Solomon*, rememb'ring who thou art,  
Act thro' thy remnant Life the decent Part.  
Go forth : be strong : With Patience, and with Care  
Perform, and suffer : to thy Self severe,  
Gracious to others ; thy Desires suppress'd,  
Diffus'd thy Virtues ; first of Men, be best.  
Thy Sum of Duty let two Words contain ;  
O may they graven in thy Heart remain !  
Be humble, and be just. The Angel said :  
With upward Speed his agile Wings he spread ;  
Whilst on the holy Ground I prostrate lay,  
By various Doubts impell'd, or to obey,  
Or to object : at length (my mournful Look  
Heav'n-ward erect) determin'd, thus I spoke :

Supreme, Allwise, Eternal Potentate!  
 Sole Author, sole Disposer of our Fate!  
 Enthron'd in Light, and Immortality,  
 Whom no Man fully sees, and none can see!  
 Original of Beings! Pow'r Divine!  
 Since that I live, and that I think, is thine;  
 Benign Creator, let thy plastic Hand  
 Dispose it's own Effect. Let thy Command  
 Restore, Great Father, thy Instructed Son;  
 And in my Act may Thy great Will be done.



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SUPPLEMENT  
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Mr. *Prior's* POEMS.

CONSISTING

Of such PIECES as are omitted in the late Collection of his WORKS, and others, now first published, from his Original Manuscripts, in the Custody of his FRIENDS.

---

To which is added,

*T H R E N U S :*

O R,

S T A N Z A S upon his D E A T H.

By a FELLOW-COLLEGIAN:

---

*Vain Monuments may guild precarious Fame,  
A PRIOR bears a Statue in his Name.*

BUCKINGHAM.

---

*D U B L I N :*

Printed by and for GEORGE GRIERSON,  
at the *Two Bibles* in *Essex-Street*, 1722.

Poem

Count

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To the Right Honourable the  
Countess Dowager of DEVONSHIRE,  
O N A

Piece of WISSIN'S;

Whereon were all her *GRANDSONS* painted.

By Mr. P R I O R.

**W**ISSIN and *Nature* held a long contest,  
If she *Created*, or he *Painted* best;  
With pleasing thought the wond'rous  
combat grew,  
She still form'd *Fairer*, he still *Liker* drew.  
In these seven brethren, they contended last,  
With art increas'd their utmost skill they try'd,  
And both well pleas'd, they had themselves, surpass'd,  
The goddess *Triumph'd*, and the painter dy'd.  
That both, their skill to this vast height did raise,  
Be ours the wonder, and be yours the praise:  
For here as in some glass is well descry'd,  
Only your self thus often multiply'd.

When heav'n had you and gracious *Anna* † made,  
What more exalted beauty could it add?

† Eldest daughter of the Countess.

U 2

Having



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Having no nobler images in store,  
 It but kept up to these, nor could do more  
 Than copy well, what it well fram'd before.  
 If in dear *Burleigh's* generous face we see  
 Obliging truth, and handsome honesty;  
 With all that world of charms, which soon will move  
 Reverence in men, and in the fair-one's love:  
 His every grace, his fair descent assures,  
 He has his mother's beauty, she has yours.  
 If ever *Cecil's* face had every charm  
 That thought can fancy, or that heaven can form;  
 Their beauties all become your beauty's due,  
 They are all fair, because they're all like you:  
 If every *Ca'ndish* great and charming look,  
 From you that air, from you the charms they took.  
 In their each limb your image is exprest,  
 But on their brow firm courage stands confest;  
 There, their great father by a strong increase,  
 Adds strength to beauty, and compleats the piece.  
 Thus still your beauty in your sons we view,  
*Wissin* seven-times one great perfection drew,  
 Whoever fate, the picture still is you.  
 So when the parent sun with genial beams,  
 Has animated many goodly gems;  
 He sees himself improv'd, while every stone,  
 With a resembling light, reflects a sun.  
 So when great *Rhea* many births had given,  
 Such as might govern earth, and people heaven;  
 Her glory grew diffus'd, and fuller known,  
 She saw the deity in every son:  
 And to what god so'er men altars rais'd,  
 Honouring the offspring, they the mother prais'd.  
 In short-liv'd charms let others place their joys  
 Which sickness blasts, and certain age destroys:  
 Your stronger beauty, time can ne'er deface,  
 T'is still renew'd, and stamp'd in all your race.

Ah! *Wissin*, had thy art been so refin'd,  
 As with their beauty to have drawn their mind,

Thro'

Thro' circling years thy labours would survive,  
And living rules to fairest virtue give  
To men unborn, and ages yet to live;  
I would still be wonderful, and still be new,  
Against what time, or spight, or fate could do,  
Till thine confus'd with nature's pieces lie,  
And *Cavendish's* name, and *Cecil's* honour die.

3

## The Female PHAETON.

### I.

Thus *Kitty*, \* beautiful and young,  
And wild as colt untam'd;  
Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung,  
With little rage inflam'd.

### II.

Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,  
Which wise *Mamma* ordain'd;  
And sorely vex'd to play the saint,  
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.

### III.

Shall I thumb holy books; confin'd  
With *Abigails* forsaken?  
*Kitty's* for other things design'd,  
Or I am much mistaken.

### IV.

Must lady *Fenny* frisk about,  
And visit with her cozens?  
At balls must *She* make all the rout,  
And bring home hearts by dozens?

### V.

What has she better, pray, than I?  
What hidden charms to boast,

---

\* Lady KATHERINE HYDE: to whom, this, and the following copy was sent, by the late honourable *Simon Harcourt*, Esq;

That

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That all mankind for her should die,  
Whilst I am scarce a toast ?

VI.

Dear *Mamma*, for once let me,  
Unchain'd, my fortune try ;  
I'll have my *Earl*, as well as she,  
Or know the reason why.

VII.

I'll soon with *Jenny's* pride quit score,  
Make all her lovers fall ;  
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before,  
She, I was loos'd at all.

VIII.

Fondness prevail'd, *Mamma* gave way ;  
*Kitty* at heart's desire,  
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,  
And set the world on fire.

*Toe Judgment of VENUS.*

I.

When *Kneller's* works of various grace,  
Were to fair *Venus* shown,  
The goddess spy'd in every face  
Some features of her own.

II.

Just so, (and pointing with her hand) \*  
So shone, says she, my eyes,  
When from two goddesses I gain'd  
An apple for a prize.

III.

When in the glass and river too,  
My face I lately view'd,  
Such was I, if the glass be true,  
If true the chrystal flood.

\* To the picture of *Lady Ranelagh*.

IV.

In colours of this glorious kind †  
*Apelles* painted me;  
 My hair thus flowing with the wind,  
 Sprung from my native sea.

V.

Like this, disorder'd, wild, forlorn, ‡  
 Big with ten thousand fears,  
 Thee, my *Adonis*, did I mourn,  
 Ev'n beautiful in tears.

VI.

But viewing *Myra* plac'd apart,  
 I fear, says she, I fear  
*Apelles*, that Sir *Godfrey's* art  
 Has far surpass'd thine here.

VII.

Or I, a goddess of the skies,  
 By *Myra* am outdone,  
 And must resign to her the prize,  
 The apple, which I won.

VIII.

But soon as she had *Myra* seen  
 Majestically fair,  
 The sparkling eye, the look serene,  
 The gay and easy air.

IX.

With fiery emulation fill'd,  
 The wond'ring goddess cry'd,  
*Apelles*, must to *Kneller* yield,  
 Or *Venus*, must to *Hyde*.

† *Picture of the Lady Salisbury.*

‡ *Lady Jane Douglas, Sister to the Duke of Douglas.*

T H R E N U S ;

O R,

STANZAS on the Death  
of Mr. *PRIOR*.

I.

**M**<sup>*At. Prior ?*</sup>——and we must submit !  
Is at his journey's end :  
In whom the world has lost a *Wit* ;  
And I, what's more, a *Friend*.

II.

Who vainly hopes long here to stay,  
May see with weeping eyes ;  
Not only *Nature* posts away,  
But e'en *Good-Nature* dies !

III.

Shou'd grave ones count these praises light,  
To such it may be said ;  
A *Man*, in this lamented *Weight* ,  
Of *Business* too is dead.

IV.

From ancestors, as might a fool !  
He trac'd no *High-fetch'd Stem* ;  
But gloriously revers'd the rule,  
By *dignifying them*.

V.

O ! gentle *Cambridge* ! sadly say,  
Why fates are so unkind ?  
To snatch thy giant-sons away,  
Whilst pygmies stay behind.



VI.

*Horace* and *He* were call'd in haste,  
From this vile earth to heaven ;  
The cruel year not fully pass'd,  
*Ætatis*, fifty seven.

VII.

So, on the tops of *Lebanon*,  
Tall cedars felt the sword ;  
To grace, by care of *Solomon*,  
The temple of the Lord.

VIII.

A tomb, amidst the learned, may  
The *Western-Abbey* give !  
Like theirs, his ashes must decay ;  
Like theirs, his fame shall live.

IX.

Close, carver ! by some well-cut books,  
Let a thin busto tell ;  
In spite of plump and pamper'd looks,  
How scanty sense can dwell !

X.

No epitaph, of tedious length,  
Shou'd over-charge the stone ;  
Since lofty 'st verse wou'd lose it's strength,  
In mentioning his own.

XI.

At once ! and not verbosely tame,  
Some brave *Laconic*-pen  
Shou'd smartly touch his ample name ;  
In form of ——— *O rare Ben !*

---

S O N G

# SONG

## To his Mistress.

I.

W<sup>H</sup>ilst I am scorch'd with hot desire,  
In vain, cold friendship you return;  
Your drops of pity on my fire,  
Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

II.

Ah! wou'd you have the flame suppress'd  
That kills the heart it heals too fast,  
Take half my passion to your breast,  
The rest in mine shall ever last.

### *An ODE,*

In imitation of the *Second Ode* of the third  
book of H O R A C E .

*Written in the Year 1692.*

H<sup>O</sup>w long, deluded *Albion*, wilt thou lie (a)  
In the lethargic sleep, the sad repose,  
By which thy close thy constant enemy,  
Has softly lull'd thee to thy woes;

(a) *Angustam, amici, pauperiem pati  
Robustus acri militiâ puer  
Condiscat, & Parthos feroces  
Vexet eques metuendus hastâ.*

Or wake degenerate isle, or cease to own  
What thy old kings in *Gallick* camps have done;  
The spoils they brought thee back, the crowns they won  
*William* (so fate requires) again is arm'd;

Thy father to the field is gone:  
Again *Maria* weeps her absent lord;  
For thy repose content to rule alone.  
Are thy enervate sons not yet alarm'd?  
When *William* fights dare they look tamely on,  
So slow to get their ancient fame restor'd,  
As not to melt at beauties tears, nor follow valour's

II.

[sword?

See the repenting isle awakes,  
Her vicious chains the generous goddess breaks:  
The fogs around her temples are dispell'd;  
Abroad she looks, and sees arm'd *Belgia* stand  
Prepar'd to meet their common lords command;  
Her lions roaring by her side, her arrows in her hand;  
And blushing to have been so long with-held,  
Weeps off her crime, and hastens to the field:  
(b) Henceforth her youth shall be inur'd to bear

Hazardous toil and active war:  
To march beneath the dog-star's raging heat,  
Patient of summer's drought, and martial sweat;  
And only grieve in winter's camps to find,  
It's days too short for labours they design'd:  
All night beneath hard heavy arms to watch;  
All day to mount the trench, to storm the breach;  
And all the rugged paths to tread,

Where *William* and his virtue lead.

III.

(c) Silence is the soul of war,  
Delib'rate counsel must prepare

(b) *Vitamque sub dio & trepidis agat  
In rebus.*

(c) *Est & fideli tuta silentio  
Merces, &c.*

The

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The mighty work which valour must compleat :  
 Thus *William* rescu'd, thus preserves the state ;  
 Thus teaches us to think and dare ;  
 As whilst his cannon thus prepar'd to breath  
     Avenging anger and swift death,  
 In the try'd metal the close dangers glow,  
     And now too late the dying foe  
 Perceives the flame, yet cannot ward the blow,  
 So whilst in *William's* breast ripe counsels lie,  
 Secret and sure as brooding fate,  
 No more of his design appears  
 Than what awakens *Gallia's* fears ;  
 And (tho' guilt's eye can sharply penetrate)  
     Distracted *Lewis* can descry,  
 Only a long unmeasur'd ruin nigh.

IV.

On *Norman* coasts and banks of frighted *Seine*,  
 Lo ! the impending storms begin :  
*Britannia* safely thro' her master's sea  
     Plows up her victorious way.  
 The *French Salmoncus* throws his bolts in vain,  
 Whilst the true thunderer asserts the main :  
 'Tis done ! to shelves and rocks his fleets retire,  
     Swift victory in vengeful flames  
 Burns down the pride of their presumptuous names.  
 They run to shipwreck to avoid our fire,  
 And the torn vessels that regain their coast  
 Are but sad marks to shew the rest are lost :  
 All this the mild, the beauteous queen has done,  
 And *William's* softer half shakes *Lewis'* throne.  
     *Maria* does the sea command,  
 Whilst *Gallia* flies her husband's arms by land,  
 So, the sun absent, with full sway the moon  
 Governs the isles, and rules the waves alone ;  
 So *Juno* thunders when her *Jove* is gone.  
 To *Britannia* ! loose thy ocean's chains,  
 Whilst *Russel* strikes the blow thy queen ordains :  
 Thus rescu'd, thus rever'd, for ever stand,  
 And bless the counsel, and reward the hand,  
 To *Britannia* ! thy *Maria* reigns.

(d) From

V.

(d) From *Mary's* conquests, and the rescu'd main;  
 Let *France* look forth to *Sambre's* armed shore,  
 And boast her joy for *William's* death no more.  
 He lives; let *France* confess, the victor lives:  
 Her triumphs for his death were vain,  
 And spoke her terror of his life too plain.  
 The mighty years begin, the day draws nigh,  
 In which *That One* of *Lewis'* many wives,  
 Who by the baleful force of guilty charms,  
 Has long enthrall'd him in her wither'd arms,  
 Shall o'er the plains from distant tow'rs on high  
 Cast around her mournful eye,

And with prophetick sorrow cry:  
 Why does my ruin'd lord retard his flight?  
 Why does despair provoke his age to fight?  
 As well the wolf may venture to engage  
 The angry lion's gen'rous rage;  
 The rav'nous vultur, and the bird of night,  
 As safely tempt the stooping eagle's flight,  
 As *Lewis* to unequal arms defy  
 Yon' hero, crown'd with blooming victory,  
 Just triumphing o'er rebel rage restrain'd,  
 And yet unbreath'd from battles gain'd.  
 See! all yon' dusty fields quite cover'd o'er  
 With hostile troops, and *Orange* at their head,  
*Orange* destin'd to compleat  
 The great designs of lab'ring fate,  
*Orange*, the name that tyrants dread:  
 He comes, our ruin'd empire is no more:  
 Down, like the *Persian*, goes the *Gallick* throne,  
*Darius* flies, young *Ammon* urges on.

---

(d)——— *Illum ex manibus hosticis*  
*Matrona bellantis tyranni*  
*Prospiciens, & adulta virgo*  
*Suspiret, cheu! ne rudis agminum*  
*Sponsus laceffat regius asperum*  
*Tactu leonem quem cruenta*  
*Per medias rapit ira cades.*

Now



## VI.

Now from the dubious battle's mingl'd heat,  
 Let fear look back, and stretch her hasty wing, (e)  
 Impatient to secure a base retreat :  
 Let the pale coward leave his wounded king,  
     For the vile privilege to breath,  
 To live with shame in dread of glorious death.  
 In vain : for fate has swifter wings than fear,  
 She follows hard, and strikes him in the rear,  
 Dying and mad the traitor bites the ground,  
 His back transfix'd with a dishonest wound ;  
 Whilst thro' the fiercest troops, and thickest press,  
     Virtue carries on success ;  
 Whilst equal heav'n guards the distinguish'd brave,  
 And armies cannot hurt, whom angels save.

## VII.

Virtue to verse immortal lustre gives, (f)  
 Each by the other's mutual friendship lives :  
*Aeneas* suffer'd, and *Achilles* fought,  
 The hero's Acts enlarg'd the poet's thought :  
 Or *Virgil's* majesty, and *Homer's* rage,  
     Had ne'er like lasting nature vanquish'd age :  
 Whilst *Lewis* then his rising terror drowns  
     With drum's alarms, and trumpet's sounds,  
 Whilst hid in arm'd retreats and guarded towns,  
     From danger as from honour far,  
 He bribes close murder against open war :  
     In vain you *Gallic* muses strive  
 With labour'd verse to keep his fame alive ;

---

(e) *Dulce & decorum est pro patriâ mori,  
 Mors & fugacem prosequitur virum  
 Nec parcit imbellis juventa  
 Poplitibus timidoque tergo.*

(f) *Virtus repulsa nescia sordida  
 Intaminatis fulget honoribus  
 Nec ponit aut sumit secures  
 Arbitrio popularis aura.*

Your mould'ring monuments in vain ye raise  
 On the weak basis of the tyrant's praise :  
 Your songs are fold, your numbers are prophane;  
 'Tis incense to an idol giv'n,  
 Meat offer'd to *Prometheus*' man,  
 That had no soul from heav'n.  
 Against his will you chain your frightened king  
 On rapid *Rhine*'s divided bed ;  
 And mock your hero, whilst ye sing  
 The wounds for which he never bled ;  
 Falshood does poyson on your praise diffuse,  
 And *Lewis*' fear gives death to *Boileau*'s muse.

VIII.

On it's own worth true majesty is rear'd,  
 And virtue is her own reward,  
 With solid beams and native glory bright,  
 She neither darkness dreads, nor covets light,  
 True to her self, and fix'd to inborn laws,  
 Nor sunk by spite, nor lifted by applause,  
 She from her settl'd orb, looks calmly down,  
 On life or death, a prison or a crown.  
 When bound in double chains poor *Belgia* lay,  
 To foreign arms, and inward strife a prey,  
 Whilst, *One Good Man* buoy'd up her sinking state,  
 And virtue labour'd against fate ;  
 When fortune basely with ambition join'd,  
 And all was conquer'd but the *Patriot*'s mind ;  
 When storms let loose, and raging seas  
 Just ready the torn vessel to o'erwhelm,  
 Forc'd not the faithful pilot from his helm ;  
 Nor all the *Syren* songs of future peace,  
 And dazling prospect of a promis'd crown,  
 Cou'd lure his stubborn virtue down ;  
 But against charms, and threats, and hell, he stood  
 To that which was severely good ;  
 Then, had no trophies justify'd his fame,  
 No poet bless'd his song with *Nassau*'s name,  
 Virtue alone did all that honour bring,  
 And heav'n as plainly pointed out the *King*,

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As when he at the altar stood,  
In all his types and robes of pow'r,  
Whilst at his feet religious *Britain* bow'd,  
And own'd him next to what we there adore.

IX.

Say, joyful *Maeze*' and *Boyne*'s victorious flood,  
(For each has mixt his waves with royal blood)  
When *William*'s armies past, did he retire,  
Or view from far the battles distant fire?  
Could he believe his person was too dear?  
Or use his greatness to conceal his fear?  
Could pray'rs and sighs the dauntless hero move?  
Arm'd with heav'n's justice and his people's love,  
Thro' the first waves he wing'd his vent'rous way,  
And on the adverse shore arose,  
(Ten thousand flying deaths in vain oppose)  
Like the great ruler of the day,  
With strength and swiftness mounting from the sea:  
Like him, all day he toil'd; but long in night  
The god has eas'd his weary'd light,  
E're vengeance left the stubborn foes,  
Or *William*'s labours found repose,  
When his troops falter'd, stept not he between  
Restor'd the dubious fight again,  
Mark'd out the coward that durst fly,  
And led the fainting brave to victory?  
Still as she fled him, did he not o'ertake  
Her doubtful course, still brought her bleeding back?  
By his keen sword did not the boldest fall?  
Was he not king, commander, soldier, all---?  
His dangers such, as, with becoming dread,  
His subjects yet unborn shall weep to read,  
And were not those the only, days that e'er  
The pious prince refus'd to hear  
His friends advices, or his subjects pray'r.

X.

Where-e'er old *Rhine* his fruitful water turns,  
Or fills his vassal's tributary urns;  
To *Belgia*'s fav'd dominions, and the sea,  
Whose righted waves rejoice in *William*'s sway;

Is there a town where children are not taught,  
 " Here *Holland* prosper'd, for here *Orange* fought,  
 " Thro' rapid waters, and thro' flying fire :  
 " Here rush'd the prince, here made whole *France* re-  
 By diff'rent nations be this valour blest, [" tire.....

In diff'rent languages confest,  
 And then let *Shannon* speak the rest :  
 Let *Shannon* speak, how on her wond'ring shore,  
 When conquest hov'ring on his arms did wait,  
 And only ask'd some lives to bribe her o'er.  
 The god-like man, the more than conqueror,  
 With high contempt sent back the specious bait,  
 And scorning glory at a price too great,  
 With so much pow'r such piety did joyn,  
 As made a perfect virtue soar

A pitch unknown to man before,  
 And list'd *Shannon's* waves o'er those of *Boyne*.

XI.

Nor do his subjects only share  
 The prosp'rous fruits of his indulgent reign ;  
 His enemies approve the pious war,  
 Which, with their weapon, takes away their chain :  
 More than his sword, his goodness strikes his foes,  
 They bless his arms, and sigh they must oppose.  
 Justice and freedom on his conquests wait,  
 And 'tis for man's delight that he is great :  
 Succeeding times shall with long joy contend,  
 If he were more a victor or a friend :  
 So much his courage and his mercy strive ;  
 He wounds to cure ; and conquers, to forgive.

XII.

Ye heroes, that have fought your country's cause,  
 Redress'd her injuries, or form'd her laws,  
 To my advent'rous song just witness bear,  
 Assist the pious muse, and hear her swear,  
 That 'tis no poet's thought, no flight of youth,  
 But solid story, and severest truth,  
 That *William* treasures up a greater name,  
 Than any country, any age can boast :

302 *Poems on several Occasions.*

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 But solid story, and severest truth,  
 That *William* treasures up a greater name,  
 Than any country, any age can boast :

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(g) And all that ancient stock of fame  
 He did from his fore-father's take,  
 He has improv'd, and gives with int'rest back ;  
 And in his constellation does unite  
 Their scatter'd rays of fainter light :  
 Above or envy's lash, or fortune's wheel,  
 That settl'd glory shall for ever dwell ;  
 Above the rolling orbs and common sky,  
 Where nothing comes that e're shall die.

XIII.

Where roves the muse ? where, thoughtless to return,  
 Is her short-liv'd vessel born ?  
 By potent winds too subject to be tost ?  
 And in the sea of *William's* praises lost ?  
 Nor let her tempt that deep, nor make the shore,  
 Where our abandon'd youth she sees,  
 Shipwreck'd in luxury, and lost in ease ;  
 Whom not *Brit annia's* danger can alarm,  
 Nor *William's* exemplary virtue warm :  
 Tell 'em howe're, the king can yet forgive,  
 Their guilty sloth, their homage yet receive,  
 And let their wounded honour live :  
 But sure and sudden be their just remorse ;  
 Swift be their virtue's rise, and strong it's course ;  
 (h) For tho' for certain years, and destin'd times,  
 Merit has lain confus'd with crimes ;  
 Tho' *Jove* seem'd negligent of human cares,  
 Nor scourg'd our follies, nor return'd our pray'rs,  
 His justice now demands the equal scales,  
 Sedition is suppress'd, and truth prevails :  
 Fate its great ends by slow degrees attains,  
 And *Europe* is redeem'd, and *William* reigns.

---

(g) *Virtus recludens immeritis mori,  
 Cælum, negatâ tentat iter viâ  
 Catusque vulgares & udam,  
 Spernit humum fugiente penna,*

(h) ——— *Sæpe diespiter  
 Neglectus incesto addidit integrum.  
 Raro antecedentem scelestum  
 Deferuit pede pœna claudo.*

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A N  
E P I S T L E  
T O

*Sir Fleetwood Shephard.*

W<sup>H</sup>en crowding folks, with strange ill faces,  
Were making legs, and begging places,  
And some with patents, some with merit,  
Tir'd out my good lord *Dorset's* spirit :  
Sneaking, I stood, among the crew,  
Desiring much to speak with you.  
I waited while the clock struck thrice,  
And footman brought out fifty lies ;  
'Till patience vext, and legs grown weary,  
I thought it was in vain to tarry :  
Or did opine it might be better,  
By penny-post to send a letter.  
Now, if you miss of this epistle,  
I'm balk'd again, and may go whistle.  
My business, sir, you'll quickly guess,  
Is to desire some little place,  
And fair pretensions I have for't,  
Much need, and very small desert.  
When e'er I writ to you, I wanted ;  
I always begg'd, you always granted,  
Now, as you took me up when little,  
Gave me my learning, and my vittle :

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Askt for me, from my lord, things fitting  
 Kind as I'd been your own begetting;  
 Confirm what formerly you've given,  
 Nor leave me now at six and sevens,  
 As *Sunderland* has left *Mun. Stephens*.  
 No family that takes a whelp,  
 When first he laps and scarce can yelp,  
 Neglects or turns him out of gate,  
 When he's grown up to dog's estate;  
 No parish if they once adopt  
 The spurious brats that strowlers dropt,  
 Leave'em when grown up lusty fellows,  
 To the wide world, that is, the gallows:  
 No thank 'em for their love, that's worse,  
 Than if they'd throtl'd 'em at nurse,  
 My uncle, rest his soul, when living,  
 Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving;  
 Taught me with cyder to replenish  
 My vaults or ebbing tide of rhenish.  
 So when for hock I drew prickt white-wine:  
 Swear't had the flavour, and was right wine:  
 Or sent me with ten pounds to *Furni-*  
*Vall's* inn, to some good rogue-attorney;  
 Where now by forging deeds and cheating,  
 I'd found some handsome ways of getting.  
 All this you made me quit to follow  
 That sneaking whey-fac'd god *Apollo*.  
 Sent me among a fidling crew  
 Of folks, I'd never seen nor knew,  
*Calliope*, and god knows who.  
 To add no more invectives to it,  
 You spoil'd the youth to make a poet.  
 In common justice, sir, there's no man  
 That makes the whore but keeps the woman.  
 Among all honest christian people  
 Whoe'er breaks limbs, maintains the cripple.

The sum of all I have to say,  
 Is, that you'd put me in some way,  
 And your petitioner shall pray.

There's

There's one thing more I had almost slip't,  
But they may do as well in post-script;  
My friend *Charles Montague*'s prefer'd,  
Nor would I have it long observ'd,  
That one *Mouse* eats while t'other's starv'd.

---

A

S A T I R E

O N T H E

Modern Translators.

---

*Odi imitatores servum pecus, &c.*

---

Since the united cunning of the stage  
Has balk'd the hireling drudges of the age:  
Since *Betterton* of late so thrifty's grown,  
Revives old plays, or wisely acts his own:  
Thumb'd *Rider* with a catalogue of rhimes,  
Makes the compleatest poet of our times:  
Those who with nine months toil had spoil'd a play,  
In hopes of eating at a full third day,  
Justly despairing longer to sustain  
A craving stomach from an empty brain,  
Have left stage-practice, chang'd their old vocations,  
Attoning for bad plays, with worse translations;  
And like old *Sternhold*, with laborious spite,  
Burlesque what nobler muses better write;  
Thus while they for their causes only seem  
To change the channel, they corrupt the stream.

So



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So breaking vintners to increase their wine  
With nauseous drugs debauch the generous vine  
So barren *Gypsies* for recruit are said  
With strangers issue to maintain the trade;  
But lest the fairer bantling should be known,  
A daubing walnut makes him all their own.

In the head of this gang to *John Dryden* appears,  
But to save the town-censure, and lessen his fears,  
Join'd with a spark, whose title makes me civil,  
For *Scandalum Magnatum* is the devil;  
Such mighty thoughts from *Ovid's* letters flow,  
That the translation is a work for two;  
Who in one copy join'd, their shame have shown,  
Since *Tate* could spoil so many, tho' alone:  
My lord I thought so generous would prove,  
To scorn a rival in affairs of love:  
But well he knew his teeming pangs were vain,  
'Till midwife *Dryden* eas'd his labouring brain:  
And that when part of *Hudibras's* horse  
Jogg'd on, the other would not hang an arse;  
So when fleet *Fowler* hears the joyful hollow,  
He drags his sluggish mate, and tray must follow.  
But how could this learn'd brace employ their time?  
One constru'd sure, while t'other pump'd for rhyme:  
Or it with these, as once at *Rome*, succeeds,  
The *Bibulus* subscribes to *Cesar's* deeds:  
This from his partner's acts ensure his name,  
Oh *Sacred Thirst* of everlasting fame!  
That could defile those well-cut nails with ink,  
And make his *Honour* condescend to think:  
But what excuse, what preface can atone  
For crimes which guilty *Bayes* has singly done?  
*Bayes*, whose *Rose-Ally* ambuscade injoin'd  
To be to, vices which he practis'd kind,  
And brought the venom of a spiteful *Satire*,  
To the safe innocence of a dull *Translator*.

*Bayes*

Bayes, who by all the club was thought most fit  
To violate the *Mantuan Prophet's* wit,  
And more debauch what loose *Lucretius* writ.  
When I behold the roving of his muse,  
How soon *Assyrian* ointment she would lose  
For diamond buckles sparkling at their shoes.  
When *Virgil's* height is lost, when *Ovid* soars,  
And in heroicks *Canacè* deplores  
Her follies louder than her father roars,  
I'd let him take *Almanzor* for his theme;  
In lofty verse make *Maximin* blaspheme,  
Or sing in softer airs *St. Catharine's* dream.  
Nay, I could hear him damn last ages wit,  
And rail at excellence he ne'er could hit;  
His envy should at powerful *Cowley* rage,  
And banish sense with *Johnson* from the stage:  
His sacrilege should plunder *Shakespeare's* urn,  
With a dull prologue make the ghost return,  
To bear a second death, and greater pain,  
While the fiend's words the oracle prophane.  
But when not satisfy'd with spoils at home,  
The pyrate would to foreign borders roam;  
May he still split on some unlucky coast,  
And have his works or dictionary lost!  
That he may know what *Roman Authors* mean,  
O more than does our blind translatrels *Behn*.

The female wit, who next convicted stands,  
Not for abusing *Ovid's* verse, but *Sands'*;  
She might have learn'd from the ill-borrow'd grace,  
(Which little helps the ruin of her face)  
That wit, like beauty, triumphs o'er the heart,  
When more of nature's seen, and less of art:  
Nor strive in *Ovid's* letters to have shown  
As much of skill, as lewdness in her own.  
Then let her from the next inconstant lover,  
Take a new copy for a second rover:  
Describe the cunning of a jilting whore,  
From the ill arts her self has us'd before;  
Thus let her write, but *Paraphrase* no more.

Rymer to *Crambo* privilege does claim,  
 Not from the poet's genius, but his name;  
 Which providence in contradiction meant,  
 Tho' he predestination could prevent,  
 And with bold dulness translate heav'ns intent.  
 Rash man! we paid the adoration due,  
 That ancient criticks were excell'd by you:  
 Each little wit to your tribunal came  
 To hear their doom, and to secure their fame:  
 But for respect you servilely sought praise,  
 Slighted the umpire's palm to court the poet's bays;  
 While wise reflections, and a grave discourse,  
 Declin'd to *Zoons a river for a horse*.  
 So discontented *Pemberton* withdrew,  
 From sleeping judges to the noisy crew;  
 Chang'd awful ermin for a servile gown,  
 And to an humble fawning smooth'd his frown,  
 The Simile will differ here indeed;  
 You cannot versify, though he can plead.

To painful *Creech* my last advice descends,  
 That he and learning would at length be friends;  
 That he'd command his dreadful forces home,  
 Nor be a second *Hannibal* to *Rome*.  
 But since no counsel his resolves can bow;  
 Nor may thy fate, O *Rome*, resist his vow;  
 Debarr'd from pens as lunaticks from swords,  
 He should be kept from waging war with words:  
 Words which at first like atoms did advance  
 To the just measure of a tuneful dance,  
 And jump't to form, as did his worlds, by *Chance*.  
 This pleas'd the genius of the vicious town;  
 The wits confirm'd his labours with renown,  
 And swear the early atheist for their own.  
 Had he stopt here—but ruin'd by success,  
 With a new spawn he fill'd the burthen'd press,  
 'Till as his volume swell'd, his fame grew less.  
 So merchants flatter'd with increasing gain,  
 Still tempt the falshood of the doubtful main:

So the first running of the lucky dice,  
Does eager bully to new betts intice;  
'Till fortune urges him to be undone,  
And *Ames-Ace* loses what kind *Sixes* won.  
Witness this truth *Lucretia's* wretched fate,  
Which better have I heard my nurse relate;  
The matron suffers violence again,  
Not *Tarquin's* lust so vile, as *Creech's* pen;  
Witness those heaps his midnight studies raise,  
Hoping to rival *Ogilby* in praise:  
Both writ so much, so ill, a doubt might rise,  
Which with most justice might deserve the prize;  
Had not the first the town with cuts appeas'd,  
And where the poem fail'd, the picture pleas'd.

Wits of a meaner rank, I could rehearse,  
But will not plague your patience, nor my verse:  
In long oblivion may they happy lie,  
And with their writings, may their folly die.  
Now, why should we poor *Ovid* yet pursue,  
And make his very book an exile too,  
In words more barb'rous than the place he knew?  
If *Virgil* labour'd not to be translated,  
Why suffers he the only thing he hated?  
Had he foreseen some ill-officious tongue,  
Wou'd in unequal strains blaspheme his song;  
Nor prayers, nor force, nor fame shou'd e'er prevent  
The just performance of his wise intent:  
Smiling h' had seen his martyr'd work expire,  
Nor live to feel more cruel foes, than fire.

Some fop in preface may those thefts excuse,  
That *Virgil* was the draught of *Homer's* muse:  
That *Horace's* by *Pindar's* lyre was strung,  
By the great image of whose voice he sung.  
They found the mass, 'tis true, but in their mould  
They purg'd the drossy oar to current gold;  
Mending their pattern, they escap'd the curse;  
Yet had they not writ better, they'd writ worse.



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But since no counsel his resolves can bow;  
Nor may thy fate, O *Rome*, resist his vow;  
Debarr'd from pens as lunaticks from swords,  
He should be kept from waging war with words:  
Words which at first like atoms did advance  
To the just measure of a tuneful dance,  
And jump't to form, as did his worlds, by *Chance*.  
This pleas'd the genius of the vicious town;  
The wits confirm'd his labours with renown,  
And swear the early atheist for their own.  
Had he stop't here——but ruin'd by success,  
With a new spawn he fill'd the burthen'd press,  
'Till as his volume swell'd, his fame grew less.  
So merchants flatter'd with increasing gain,  
Still tempt the falshood of the doubtful main:



So the first running of the lucky dice,  
Does eager bully to new betts intice;  
'Till fortune urges him to be undone,  
And *Ames-Ace* loses what kind *Sixes* won.  
Witness this truth *Lucretia's* wretched fate,  
Which better have I heard my nurse relate;  
The matron suffers violence again,  
Not *Tarquin's* lust so vile, as *Creech's* pen;  
Witness those heaps his midnight studies raise,  
Hoping to rival *Ogilby* in praise:  
Both writ so much, so ill, a doubt might rise,  
Which with most justice might deserve the prize;  
Had not the first the town with cuts appeas'd,  
And where the poem fail'd, the picture pleas'd.

Wits of a meaner rank, I could rehearse,  
But will not plague your patience, nor my verse:  
In long oblivion may they happy lie,  
And with their writings, may their folly die.  
Now, why should we poor *Ovid* yet pursue,  
And make his very book an exile too,  
In words more barb'rous than the place he knew?  
If *Virgil* labour'd not to be translated,  
Why suffers he the only thing he hated?  
Had he foreseen some ill-officious tongue,  
Wou'd in unequal strains blaspheme his song;  
Nor prayers, nor force, nor fanie shou'd e'er prevent  
The just performance of his wise intent:  
Smiling h' had seen his martyr'd work expire,  
Nor live to feel more cruel foes, than fire.

Some fop in preface may those thefts excuse,  
That *Virgil* was the draught of *Homer's* muse:  
That *Horace's* by *Pindar's* lyre was strung,  
By the great image of whose voice he sung.  
They found the mass, 'tis true, but in their mould  
They purg'd the drossy oar to current gold;  
Mending their pattern, they escap'd the curse;  
Yet had they not writ better, they'd writ worse.

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But when we bind the lyric up to rhyme,  
And lose the sense to make the poem chime :  
When from their flocks we force *Sicilian* swains,  
To ravish *Milk-maids* in our *English* plains ;  
And wand'ring authors, e'er they touch our shore,  
Must like our locust *Hugonots* be poor ;  
I'd bid th' importing club their pains forbear,  
And traffick in our own, tho' homely ware,  
Whilst from themselves the honest vermin spin,  
I'd like the texture, tho' the web be thin ;  
Nay, take *Crown's* plays, because his own, for wit ;  
And praise what *Dursey*, not translating, writ.

---

*A Satire upon the Poets, in  
Imitation of the Seventh  
Satire of Juvenal.*

---

*Et Spes & ratio studiorum, &c.*

---

S I R,

**A**ll my endeavours, all my hopes depend  
On you the orphans, and the mules friend ;  
The only great good man, who will declare  
Virtue and verse the object of his care ;  
And prove a patron in the worst of times,  
When hungry *Bayes* forsakes his empty rhimes,  
Beseeching all true *Cath'licks* charity,  
For a poor prostitute which long did lie,  
Under the mortal sins of verse, and heresy.

*Shadwell*, and starving *Tate* I cease to name,  
Poets of all religions are the same :  
Recanting *Settle* brings the tuneful ware,  
Which wiser *Smithfield* damn'd to *Sturbridge* fair ;  
Protests his tragedies and libels fail  
To yield him paper, penny-loaves and ale,  
And bids our youth by his example fly  
The love of politicks, and poetry.

And

And all retreats except *New-Hall* refuse  
To shelter *Durfey*, and his jocky muse;  
There to the butler, and his grace's maid,  
He turns, like *Homer*, sonneteer for bread;  
Knows his just bounds, nor ever durst aspire  
Beyond the swearing groom, and kitchen fire.

Is there a man to these examples blind,  
To clinking numbers fatally design'd?  
Who by his parts would purchase meat and fame.  
And in new miscellanies plant his name;  
Were my beard grown, the wretch I'd thus advise,  
Repent, fond mortal, and be timely wise;  
Take heed, nor be by gilded hopes betray'd,  
*Clio*'s a jilt, and *Pegasus* a jade;  
By verse you'll starve: *John Saul* cou'd never live,  
Unless the bellman made the poet thrive;  
Go rather in some little shed by *Pauls*,  
Sell *Chevy-chase*, or *Baxter's* salve for souls,  
Cry raree-shows, sell ballads, transcribe votes,  
Be *Carr*, or *Keach*, or any thing but *Oates*.

Hold, sir, some bully of the muses cries,  
Methinks you're more satirical than wise;  
You rail at verse indeed, but rail in rhyme,  
At once encourage, and condemn the crime.

True, sir, I write and have a patron too,  
To whom my tributary songs are due;  
Yet with your leave I'd honestly dissuade  
Those wretched men from *Pindar's* barren shade:  
Who tho' they fire their muse, and rack their brains  
With blustering *Heroes*, and with piping swains,  
Can no great patient giving man engage  
To fill their pockets, and their title-page.  
Were I, like these, unhappily decreed  
By penny elegies to get my bread,  
Or want a meal unless *George Croom* and I  
Could strike a bargain for my poetry,

I'd damn my works to wrap up soap and cheese,  
Or furnish squibs for city prentices  
To burn the pope, and celebrate queen *Bess*.

But on your ruin stubbornly pursue,  
Herd with the hungry little chiming crew,  
Obtain the empty title of a wit,  
And be at free-cost, noisy in the pit;  
Print your dull poems, and before 'em place  
A crown of laurel, and a meagre face.  
And may just heav'n thy hated life prolong,  
'Till thou, blest author, seest thy deathless song,  
The dusty lumber of a *Smithfield* stall,  
And find'st thy picture starch'd 'gainst suburb wall,  
With *Johnny Armstrong*, and the prodigal.  
And to compleat the curse——

When age and poverty comes faster on,  
And sad experience tells thou art undone.  
May no kind country grammar-school afford  
Ten pounds a year to pay for bed and board;  
'Till void of any fix'd employ, and now  
Grown useles to the army and the plow,  
You've no friend left, but trusting landlady,  
Who stows you on hard truckle, garret high,  
To dream of dinner, and curse poetry.

Sir, I've a patron, you reply. 'tis true,  
Fortune and parts you say, may get one too:  
Why faith e'en try, write. flatter, dedicate,  
My lord's, and his forefathers deeds relate:  
Yet know he'll wisely strive ten thousand ways,  
To shun a needy poet's fulsome praise;  
Nay, to avoid thy importunity,  
Neglect his state, and condescend to be  
A poet, tho' perhaps a worse than thee.

Thus from a patron he becomes a friend,  
Forgetting to reward, learns to commend;  
Receives your twelve long months successless toil,  
And talks of authors, energy, and style;

Damns



Damns the dull poems of the scribbling town,  
 Applauds your writings, and repeats his own,  
 Whilst thou in complaisance oblig'd, must sit  
 T' extol his judgment and admire his wit ;  
 And wrapt with his *Essay on Poetry*  
 Swear *Horace* writ not half so strong as he,  
 But that we're partial to antiquity.  
 Yet this authentick peer perhaps scarce knows  
 With jingling sounds to tag insipid prose.  
 And should be by some honest \* *Manly* told,  
 He 'ad lost his credit to secure his gold.

3

But if thou'rt blest enough to write a play,  
 Without the hungry hopes of kind third day,  
 And he believes that in thy dedication  
 Thou'lt fix his name, not bargain for the station,  
 My lord his uselefs kindness then assures,  
 And to the utmost of his pow'r he's yours ;  
 How fine your plot, how exquisite each scene !  
 And play'd at court, would strangely please the queen.  
 And you may take his judgment sure, for he  
 Knows the true spirit of good poetry ;  
 And might with equal judgment have put in  
 For poet-laureat as lord *Chamberlain*.  
 All this you see and know, yet cease to shun ;  
 And seeing, knowing, strive to be undone.  
 So kidnapt dutchess once beyond *Gravesend*,  
 Rejects the counsel of recalling friend ;  
 Is told the dreadful bondage she must bear,  
 And sees unable to avoid the snare.  
 So practis'd thief oft taken ne'er afraid,  
 Forgets the sentence, and pursues the trade.  
 Tho' yet he almost feels the smoaking brand,  
 And sad T. R. stands fresh upon his hand.  
 The author then, whose daring hopes would strive  
 With well-built verse to keep his fame alive,  
 And something to posterity present,  
 That's very new and very excellent ;

---

\* The chief character in Mr. *Wycherley's plain dealer*.  
 Some-



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Something beyond the uncall'd drudging tribe,  
Beyond what *Bayes* can write, or I describe;  
Shou'd in substantial happiness abound,  
His mind with peace, his board with plenty crown'd  
No early duns should break his learned rest,  
No sawcy cares his nobler thoughts molest,  
Only the god within should shake his lab'ring breast.

In vain we from our sonneteers require,  
The height of *Cowley's* and *Anacreon's* lyre.

In vain we bid 'em fill the bowl,  
Large as their capacious soul,  
Who since the king was crown'd ne'er tasted wine,  
But write at sight, and know not where to dine.  
In vain we bid dejected *Settle* hit  
The tragick flights of *Shakespeare's* tow'ring wit;  
He needs must miss the mark, who's kept so low,  
He has not strength enough to draw the bow.  
*Sedly*, indeed, and *Rochester* might write  
For their own credit, and their friends delight,  
Shewing how far they cou'd the rest outdo,  
As in their fortunes, in their writing too  
But should drudge *Dryden* this example take  
And *Absaloms* for empty glory make,  
He'd soon perceive his income scarce enough,  
To feed his nostrils with inspiring snuff;  
Starving for meat, not surfeiting on praise,  
He'd find his brains as barren his *Bayes*.

There was a time when *Orway* charm'd the stage,  
*Orway* the hope, the sorrow of our age;  
When the full pit with pleas'd attention hung,  
Wrapt with each accent from *Castalio's* tongue.  
With what a laughter was his soldier read!  
How mourn'd they when his *Jaffier* struck, and bled!  
Yet this best poet, tho' with so much ease,  
He never drew his pen but sure to please;  
Tho' lightning were less lively than his wit,  
And thunder-claps less loud than those o'th pit,  
He had of's many wants much earlier dy'd,  
Had not kind banker *Betterton* supply'd,

And

And took for pawn the embryo of a play,  
 'Till he could pay himself the next *third Day*.  
 Were *Shakeſpear*'s ſelf to live again he'd ne'er  
 Degen'rate to a poet from a play'r.  
 Now *Carlisle* in the new-raiſ'd troop we ſee,  
 And chatt'ring *Mountfort* in the chancery;  
*Mountfort* how fit for politicks and law,  
 That play'd ſo well fir *Courtly* and *Jack Daw*.  
 Dance then attendance in ſlow *Mulgrave*'s hall,  
 Read maps, or court the ſconces till he call;  
 One actor's commendation ſhall do more  
 Than patron now, or merit heretofore.  
 Some poets I confeſs, the ſtage has fed,  
 Who for half crowns are ſhone, for two pence read;  
 But theſe not envy thou, but imitate,  
 Much rather ſtarve in *Shadwel*'s ſilent fate,  
 Than new vamp farces, and be damn'd with *Tate*.  
 For now no *Sidneys* will three hundred give,  
 That needy *Spencer* and his fame may live;  
 None of our new nobility will ſend  
 To the *King's Bench*, or to his *Bedlam* friend.\*  
 Chymiſts and whores by *Buckingham* were fed,  
 Thoſe by their honeſt labours gain'd their bread;  
 But he was never ſo expenſive yet,  
 To keep a creature meerly for his wit;  
 And *Cowley* from *Hall-Clifden* ſcarce could have  
 One grateful ſtone, to ſhew the world his grave.  
*Pembroke* lov'd tragedy and did provide  
 For butcher's dogs, and for the whole bankſide,  
 The bear was fed, but dedicating *Lee*,  
 Was thought to have a larger paunch than he.  
 More I could ſay but care not much to meet  
 A crab-tree cudgel in a narrow ſtreet.  
 Beſides, your yawning prompts me to give o'er:  
 Your humble ſervant, ſir not one word more.

---

\* Nat. LEE.

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